

The Comrade.

A Weekly Journal.

Edited by Mohamed Ali.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere
They only live who dare!

—MORRIS.

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We.

It is customary that in the first issue of every new journal the editor explains the policy of the paper and tries to justify the venture. Following that time honoured custom, we may refer our readers to the name of the journal for its policy, and leave the journal itself to justify its existence in the fullness of time. We are partisans of none, comrades of all. We deeply feel the many dangers of increasing controversy between races and races, creeds and creeds, and earnestly desire a better understanding between the contending elements of the Indian politic in India.

To take first the relations of the rulers and the ruled. It is our belief that the line of demarcation between the two is growing fainter and fainter every day, and to call some people the rulers and others the ruled would soon appear as absurd and meaningless, in British India as it does in Great Britain, or, nearer home, in our own Native land where one brother is a member of Government and another a subject. Indians have already been members of the British Government and may be so again. Two Indians are the trusted advisers of His Majesty's Secretary of State, who is responsible to His Majesty, and through the Parliament to the British People, for the conduct of the Government of India. In India itself the Supreme Government is an Indian member, and we may take it that at no time would the Government of India be without an Indian. Whom then are we to call the rulers and whom the ruled? As we have said, the line, which was perhaps never so very hard and fast, is now faint, and in

course of time would be obliterated altogether. The dream of the poet would then be realized—

"I became Thou, Thou becamest I, I became Life, and Thou becamest Body
"That none may henceforth say, I am different and Thou art different."

When this obliteration is accomplished, the present dangers of criticism will cease to be. The Opposition will then be as responsible as the Government, and responsibility all the world over goes hand in hand with sobriety of judgment and temperate expression.

What is the duty of the journalist till then? Is he to acquiesce in all that emanates from men in authority, to accept on bended knees the truth of official oracles, to regard every opinion of a public servant as an axiom of Euclid, or at least part of Holy Writ? Whatsoever may be the attitude of this or that official, we feel sure there is none so daring or devoid of sense as to claim for his opinions anything like the sanctity we have suggested in our question. On the other hand, as the Duke of Wellington used to say, good or bad, His Majesty's Government must go on. We can conceive the existence of some irreconcilables who do not wish it, to go on. We may even admit that some such do exist. More the pity. But even they cannot be so utterly oblivious of sense and judgment—we exclude the insane from this consideration—as to think that any Government on earth would or could knowingly tolerate sedition and revolt. Rebellion may be *morally* justifiable sometimes, but it can never be *legal*. And if it is the duty of a Government to administer the laws, it follows that it is justified in taking all steps necessary to make those laws obeyed.

These are truisms, we know, but nothing is at times more in need of emphasis and exposition than a truism. We shall therefore repeat another. All criticism that encouraged disobedience to the law of the land must as a matter of its duty be discouraged and put down by a Government that intends to govern. And what may such criticism be? We include in such criticism, every insinuation about the good faith of the Government, every endeavour to show up the faults of the administrators, not with a view to have them removed, but to excite popular disaffection, and every suggestion that such faults are constitutional and congenital in a foreign Government, and therefore removable only with the removal of the Government itself. If we exclude all this, is there not still ample space for any critic to roam in? We cannot do better than to quote the words of an ex-President of the Muslim League, whom all India rejoices to see to-day as a distinguished member of the Indian Government. "We reserve," said the Hon'ble Syed Ali Imam "the right of frankly, fearlessly, and boldly criticizing the measures of Government, we reserve the right to protest, howsoever respectfully, against the continuance of certain of its' methods; we reserve the

right to refuse to believe in the soundness of a particular policy of it; and we also reserve the right of standing shoulder to shoulder with our brethren of other denominations when we find our country suffering under a real grievance. But at the same time we declare that in our relations with Government we will not permit malice to cross our path, warp our judgment, and create disaffection."

This gives a journalist all the latitude that he needs. It is true there are restrictions necessary in India which are needless, and therefore non-existent in Europe. That is only another way of saying that India is not Europe. Those restrictions are due to a mass of ignorance and all the prejudices that ignorance breeds. We believe in political purity, not in prudery. In spite of all the responsibility of a journalist, we do not intend to reduce our criticism to the milk-and-water of absolute mental nullity. Language, with all its temperateness, must be really effective for purposes of criticism. But that journalist must be credited with a total lack of the sense of proportion who ignores the existence of a vast quantity of inflammable material spread all over the country which a chance spark might at any moment kindle into an ungovernable flame. The genie of our unconscious creation may grow too big for his bottle, and tardy regrets would not then avail us.

Turning to the races now inhabiting India, we still find the ancient difference of colour. This is not peculiar to the relations of Englishmen, or even Europeans in general, with Indians and other Asiatics. It existed in Vedic India itself. There is nothing new under the sun, and the oldest thing in the world must be a fallacy. But we are hopeful that the fallacy of assigning virtue to the pigment of the skin, though it is dying hard, is at last dying. If we can hasten the end, we may be trusted to do so. At any rate, we may pledge our honour that we shall be at the kill. But while asking the Whites to do their duty, we should expect the Non-Whites to do theirs as well. Ours should not be a narrow patriotism which would set up an inquisition for sifting racial origins. For our part, we shall regard him as the true nationalist who truly works for the nation. To us, an Englishman is not a suspect. While including all who care to share it in our comprehensive *comradery*, we shall leave the black-balling to others. A great writer once tried a joke. It failed, for the world took him seriously. The wit of one became the wisdom of many. On the least provocation we were informed that

"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

We may believe in the gulf, but refuse to believe it as unbridgeable. Remove pride and suspicion on one side, and prejudice and suspicion on the other, and it will not be difficult to throw a cantilever bridge across the yawning chasm. Be that as it may, there is no gulf between races which individuals cannot bridge.

There are, however, differences all the more distressing because they exist among Indians themselves, and therefore concern us even more intimately. Whosoever was responsible for the compilation of our School Histories must be proud of his handiwork to-day. To the spirit of Hindu lad, in whom the study of English Literature and English History stimulated national feeling, the Mussalman appears throughout the long story of this land as an unmitigated barbarian whose cruel fate turned into a missionary. On the other hand, the premisses of Islamic poets, reformers, and historians of the last three or four decades created in the mind of the Moslem lad a vague yet persistent notion that for the least splendid portion of the story of Islam was the drama enacted by his ancestors on the Indian stage. Hindustan became in his imagination the land of the downfall of Islam and the scene of its tragic end. He dreamt dreams, but they were not those of a restored Delhi, or a revived Agra, but of a new Cordova, a re-incarnated Baghdad. There has grown up in this manner a false conception, on the one hand, of India as the land of a new Hindu nationality, and on the other, a mischievous isolation and dangerous detachment from the land which has been the home of millions of Mussalmans for so many centuries.

We will not be so dogmatic as to assert that this is an exhaustive analysis of the feelings and sentiments of Hindus and Mussalmans. But we may fairly claim that it is substantially accurate, and generally indicates sufficiently well the origin of the present estrangement between the two most important sections of the Indian people. And it is this exclusiveness and this detachment that constitute together the greatest source of danger to the growth of an Indian nationality.

As for the controversies over representation and the public service, we regard them as far less serious. When the Mussalmans had first lost the mastery of India, and the Hindus had with commendable forethought and industry availed themselves of the benefits of modern education, the latter secured, as the reward of patient merit, considerable political and administrative importance. The Mussalmans, who were used to the depressed state of the Hindus when under their own rule, were now shocked with the new self-assertion born of enlightenment and power. During the last half a century and more, it was the Mussalmans that were depressed. After thirty years of Aligarh education, a new generation of Mussalmans has now come on the scene. Enlightenment has once more given power, and power has again created a good deal of self-assertion. It is the turn of the Hindus now to be shocked and startled. But this cannot last. In a few years the surprise would wear off, and if in the meantime the situation is well handled, the two contending parties would begin to recognise whatever reasonableness there is in each other's claims.

But the situation must in the meanwhile be carefully handled. We have no faith in the cry that India is united. If India was united where was the need of dragging the venerable President of this year's Congress from a distant home? The bare imagination of a feast will not dall the edge of hunger. We have less faith still in the sanctimoniousness that transmutes in its subtle alchemy, rapacious monopoly into fervent patriotism.

"Even as poor birds deceived with painted grapes"

"Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw."

those of us who cannot distinguish true gold from the glitter of poisonous coins, will one day surfeit by the ear and pine the heart. But the person we love best, fear the most, and trust the least is the impatient idealist. Goethe said of Byron that he was a prodigious poet, but that when he reflected he was a child. Well, we think no better and no worse of the man who combines great ideals and a greater impatience. So many efforts, well meaning as well as ill-begotten, have failed in bringing unity to this distracted land, that we cannot spare even cheap and scentless flowers of sentiment for the grave of another ill-judged endeavour. We shall not make the mistake of gumming together pieces of broken glass, and then cry over the unsuccessful result, or blame the refractory material. In other words, we shall endeavour to face the situation boldly, and respect facts, however ugly and ill-favoured. It is poor statesmanship to slur over inconvenient realities, and not the least important success in achieving unity is the honest and frank recognition of deep-seated prejudices that hinder and the yawning differences that divide.

But while providing for to-day, we must not forget the morrow. It is our firm belief that if the Mussalmans or the Hindus attempted to achieve success in opposition to, or even without the co-operation of each other, they will not only fail, but fail ignominiously. But every step has to be taken with caution. Nothing in history, ancient or modern, provides a useful analogy to the condition of modern India. History never repeats itself. But it is still the best educative force for mankind, and it has its lessons for us also. The problems of India are almost international. But when the statesmen and philanthropists of Europe, with all its wars of interests and national jealousies, do not despair of abolishing war and placing Pax on the throne of Bellona, shall we despair of Indian nationality? We may not create to-day the patriotic fervour and the fine national frenzy of Japan with its 40 millions of homogeneous people. But a concordat like that of Canada

not beyond the bounds of practicability. It may not be a love-marriage, born of romance and poetry. But a *mariage de convenance*, honourably contracted and honourably maintained, is not to be despised. Let us begin with honest prose, and the Muses will not forbid the banns. Even this is no easy task. But it is one worthy of the sons and daughters of India, and deserves their toil and self-sacrifice. Oh! Unity,

"Thou wilt come, join men, knit nation unto nation.

"But not for us who watch to-day and burn

"Thou wilt come; but after what long years of trial,

"Weary watching, patient longing, dull denial"

Notes.

AT LAST the post vacated by the Hon'ble Mr Butler is filled.

The Foreign Secretary.

Although for some reason or other Sir James Dunlop Smith, who as P S V had won the esteem and affection of a remarkably large number of educated Indians of all political parties and religious persuasions, could not come out to India again, as some believed and many hoped he would do, the choice of Government has not fallen on a member of the Indian Civil Service, but on a military officer. Whatsoever be the *raison d'être* of making hard and fast rules which make certain appointments the monopoly of a particular Service, we do not believe that any good can come of narrowing the circle of candidates eligible for the higher appointments at least. The Civil Service is no doubt a remarkable Service, and few of its members who jump over the hurdle of a Collectorate are such as can be considered inefficient for the higher appointments. But even a high level of mediocrity is a poor qualification for posts such as the Secretaryship of the Foreign Department. We therefore rejoice that Lord Hardinge has broken the established rule of selecting a Civilian as the Foreign Secretary, and given the place to a soldier. Sir Henry McMahon has a distinguished record of service under the Foreign Department, and he combines with an intimate knowledge of foreign affairs, particularly those of the Afghan and the Persian frontiers, a tact and a temper which are sure indications of success in an office that demands them to an unusual extent. It looks as if the affairs of the Frontiers would attract particular attention during the new Viceroyalty, for a combination of the late Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the late Chief Officer accompanying His Majesty the Amir can betaken nothing if not this. But we are confident that the policy of masterly inactivity rather than of a miscellaneous activity would be followed, and His Excellency would not take his cue from those who wish to round off an essentially angular frontier. The present is the time for consolidating the work of reform begun in the last quinquennium, not for making frontiers scientific and pushing them forward. The premier Service has hitherto shown no signs of chagrin at the apparent neglect, as it did through its chief organs when an Hon'ble Member of the Executive Council came direct from England. Every appointment means a dozen disappointments, but the Civil Service is in the matter of the high offices held by its members still *facile princeps*. It can afford to be generous, and the gain of India must be the gain of a conscientious Service.

We read just now in our contemporaries a good deal about the

The Rap-prochement.

Peace Conference, as it is called, which was held at Allahabad on the New Year's Day, and some impatience is shown at its alleged sterility.

Let us ask these impatient friends what they expected the Conference to achieve. Did they believe that any Conference like this, held for the first time, and that too for a few hours, would result in the disappearance of all prejudices on the part of those who had hitherto opposed each other not wisely but too well? Did they picture to themselves the bearded Brahmin locked in an affectionate embrace with the militant Pioneer, the Secretary of the Punjab Moslem League

effusively kissing the hands of the Allahabad Pandit and murmuring, "Alas, my poor brother."? To us, it is for the present sufficient that the Conference met, that the rival forces came face to face, and gave each other even if an impatient hearing. Like a dip in a cold tub on a chill December morning, the first plunge was the most formidable part of the business. The ice is now broken. It will thaw in time, and we feel confident that when the Committee which was appointed at the Conference has met and formulated the issues of both parties, even if it does nothing else, there will arise on the part of both a desire to settle matters as far as possible, out of court. The greatest draw-back was that hitherto each of the rivals put forward his claims in the midst of his own partisans. Each counted without his host. But this obstacle in the way of progress is now removed. If the Committee does nothing else but focusses the vague claims of each party it will have served a useful purpose. We have, however, some sympathy for the correspondent who writes to us and signs himself *Pax Indica*, but we trust it will not be long before the proceedings of the Conference are duly published for the information of the general public. The numbers assembled in the Hall at Raja Hotel were too many for leaders, and certainly too few for their following, and we are not sure if the presence of a large number of people in such a small room did not increase the heat of the controversy. It was lucky that no battle like that of Plassey occurred after the parking of the Black Hole—if the proprietor of the Hotel would forgive us for misnaming a fairly large hall designed for far different purposes. Another feature of the arrangements was peculiar. One of the "high contending parties" as *Pax* calls them, nominated a number of spokesmen and adhered to this Self-denying Ordinance even when it was very irksome. But no such disciplinary measure was insisted on for the other side and spokesman followed spokesman without any let or hindrance. If Dum-Dum bullets are to be eschewed, it would be better if both agreed to eschew them. Or would they always agree to differ?

MR. ABDULLAH YUSUF ALI, I.C.S., a distinguished member of a distinguished service, presided at the last Session of the All-India Mahomedan Educational Conference at Nagpur. The presidential address was well worthy of the high reputation of

Mr. A. Yusuf Ali and Mahomedan Education.

the author of "Life and Labour in India" and provided considerable food for reflection. He emphasised the fact that whether we incline to optimism or doubt, our chief duty is to *act* both individually and by concentrated, well directed effort. He applied to the Mussalmans of to-day the advice of Rudyard Kipling to the Boy Scouts, in a tight corner, never reproach or blame or argue or shout, and we trust the advice has been well received. Referring to the necessity of adapting ourselves to the ever-varying needs of the time, he said that no moral or religious code of conduct can be called complete which does not deal with the conflict of clashing interests, the flux of varying opinions and shifting needs, and the subtle movements, hidden but powerful, which affect human life. He combated very successfully the fear of some who have not carefully studied the Aligarh Movement that the *alumni* of Aligarh would be only Mahomedans *à parterea nihil*. The Old Boys owe Mr. Yusuf Ali a heavy debt of gratitude for his spirited defence of them. He said, "They all bear the hall-mark of self-respect, honesty, character, and grit. Such men, you may depend upon it, will bind and consolidate, they will act rather as a cement than as a separatist force. They have gone out into the world and shown a splendid power of organisation and of adaptation to the reasonable wishes and prejudices of other communities. These are not the signs of a decadent spirit fortifying itself in a position of isolation." Referring to our contemporary "The Old Boy", and possibly also to ourselves by anticipation, he said that some of the more daring spirits among them had recently "launched a raid into the thorny vale of journalism" with a view to keep Old Boys together

and annihilate the distances that might separate them in space. We hope the effort succeeds. For this is the hour of trial, and the *alumni* of Aligarh have to prove the strength and powerful organisation of their freemasonry by making the Mahomedan University a *fait accompli* this year. Mr. Yusuf Ali has well discussed the character of that project, and we commend his observations to the attention of all critics of that idea. He emphasises the truth that it will not be a "denominational University" in the sense in which the term is ordinarily understood. Its doors will not be closed to non-Moslems any more than are the doors of Aligarh College. It will be a Moslem University in the single sense that "it will promote the ideals which the Indian Moslems have evolved out of their educational experience of two generations. It will encourage the methods most calculated to advance the Moslem spirit which has ever stood for universality as opposed to exclusiveness." Referring to the education of women, he aptly asked if glaring disparity in age is properly reprobated in marriage, should not great reprobation be shown by public opinion for the ludicrous disparity between the intellectual culture of the two sexes. He asked the Mussalmans to equip a large laboratory for Scientific Research, but he did not neglect the humbler but still more necessary Workshop. "To finish the apex you want the base." His remark on the "ill-paid and deadening tasks of monotonous dexterity" demand the instant attention of all lovers of Indian Art. He ridiculed the idea that poverty was the chief obstacle in the way of the Mussalmans. It was undoubtedly a disadvantage, but "acting on men of spirit and determination it may be a great tonic." A thoughtful address this, worthy of a cultured and refined Mussalman.

"NO ADMISSION—even on business." This was the reply which the Congress had received not so very long ago from a predecessor of Lord Hardinge. But Lord Hardinge knows a thing or two in diplomacy, and His Excellency realized better than his predecessor or Kedleston that it served no purpose to act the part of the ostrich and hope to demolish the Congress by officially ignoring its existence. It is suspected that another Viceregal diplomat had hoped to kill it with kindness, but that an untidy catrap tried the same tactics as he had successfully used at the bombardment of Alexandria, and thus forced the hands of his superior. We do not suspect Lord Hardinge of any such refined cruelty. A diplomat can fool some people all the time, and all the people for some time—but he cannot fool all the people all the time. There is always a day of discovery, and statesmanship is difficult to begin when diplomacy has been tried and failed. We therefore take it that Lord Hardinge was genuinely prepared to meet those whom officialdom had given a wide berth so long and to argue with them about the need of official relations with the Congress. The Congress has done good work in spite of much that could well have been avoided. But with the expansion of the Council it has now entered on another, and no less useful phase of its existence. As a popular advocate in the court where His Excellency presides, the non-elective Congress has been supplanted by men duly elected and legally recognised as the representatives of the people. The wind has already been taken out of its sails by the reforms of Lords Morley and Minto. Therefore it will not do for the Councilors to resolve themselves every now and then into a Congress Deputation, as His Excellency broadly though tactfully hinted. But the Congress can still educate public opinion and focus the views of educated India—or at least a portion of it—and prepare the brief for the Councilors. The solicitor's work is not necessarily less important than that of the advocate, and we hope it will be well done. Wild-cat bills, unpractical resolutions, and vague questions should not waste the valuable time of official and non-official members, and the Congress Session will offer an excellent opportunity for exchange of views between the members of Councils and their constituents, as also between the Councilors themselves.

THREE general censuses have already taken place in India at intervals of ten years and the fourth will take place on the 10th. March this year. Besides the mere enumeration of the population, there is much collateral information to be recorded in a census

Urdu in Bengal.

and this record affords results highly valuable to the administrator. In the "Schedule" in which all this information is recorded, amongst others there are two heads, "Religion and Sect" and "Language ordinarily used." During the controversies over the Reform Scheme, the test of numbers was one which one of the many contending parties clothed with supreme importance for purposes of representation, and although the decision of the Government has gone against that view, it is still hoped by those who relied on numbers that the view of the majority would sooner or later prevail. The Moslem minority, although it refused to make numerical strength all-important in such matters, raised questions about the enumeration of many castes and tribes as "Hindus," and as the question of the Hon'ble Mr. Sinha in the last meeting of His Excellency's Legislative Council shows, educated and orthodox Hindus are much concerned at this, and considerable dissatisfaction has evidently been caused in those circles. We shall deal with the question later, as it has more than one aspect which needs careful consideration. But we learn that the Census has provided fresh cause for quarrels over another head of the "Schedule," namely, "Language ordinarily used." Perhaps the bitterest political controversies in all countries have been those which related to Education or Language. It has been claimed by some that Urdu is the *lingua franca* of India, while others assert that that proud title belongs by right only to Hindi. Others, again, declare that there is no such thing as a *lingua franca* in India, and that this is a polyglot land, a Babel of many tongues. We shall deal later with this thorny question, but we may mention here that it will certainly hurt the *amour propre* of the friends of Urdu to know that what they call the *lingua franca* of India and the Queen of Vernaculars had by some freak of fortune been wholly omitted from the list of Vernaculars in the rules laid down for the guidance of the enumerators in Bengal. This is indeed the irony of fate. The Queen of Vernaculars to be given "Durwaza Bund" when every halting dialect and misshapen *patois* of the Province of the Lower Ganges is given the benefit of the "open door." Poor, disconsolate, Queen! In a rural parish in England, a new Parson delivering his first sermon astonished his unlearned parishoners by trying to disprove the existence of hell, which was a favourite theme with this theologian. After the sermon was over, one of the audience turned to his neighbour and asked him how he liked the sermon. "Well," said the bewildered rustic, "if there be no hell, Tom, I be wonderin' where I shall go then." It seems that the millions who speak Urdu in Bengal and Behar would have been just as bewildered as the rustic if an exacting Census enumerator had refused to enter Urdu as the language used by them, as being "not in the rules." "What shall we speak then?" would have been a natural query. We doubt not that some resourceful enumerator would have classed them as "dwarf-mute" if they had persisted in refusing to be classed as speakers of "Hindi." These contingencies will not, however, arise now, for a timely protest was sent by Mr. S. Sultan Ahmed, the energetic Joint Secretary of the Bengal Provincial Muslim League, to the Census Superintendent of Bengal, and Mr. O'Malley has shown great promptness in giving a favourable reply to the request of the League. This must be some little consolation to the Queen of Vernaculars, and her devoted subjects should thank Mr. O'Malley for saving them from the officially ordained silence of those who have no language to use at all!

MR. A. J. HARLEY, the new Principal of the Calcutta Madrasa, took over charge from Dr. E. Denison Ross on the 3rd. instant. We greatly regret the retirement of Dr. Ross from the Principalship of the Madrasa, which he loves so much. Dr. Ross was appointed to that position in 1891, and has since

the keenest interest in his work at the Madrasa, and in Mahomedan education generally. Among the number of things that have been accomplished during his tenure of office, may be mentioned the foundation of the Muslim Institute, the enlargement of the Library, the revision of the curricula, the establishment of the higher courses in Arabic, and last but not least, the Baker Hostel, which has proved such a boon to the College students. Dr. Ross was a great friend and benefactor of the students. He started a charity fund to help poor and deserving students, and worked very hard to get them scholarships, and later, appointments. There is a very large number of young Mahomedans, in Bengal and elsewhere, who owe their education and careers to him. A great linguist and orientalist, he created an atmosphere of learning at the Madrasa, and initiated a batch of young Mahomedans into the mysteries of original research. Of the research scholars who have been trained by him, some are doing very well indeed. One secured a State scholarship, and is at present in Germany studying for the Ph. D. degree, and another on the last New Year's Day, was the recipient of an honour for preparing a learned catalogue of the Persian manuscripts in the famous Khuda Bakhsh Library. Dr. Ross carries his learning very lightly, and possesses a charming and fascinating personality. He is sympathetic and warm-hearted, and like the late Theodore Beck of Aligarh, is one of those Englishmen who are doing a great service to the British Empire not by winning battles but by winning hearts. In Mrs. Denison Ross the students lose a gracious and cultured lady who mixed freely with them and took the liveliest interest in their doings. We hope that the Mahomedans of Bengal will not fail to commemorate Dr. Ross's Principalship of the Madrasa in some suitable form.

WE HAVE received a detailed account of the performances of the Aligarh team—Past and Present—in Bombay. We are pleased to note that in spite of the decay in Aligarh Cricket they have kept up their reputation. And looking to the fact that Mr. Ehsanul Haq, the famous Middlesex cricketer, and Captain of the 1903 team that played at Bombay, could not go, and Mr. Ali Hasan was totally out of form, one must say that Aligarh Cricket does not seem after all to have gone down so much as it is reported to have done. Coming to facts, the show against the Hindus was very bad, but it is reported that the Hindu Gymkhana ground is a purely batsman's wicket, and the Aligarh bowlers, Messrs. Shafkat and Salamuddin, could do nothing. In their innings, too, they had bad luck, as two of their best batsmen, Salamuddin and A. Razzak, were run out and two more were stumped. But they recovered the lost ground against the Parsis—whose team had no less than nine members who had played in the Annual Presidency match—in beating them by an innings and 35 runs. The bowling was remarkably good, Mr. Shafkat securing a "hat-trick." The match against the Bombay Gymkhana, with cricketers like Major Greig and Messrs. Spratt, Coombes, Brooke, and the English professional Cuffe, ended in a brilliant victory for the Aligahians. We are told Cuffe, the Worcestershire professional and coach of the All-India team, is going to Aligarh for three weeks. This will no doubt be a great stimulus to Aligarh cricket. We believe Messrs. Salamuddin and Shafkat have every chance of going to England as members of the All India team, but that Mr. Razzak has refused, and that Mr. Syed Hasan's name is being considered. During the course of the Aligarh team's visit to Bombay, the idea of turning the Triangular contest into a Quadrangular series of matches was talked of and we shall not be surprised to see a Mahomedan team taking part in the inter-communal matches in Bombay in September next. Is it not curious that long before the Moslem League was born, Indians, even Indian cricketers, divided themselves into communal groups? It is a remarkable testimony to the persistence of the communal separation. Between Hindu, Moslem, Parsi, and English cricket teams and the separate electorates, what a strange analogy and still more strange contrast! The Aligarh Captain asks us to

announce how very grateful every member of his team feels to the members of the Bombay, Hindu, and Parsi Gymkhanas for their kindness and lavish hospitality. Special thanks are due to the members of the Islam Gymkhana who were their hosts, and particularly to Mr. Hadi C. Tyabji, the Secretary, who was ever ready to look to the least comfort of his guests.

THE expression "in season and out of season" is a common one, but it is only in India that one fully realizes the correlation of the seasons and the topics.

When the Reform Scheme was on the official anvil, it was forged in its latter stages in a tremendous hurry, so that the new Councils could meet in the proper legislative season. And if there is a legislative season, there is also a political and a journalistic season. It is what is euphemistically called the cold weather, though Calcutta owns only two seasons, the hot and the very hot. In England we have a Silly Season when the only topics discussed are the titanic gooseberry and the Sea Serpent. But in India silliness lasts longer, and the lucid interval is much shorter. The dam of politics, education, temperance, social reform, industrial development, and ladies' chit-chat bursts in Xmas. Christmas, however, comes but once a year, and we thank heaven no more. Time gallops not only "with a thief to the gallows," as Rosalind thought, but also with the Indian journalist during the saturnalia of eloquence in December and January. And we fear it will not stay still only with the lawyers on vacation, who are supposed to sleep between term and term, but also with the manufacturer of "copy," even if he is wide-awake. We are flooded just now with material for "copy," and even the chronic thirst of a journalistic Falstaff would be quenched with the flow of liquid eloquence rushing on from Allahabad, Nagpur, and other places. We can therefore touch upon only a few topics and deal with the wisdom of but a few wise men at a time. If we have left any of them over, it is not because they are sickened over with the pale cast of neglect, but because they are reserved for the next issue, and, like wine, their reflections would not get stale but only improve with age!

A MUSSALMAN philanthropist, who does not wish us to publish his name, has placed a sum of Rs. 1,500 at our disposal, with a view to pay part of the annual subscription of *The Comrade* for such Mussalman undergraduates as cannot afford to pay the full amount. The Editor will therefore be pleased to hear from such students what concession they need. Letters must be accompanied by recommendations from the college tutor, or some other responsible person who could certify that the concession is absolutely necessary. We are confident that the undergraduates who wish to avail themselves of this concession would bear in mind that if they ask us to reduce the subscription in their case by a large amount they deprive a brother undergraduate, or more than one, of the chance of securing a similar, though lesser concession. The least reduction, and one which is absolutely necessary should be asked for. The concessions will be allotted to the different Provinces in proportion to the population and the backwardness of Mussalmans in each. Need we say how very grateful we are to our benefactor who gives to us a larger field of work, and to the student-world a much needed help? We only trust his example will be largely followed. We are deeply touched by this mark of appreciation of our humble efforts, and shall always endeavour to deserve it.

Selection.

TO MR. GLAZEBROOK.

(On not being nominated for South Manchester through being late.)

Time will be served. Though sad your story,
And to your friends a shock,
Its moral is: Let never Tory
Think to put back the clock.

(Truth.)

The Comrade.

Retaliation.

THE South African problem looked like becoming chronic after the many and powerful protests sent up by the most representative, the most distinguished, and the most influential bodies in India and England, and the sterility of them all. We need not now dilate on the nature of Indian disabilities in the territories under the South African Union. Nor need we refer to the arguments advanced hitherto against their continuance. Perhaps the most powerful reason was the one which concerned us as Indians living in India, and not as Indians who had migrated in search of gain to a distant part of the Empire. The South African question was the most powerful infernal machine in the hands of those who believed in and spread the cult of the bomb. It was a growing menace to the stability of the British rule in India, and no Government that valued itself at more than a few years' purchase could sit on the top of this crater and ignore the rumbling noises below. There was a good deal of talk of the rights of a free Colony. But the rights of a petty Colony could not swallow up the wrongs of a vast Empire, and no Colony could be called free that ignored the freedom of those that lived in it, worked for it, and developed it as Indians have developed a considerable portion of the Union. Such technicalities and subtle arguments did more credit to the pettifoggery of lawyers than to the sagacity of statesmen. What was their duty at the time? Nothing less than what H. H. the Aga Khan mentioned in his speech as Chairman of a huge meeting of protest at Bombay in February 1908. It was retaliation!

And retaliation has come at last. The pity of it that a weapon forged for the exigencies of international rivalry should have to be used by one member of the British Empire against another! It reduces the phrase *Cris Britannicus Sum* to an empty brag, a woful parody of the proud boast of a Roman citizen.

We rejoice that in the first Council meeting of Lord Hardinge, the Government made this welcome, if somewhat saddening announcement, without further questions or resolutions. We associate ourselves cordially with the sentiments expressed by our eminent countryman, the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale, immediately after the Hon'ble Mr. Robertson had resumed his seat. The words of the venerable Sir William Wedderburn in his Presidential Address at the Allahabad Congress have come true. The long night seems to be drawing to a close and we already see the faint glimmerings of a new dawn.

Lord Hardinge has shown himself to be a master of diplomacy, and we may rely on His Excellency's astuteness. An announcement in January, of his desire to publish in April a notification prohibiting indentured emigration to Natal, with effect from July, offers not only one, but two chances to the South African Union to desist from a course that has deserved and received the disapprobation of all right-thinking men. We trust, it would serve the purpose.

But we may add that the sharp edge of the weapon of retaliation is dulled not a little by the presence in Natal of a "free" Indian population of over 60,000, supplying a labour force that will go some way to compensate the plantations for any stoppage of the indentured supply. Under these circumstances the announcement of the 3rd instant only touches the fringe of this great and complicated problem. It must be regarded only as a necessary prelude to more far-reaching measures. We respectfully urge on the Indian Government the necessity of pressing on the Home Government the need of fuller discussion in the forthcoming Imperial Conference of the principles involved, and the rights concerned in the Colonial policy of exclusion, and the measures that may be considered practicable to defeat that policy. But India should be more fully represented in that Conference. India, said Lord Morley, is perhaps our only Empire, and an Imperial Conference without Indian representatives would be the play of Hamlet with the Danish Prince left out. We suggest the names of our eminent countrymen,

the Hon'ble Sir Pherozshah Mehta, the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale, the Right Hon'ble Mr. Amr Ali, and last, but not least, H. H. the Aga Khan. In the meantime, Lord Crewe, whose experience at the Colonial Office, with its unavailing remonstrances addressed to the refractory Colonies, ought to serve him well on this occasion, can formulate definite proposals in consultation with the Indian Government, so that the Indian representatives may be prepared in time to deal with the astute Boer politicians of the South African Union.

Now or Never!

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." So wrote one who is recognized all the world over not only as the greatest of poets, but also one of the greatest thinkers. These are words which we commend to the attention of every Mussalman in India who desires to see his coreligionists in the vanguard of intellectual and material progress. For nearly forty years Mussalmans have dreamt dreams and seen fairy visions of an Indian Cordova, and it speaks volumes for the persistence of this idea that want of realization for so long has not perceptibly dulled the edge of their desire.

It was on the 10th of February, 1873, that the late Mr. Justice Mahmood submitted to a select body of his coreligionists at Benares, a scheme for the creation of a Mahomedan University. But the sulkiness and apathy of the Mussalmans was such at the time that the foundation of a School was as much as his father could do, and on the birthday of Victoria the Good a small School was founded at Aligarh, in 1875. But a year and a half later, on the 8th of January, 1877, on returning from the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi, Lord Lytton laid the foundation stone of the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College. This was a remarkable progress for an infant institution, differing so widely as it did, from the older seminaries of Moslem learning. But it was not the end-all and be-all of its founder's efforts. The noble burst of enthusiasm with which the long address to the Viceroy closed was significant of the ultimate destiny of the institution.

"And looking at the difficulties which stood in our way, and the success which has already been achieved, we do not doubt that we shall continue to receive, even in a larger measure, both from the English Government and from our own countrymen that liberal support which has furthered our scheme, so that from the seed which we sow to-day there may spring up a mighty tree whose branches like the banyan of the soil, shall in their turn strike firm roots into the earth, and themselves send forth new and vigorous saplings, that this College may expand into a University whose sons shall go forth throughout the length and breadth of the land to preach the Gospel of free inquiry, of large-hearted toleration, and of a pure morality."

When these eloquent words were uttered what was the actual condition of affairs? The income of the institution had risen from Rs. 5,425 to Rs. 15,351. An increase of nearly 300 per cent, it is true, but still a ridiculous income for the Oxford of Moslem India, and, as the Statement of Expenditure candidly enough showed, an income still short of the expenditure by 2½ pices!

In 1897, the Trustees welcomed another Viceroy, Lord Elgin, at Aligarh. The income had increased fivefold in the intervening twenty years, and amounted to Rs. 79,000. But there was still a deficit, and, what was far worse, it had just then been discovered that the Head Clerk of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan had embezzled no less than a lakh and a quarter, an amount which constituted the result of the founders' unremitting labours of a lifetime. The venerable Syed was heart-broken at this discovery. "For his great services," writes Sir Theodore Morison in his sketch of the history of Aligarh, "his people magnanimously forgave him; but I doubt whether he ever forgave himself for the loss of so much public money: he would sit for hours with bowed head brooding over the calamity."

An appeal was made by him, and on his behalf, for subscriptions to replace the stolen capital; but Sir Syed himself was too sorely stricken to organise a large movement." As a result of this, on the 27th of March, 1898, the grave closed over the aged founder's mortal remains. When the Trustees therefore assembled in the Strachey Hall to greet Lord Elgin in 1897 they met under the shadow of a great and sudden misfortune. Did Sir Syed despair then of the University? Not he. The address presented to the Viceroy after summing up the history of the College, and striking a balance between failure and success, went on to say:—

"The College has during 22 years of its existence, made much greater progress in numbers, in buildings, and in reputation than we ventured to hope. It is still, however, very far from the attainment of the ultimate end we have set before us, and of which we cannot hope to live to see the foundation in India, viz., of a University for the Mahomedans of India similar to the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge."

Aligarh with its ruined finances in 1897, and the dreams of an Islamic Oxford for India! Was it simple unbelief, or altogether was it the heroic tenacity of purpose and greatness of mind which refused to be satisfied with a lower ideal simply because there were formidable difficulties in the way of attaining the higher, and little hope of the worker living long enough to enjoy the restfulness of success? Though he did not live to see the completion of his life's work, an effort was made immediately after his death to raise funds for the University. The only result of those efforts was rendering the College itself solvent.

His Highness the Aga Khan presided at the annual session of the Mahomedan Educational Conference at Delhi in 1902, and appealed to seven crores of Mussalmans for a crore of rupees as the "ransom of Islam." Some of the more ardent spirits organised the Raper Fund which for a time flourished well. But lack of organisation as well as of persistent effort resulted in the same fate for the Raper Fund as that which had met the Sir Syed Memorial Fund. In 1905, however, the present King Emperor came out to India as the Prince of Wales and promised to visit the College. His Highness, the Aga Khan and the late Nawab Mohsin-ul Mulk took advantage of this occasion, and their zealous co-operation gave to the College a Science Department which it had lacked, and the Science School, with a Chair of Science founded by the Old Boys, now stands as a memorial of the Royal visit.

To-day the College has an income of Rs. 208,000 a year, which shows an increase of 163 per cent. since 1897. In numbers, too, there has been a similar increase, and Aligarh teaches nearly a thousand Collegians and schoolboys, of whom 90 per cent. are resident students.

We put it to those Mussalmans who feel for their co-religionists and dream dreams of a Moslem University, is this a time to give up the idea of the Moslem University which your great leader conceived forty years ago, when English education was regarded a sure qualification for eternal damnation, and which he cherished to the last in spite of the financial breakdown in 1897 that hurried him to his grave? If the idea was well conceived in 1873, if it was worth expressing to a Viceroy in 1877, when the income of the College was a paltry Rs. 15,000, if it deserved being cherished after a paralyzing loss of practically the whole of the College capital in 1897, does it merit being abandoned to-day when the income exceeds two lacs, when the characters and intellects of a thousand lusty and refined youths are being moulded in the Aligarh mould, when, instead of one man or a few men interested in Western Education, you have an army of energetic and ardent young men in its own *almshouse* to push the frontier of knowledge into the realm of ignorance and darkness? You will say, We do not give up the idea. We cherish it still. We still dream the same dream, still see the old visions. And yet this is the least effective pleading, the most damning admission. After 40 years to be still dreaming day-dreams, building Spanish castles, and wasting your manhood in the visions

of lotos-eaters! Friends, this is the most heart-rending part of the whole business. Had you faced the situation as practical men and in a business-like manner, had you either decided that a Moslem University was a mischievous or a stupid idea, or confessed your own inability to rise to the high level of a magnificent conception, then you would have certainly been less to blame than now. But to play with a gigantic enterprise, to dawdle in the most serious situation, to make believe like children, surely this is not worthy of a once great and practical race. Admit that the ordinary universities, with all their manifold sins of commission and omission on their heads, serve your purpose admirably, and those who rightly or wrongly consider the idea of a Mahomedan University as part and parcel of your separatism would acclaim you as men that had sinned in a hurry and now repent at leisure. Confess that though the idea is a great one, worthy of titans, it is you that are pigmies and incapable of achieving it, and the world will ask you to scrap up your past history and your present "political importance" like a battleship that is out of date and an impediment in the stress of battle. You can take your choice, but there is no third alternative. You shall no longer deceive yourself or those who look upon you as their friends, counsellors, and guides.

If you believe in a Providence which watches over the concerns of humanity, will you not believe that it is a dispensation of that same Providence that it is sending in your midst the sovereign of the largest Mussalman Empire in the world? He came to you five years ago, treated you as his own, and lived amongst you, even though for a few hours, not in all the paraphernalia of state that could make him unapproachable, but in the easy undress of accessibility. On his return to England he gave voice to the impression which Aligarh had made on him, and his Royal approval filled you with hope and exultation. As befitted a grateful and loyal people, you commemorated his stay amongst you by founding the Prince of Wales' Memorial School of Science, and went one step further in the march of progress. The destiny that shapes our ends sends him again to you as your liege lord, your King and Emperor. Imperial Delhi that had known vandalism, neglect, and decay, as it had known magnificence and glory, is once more to be the Heart of Hindustan and to witness the coronation of its Sovereign. Think you that you owe nought to your King for these marks of Royal favour? You have no gems and gold to shower on him, no glorious offering wherewith to greet him. In the earlier history of man, conquerors and kings exacted large tributes from their subjects and appetite increased with every fresh morsel. Imperial Rome emptied out the full cornucopia of her colonies in order to feed her own Emperors and Pro-consuls, while the subject lands starved and famished. But the Imperial line that rules over you is not to be placated by such sacrifices. It loves to see you offering sacrifices on your own altars, and your realization of your true self is to it the highest sacrifice. On the auspicious occasion of your Emperor's coronation, could you not approach him and say, "Sire, when you came to us as the heir of this great Empire, we offered you a School of Science. Now that God has been pleased to send you amongst us again, and you come to us in the fullness of time as King and Emperor, we humbly offer you the realized dream of many decades and the materialized vision of many millions—a complete Mahomedan University. Amongst thy mightier offerings here is ours?"

Poor as you may be you are not too poor to found a University. It is not money so much in which you have shown yourself lacking. It is organisation, earnestness, and continuous effort. Before the besieged citadel of indifference you have pitched your tents and rested in the hope that it will fall like the walls of Jericho. It has not fallen, nor will it, in this manner, ever fall. You have to take the fortress by storm, and this is your best, perhaps your only opportunity. Where are the rich men of Islam who wish to lead their poorer brethren? This is the true test of leadership. Where are the poor men, of whom it was said that Islam is the faith of the poor? Where are the old men with matured experience and tried in wisdom? And lastly, where

are the young men, impatient through their ardour, confident in their own powers, and only waiting for the opportunity to justify their self-confidence? The Old Boys of Aligarh are now scattered all over the country. No nook or corner of this wide-stretching land is without an Aligarhian. Their Association has bound them in a brotherhood which must justify itself now. We learn that His Highness the Aga Khan, that combination of ripe wisdom and youthful hope and energy, will in less than a week lead a deputation to all the chief centres of Moslem wealth and culture; and Calcutta, the metropolis of the Indian Empire, is to be the first to be visited. His great charm of manner and winning urbanity, coupled with an eloquence born of absolute sincerity, will, we feel confident, carry the day. But India is too vast for the work of a single individual no matter how influential and energetic. Besides, His Highness's health is none of the best just at present. What we need in order to supplement his efforts and utilize them to the fullest extent is an organisation at Aligarh which could throw across India a network of earnest endeavour. Provincial Deputations, Divisional and Local Committees, and door to door collectors in each *mohalla*—these must back up the efforts of the Aga Khan if the Mussalmans desire to achieve a final triumph.

We are informed that a well-known Old Boy of Aligarh who is a Government servant is going to devote his one year's furlough to this work and is soon to reach Aligarh. Others like him in Government service to whom furlough or privilege leave is due can follow his example; and in this way relays of energetic public servants who have already created a name for themselves in the administration of this country could provide the best and yet the most inexpensive machinery. About three lakhs are already guaranteed by His Highness the Aga Khan, Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, and another benefactor. The Old Boys of the College ordinarily contribute one per cent. of their incomes to their *Alma Mater*, and their Association thus receives about Rs. 12,000 a year. We are sure at a time like this they would not hesitate to give a month's income to their old College which has made them what they are. This would guarantee another lakh. His Highness the Nawab of Rampur, who is the Vice-Patron of the College, will, we feel confident, not only contribute the cost of an Arts College, to be called the Hamid College after him, but also lead a deputation to Hyderabad, Junagadh, Bahawalpur, Khairpur, and other Native States, for raising the Prince of Wales' Science School to the status of a separate College of Science. His Highness the Nizam is even now the best supporter of Aligarh. But we feel confident that the premier Chief of India will now contribute several lakhs, besides increasing his annual grant of Rs. 24,000, as the best indication of his regard for his co-religionists and his devoted friendship for his august Ally. And other Princes will surely follow the lead of His Highness the Nizam.

But it is from the unite of the poor that we expect the most. Islam is still dear to them, and twenty lakhs or thereabouts is but a poor ransom for their faith. We have known widows and beggars giving away to the founder of the College their last and jealously guarded piece; and if they are approached again in the same way we are confident of an even more enthusiastic response. As His Highness the Aga Khan said, in 1902, at Delhi, "if our ideal is not realized, it will be because the ape within has swallowed the angel, it will be because though we profess veneration for the faith and for the Prophet, it is but lip-loyalty that will not make this small sacrifice to revive in its purity the glorious faith of Islam." The tide in their affairs has come for the Mussalmans. It is for them to take it, at the flood that it may lead them to fortune. It is Now or NEVER! Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!

trade against Oriental diplomacy, Lord Curzon, we may take it, was anything but a successful diplomat. He went to Oxford, that "nursery of character and the home of loyal deeds," to allure its "young barbarians all at play" from its cloistered alleys and hallowed groves.⁵ He wished to save them from "the corroding ease and the morbid excitements" of Western civilization. And he offered them the ennobling and invigorating stimulus of the frontiers! Said the message-bearer, "The frontiers of the Empire continue to beckon."

It was on this occasion that, in his Romanes Lecture, the Great Unemployed put off the mask of diplomacy, and showed us a little of the Western diplomat's physiognomy. He told us that since the day when Count Gortchakoff gave an assurance to Lord Clarendon, in 1869, on the subject of Afghanistan, Spheres of Influence had become "one of the recognised means of extending a frontier or of pegging out a potential claim." He described what a Sphere of Influence was—for it could not bear definition—and said that the degree of responsibility of the exterior power "may vary greatly with the needs or temptations of the case." But he recognised that a Sphere of Influence "in a still-independent kingdom like Persia," must be a very different thing from a Sphere of Influence among the semi-barbarous tribes of the Bahr-el-Ghazel or the Niger. He went on to say that some of the most anxious moments of modern history had arisen from "the vague and grandiose interpretation" given to this claim by modern Powers. He called such Spheres a "somewhat anomalous type" of frontiers, but said that they usually presented one very remarkable and highly characteristic feature:—"they are constructed by European statesmen with the minimum of reference or deference to the parties *prima facie* most interested, namely, the occupants of the Sphere itself!" We take leave to quote one more passage from this remarkably frank document. Said Lord Curzon:—"Of all the diplomatic forms or fictions the uniform tendency is for the weaker to crystallize into the harder shape. Spheres of Interest tend to become Spheres of Influence; temporary Leases to become perpetual; Spheres of Influence to develop into Protectorates; Protectorates to be forerunners of complete incorporation."

His Lordship could not surely credit the many millions of people interested in the fate of Persia to leave his Lordship's portentous declarations severely unread. But if some of them have read them carefully, as we believe they have, it is not at all surprising that the recent British Note, and specially the continued occupation of Persian territory by Russia, has created in their minds grave misgivings about the land of Hafiz and Khayyam. We will not doubt the intentions of Sir Edward Grey or the Government that he represents, but we know the fate of some good intentions. We cannot, however, be equally sure of the good intentions of Russia, which appears in this case to be the predominant partner. England has kept such a questionable company, of late, that all lovers of liberty and constitutional government must be careful lest their acquiescence in the latest move in Anglo-Russian diplomacy should encourage Russia to press still further her newly found and complacent ally.

The Spheres of Influence were created by the Anglo-Russian Convention "with the minimum of reference or deference to the party *prima facie* most interested" in the matter. The question is, was the recent Note, suggested by Russia, presented according to the needs, or, as Lord Curzon calls it, "the temptations of the case"? And is the "still-independent kingdom of Persia" to suffer again from "the vague and grandiose interpretation" given to the claims of a self-created Sphere of Influence? Is it to follow "the uniform tendency," and "crystallize into the harder shape" of a Protectorate, that speedy "forerunner of complete incorporation"?

Be that as it may, let us examine the net result of the efforts of the Persian authorities since the Note was sent. The Foreign Minister has resigned. But surely it could not be because "hitherto the Government has not achieved any important result," as Reuters, presuming to judge when he should merely report, cabled a fortnight

Persia:

It is not often that diplomacy lets the layman into its hidden secrets. But in spite of his early career in the Foreign Office, and all the diplomacy he showed in Korea, on an occasion made known to the whole of India after his Calcutta University Convocation

ago The Minister himself assigns as the cause of his resignation the continued disregard of treaty obligations by Russia, and the invocation of imaginary precedents to justify the most unwarrantable actions. The Persian Legation in London announced immediately after the resignation that 4,000 further troops would be despatched to Fars, making the permanent garrison 8,000, in addition to a mobile column of 2,000 to police the roads. A competent Governor-General of Fars has, it is said, been appointed, the task of policing the Bushire-Shiraz road *via* Kazerun has been entrusted to the powerful head of the Kawamis, Saulat ud-daulah, who is organizing a patrol of 380 men, that road is already safe, out of the 2,800 troops already despatched to Fars, 700 men with 3 guns sent from Tehran have reached their destination and in all probability three other regiments have already joined this force at Isphahan. An assurance, which there is little reason to doubt, has been given that a million and a half toman out of the projected loan will be earmarked for the consolidation and security of peace, and that an efficient Gendarmerie will be organised by Swedish officers, Great Britain and Russia having stuck at the restoration of peace through the agency of Italian officers.

Are not these sufficient indications of the spirit of Persian constitutionalism? But the Foreign Office is perhaps too busy with Russo-German negotiations and the endeavour to secure a recognition of the two spheres of influence by the War Lord of Europe—of course, for a consideration—to give an assurance of the speedy withdrawal of Russian troops to Persia and to the many millions interested in her ultimate destiny. When the famous Convention was signed, *Punch* drew a Persian Cat, a Bear, and a Lion, and depicted an arrangement whereby the Bear was to lop off the head and shoulders of the Cat, the Lion was to bag the hind legs, and the two agreed to divide the middle on some later date. Will this come true after all? We can picture the Lion advising the Cat to mend her ways—the two being of the same family—and the Bear saying in a stage whisper, "Well, I am damned if you do!" The Convention may be a great document, and a powerful means for maintaining the peace in Europe itself. But if this is the first fruit of the pacification, we can imagine why some people have a sneaking liking for war. Whatsoever may happen, we trust the good name of England will not be dragged behind the Russian bureaucracy, that it will not be handed to the Slav bureaucrats "as an asset in their Asiatic policy."

Poetry.

In Camp.

They brought her late one bitter night;
The camp fire's spluttering feeble light
Showed her a girl frail, trembling, slight,
Scare-faced and tired, eyes pleading, wild.
The woman who had killed her child.

Of caste laws and of shame afraid
He ordered it, and she obeyed
His name and house, his caste and trade?
No word. She was the one reviled;
'Twas *she*, not *he*, had killed the child.

They bid her hide it in the well—
Their names? Again she would not tell,
On her the whole blame singly fell.
The woman with a soul defied,
Charged with the murder of the child.

They took her back into the night;
So weary-worn, in such sad plight,
Lonely, afraid—soon lost to sight
And in the tent stirr'd, turned, and smiled,
Called "Mother" in her sleep, our child.

F. E. H.

CORRESPONDENCE



Still-Born

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

It was a glorious conception for which the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Amir Ali and Sir William Wedderburn were responsible. It was advertised even more loudly than an average fowl announces her latest production. But after all this travail what was the result? Not even the *ridiculus* was born out of the Mountain. First we heard that Hindus and Muslims were to meet on the neutral ground of Bombay, which equalised in true socialistic fashion the trouble of the journey for all comers. But the Mountain would not come to the Mahomedan, and so he trudged stoutly along to *Tribeni* to realise the *Sangam*. A full train load came by the Special, and such was the warmth of affection for those whom they were to meet at Allahabad, that the axle of a carriage caught fire, and the Special from Nagpur arrived only four hours late, and met with a tepid reception and cold soup for dinner.

Next morning the leaders met. Verily there must now be a dearth of followers, for the leaders were a host in themselves. Those who were lacking in presumption and could not wear a bold label on their hat band, "Leaders Only," were ruthlessly excluded from the scene of—peace. No peace correspondent was permitted indoors, and the keyhole was as *curious* as the views of the high contending parties. Result: the world, on the tip-toe of expectation, was told that in due course a *communiqué* over the signature of the Chairman would appear and we shall know what we shall know. This new liberalism is a happy augury. For after the Peace Crusade all parties have only one policy—the policy of Mr. Asquith, "Wait and see." Alas, we have waited, but have not yet seen anything. We have only heard this, that the Conference wasted two hours in selecting a Chairman to replace the veteran, who retired early from the field of peace, and that as an earnest of its future recognition, the communal principle was upheld, and Brentford had two kings again, one Hindu and the other a Moslem. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* now tells us that a Committee is the net result. Has the baby been christened yet or not? We should at least like to know the name. So far it appears to have been still-born!

PAX INDICA

Pins and Needles.

- The proper study of Mankind is Man.
- The improper understudy of Mankind is Woman.
- Fortune is blind.
- In the Colonies at least she is not colour blind.

We learn on unimpeachable authority that the Hon'ble Member for Commerce is opposed to taxing raw material. But we sincerely hope he will not be able to elude the Income Tax Collector in this way.



Dak-Dicta.

BY WILMOT CORFIELD, F.R.P.S.L., ETC.

(Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.)

DAK-DICTA is a collection of verses serious and otherwise contributed during a long career in India to various papers and periodicals. It has been much advertised in Calcutta, and a glance at the contents shows that procedure to be not altogether unwise. For we fear the book contains little if anything of much permanent interest. To those who like well-sounding verse and an Eastern atmosphere some of the pieces such as "Clive and England," "Clive and Empire," "The Maker of Gods," "The Gateway of Herra Bhai," "Job Charnock," "A Book of the English," "The Chapel at the Bay," a few lines, perhaps the author's most successful effort, on the Taj at Agra, and some others will appeal. But the author is the slave of his phrases, e.g., "the shrill songed amorous sky," "the meerschaumed sea," and many others of a similarly distressing nature. Alliteration also has alluring attraction for him. His Eastern atmosphere is derived, of course, in the time-honoured way by introducing transliteration of Indian words into English verse, and on reading the pieces in this book, one is inclined to agree with Oscar Wilde's deprecation of this method in his review of Edwin Arnold. In some of his pieces the author shows a distinct literary feeling and we like the one entitled "Shadowland." Others show that he has read much modern English verse and has on one or two occasions attempted to imitate the modern masters, "When Dolly Danced" coming somewhat nearer to Austen Dobson than does "Atkin's Soliloquy" to Kipling. We think less of his verse that is otherwise than serious. Surely it was not worth reproducing "The Dobby-man" or "The Other Bonib," if indeed it was ever worth writing them. The author's parodies are not very good. "Here's a Howdah do," despite the unpromising pun, being the least unsuccessful. DAK, like others greater than he, has attempted political verse, and if he has tried to be unpressive, we cannot congratulate him on the result. Whoever be your opponer, vulgarity is not the best form of attack, and political lampoons are better for wit than for invective. Some people, however, like verse of this sort and they will be delighted with "Going Away," "Stop the Traffic," and "Statesmanship." We find several unfamiliar and one or two uncouth words in the verses, for example "selled," "sullage," and (unless it be a printer's error) "unsulled." In some instances the author has neglected in his verses to follow his own precept, "Show shallow sentiment the door, shut peevish paltering

down." DAK, however, is to be congratulated in that in a land where literature of this description does not thrive he has made what success he has. We wish there had been a more judicious selection of the verses he chose to republish—the book would have been all the better for it.

Der Islam als Problem.

GERMAN scholarship is noted for its thoroughness, and we therefore accord a hearty welcome to the new Quarterly started at Strassburg under the editorship of Professor C. H. Becker. It is called *Der Islam*. The Editor is a writer of European reputation, and his writings are marked with a breadth of view rare even among European writers of to-day. He does not treat Islam from the standpoint of a hostile critic who regards it as a blight and a curse to civilisation; nor does he see in it only defects and imperfections. It is quite refreshing to move in a purer, clearer atmosphere. Professor Becker, indeed, treats Islam sympathetically, rationally, and from a liberal historical standpoint. Hence with scholars and laymen alike his contributions have a weight, a value, and an importance all their own.

Among the contributors to this learned Quarterly we note with delight the names of Goldziher, Herzfeld, Kuhn and others of equal renown. The researches of scholars such as these cannot but secure a prominent position for *Der Islam*. Unfortunately we do not find Mahomedan scholarship represented here, but we trust we shall soon find Mahomedan scholars too in this literary forum. The first number opens with a learned, suggestive, illuminating article from the pen of the editor, *Der Islam als Problem*. We shall only give the merest outline of this article here.

Professor Becker, in this paper, defines in the first place the sphere of work undertaken by this review, and to be sure it is very vast and varied. It proposes to deal with Islam, in all its aspects, to deal with its history, its philosophy, its literature, its present problems, its future possibilities. In a word, it will deal with Islamic civilisation as a whole; Islamic civilisation past and present, Islamic civilisation in its varied hues. After defining the sphere of work, Professor Becker goes on to discuss some very interesting questions connected with Islam.

The first question that he addresses himself to is, whether the conversions that took place in the conquered countries were conversions effected by the sword. He exposes the utterly unhistorical character of the view that has long been in circulation and not yet entirely abandoned, that the early Muslims crossed the Arabian

Frontier with sword in one hand and Qur'an in the other to convert the world to Islam. He ascribes the origin and the growth of this view to the medieval Christian hostility to Islam, and shows by arguments, at once cogent and convincing, that the early history of Islam gives the lie direct to this assumption. He holds that Islam assumed a distinctly political colour and character with the ascendancy of the prophet in Medina. Since then political ambition acted as a spur and a stimulus to religion. With the first conquests the division became sharp and defined between Islam as a religion and Islam as a sovereign power. With the Medinite period, according to Professor Becker, the political element got the better of the religion. Henceforward it was the *Arab supremacy*, the Arab world-wide dominion that floated before the vision of the *Islamised* Arabs.

In support of his contention that political ambition and not religious fervour was the animating cause which led the Arabs to the conquest of the world, he cites the fact that conversion of the subject races was not indeed the aim of the conquerors. After the conquest they permitted entire freedom of worship to the subject races on payment of certain fixed taxes. If the propagation of Islam was uppermost in their mind they could not have adopted a method so little calculated to advance the cause of Islam. They could not have tolerated any such compromise. The only alternatives offered to conquered races then would have been "death or conversion." But such was never the course adopted by the conquerors. They never, except with rare exceptions, forced the subject races to accept their faith. In fact, we are further told that throughout the Ommayyad period—excepting the Caliphate of Omai Ibn-Abdul Aziz—the Government looked askance at the conversion of the subject races.

How little the Arabs were inclined to encourage extensive conversions is further evidenced by their financial system which, had to be completely remodelled when conversions in larger numbers began to take place. Witness, for instance, the fiscal reforms effected under Al-Hajjaj. These were inaugurated to counteract the disastrous consequences of increasing conversions to Islam. They were intended to protect the State revenue from serious diminution caused by wholesale conversions. The unpopular measures associated with the name of Hajjaj meant neither more nor less than the withdrawal from the neo-converts of immunity from payment of taxes levied upon non-Muslims. To put it more plainly, the neo-converts had to pay, after as before conversion, the taxes paid by subject races.

Professor Becker seems to think that Islam carried the germs of political decline within its bosom. And this he sees in the possibility, which subsequently became a portentous reality, the possibility of the conversion of subject races to the faith of the conquerors. Thus, as might have been anticipated, gave rise to serious problems, both political and economic, which called for solution. In the solution of these problems the Mohammedan Empire was wrecked, and wrecked irremediably.

Wholesale conversions brought in their train discontent, disloyalty, financial ruin, and political rebellions. It would take us far afield to discuss this subject at any length. The Mohammedan statesmen—so Professor Becker thinks—would have done better if they had resolutely set themselves against conversion in large masses. But this, as he himself points out, would have been impossible. Religion and Politics being too closely intertwined in the popular mind, any interference with conversion on the part of the Government would at once have evoked a revolt. It was reserved for a later age to define the boundaries of Religion and Politics, to keep the two severely and rigorously separate and apart, to confine the one to the individual conscience and the other to the outward expression of individual will so far as those outward expressions influence, affect, act, and react upon others living within a topographical area.

After dealing with this question Professor Becker goes on to consider the reasons for the uniformity of Islamic Civilisation. We are afraid we cannot enter into that subject here, but we hope to do so later.

Whether we agree or disagree with Professor Becker's views—and it is not likely that we would find ourselves in agreement with all his views—we must confess that he has presented his subject in quite a new light. He has abandoned the trodden path and has struck out a line of his own.

We cannot, however, refrain from mentioning that European writers, almost invariably, fail to grasp the strength, the force, the vitality of religious beliefs among the Easterns. The hold which religion has is far more powerful on the Eastern than on the Western mind. Hence the inability of the West to appreciate or assess it at its true worth. When the Arabs accepted Islam, or when they marched out of Arabia conquering and to conquer, we cannot believe that they had only some political scheme or political idea to lead them on. For long they sailed on the full tide of religious fervour. When that was low, even then the faith followed the flag of Islam.

Moreover, we have always noticed in European writers a tendency to evolve theories, to assume that certain events took place as a result of a definite, elaborate, and matured scheme. They very often indeed ignore the fact that circumstances shape themselves, that events happen sometimes wholly beyond the calculation of those who take part in them.

But as we have already said before, Professor Becker's paper is well worth a close, careful study. It sets us thinking. It opens before us fresh vistas of historical facts. It offers us a view of the subject at once original, striking, and ingenious.

Et. Cetera.

THE Hon'bles the Home Member and the Revenue Member have returned to Calcutta on the completion of their visit to the Andamans. We learn from a reliable source that an Hon'ble Member of His Excellency's Legislative Council has given notice of a question whether Government adhered on this occasion also to the established custom of granting a free passage. Another Hon'ble Member will ask why the visit was not prolonged.

Stray Thoughts.

I KARBALA.

"THE tragedy of Karbala was not only a crime but a gigantic blunder." Such, indeed, is the sober verdict of history. In the annals of Islam there is no event more terrible to contemplate, and more difficult to justify than the tragedy of Karbala. It not only branded the House of Ommayyah with enduring infamy, but struck at the very root of its political supremacy. It had consequences still more disastrous. It destroyed Islamic unity once for all. It divided Mahomedans into two hostile camps. It generated and perpetuated strife and hostility which are as vital and powerful to-day as they were a thousand years ago. I do not, however, intend to discuss here either the political aspect or the juridical phase of the question, notably the question raised, within recent times, by a German Orientalist, whether the grandson of the Prophet was justified in resisting an authority which, if not *de jure*, was at all events an authority *de facto*, and as such had a right to claim obedience and call for the allegiance of the Muslim population. To discuss this question would involve a review of the theories—in conflict and at variance with each other—the theories of the Caliphate. No such attempt will I make here. I only propose to ask my readers to consider whether or no they regard the accepted and fashionable method of celebrating the *Moharrum* as a method quite in conformity with the spirit of our religion or consistent with the terrible memories which it recalls.

It will be accepted without demur or hesitation by all the warring sects of Islam that this is a month of genuine mourning, and as such it should be treated. If that be really so, I cannot conceive how intelligent men impart to this most mournful ceremony an air of

carnival; how they can march through the streets bare-headed and barefooted, sobbing and sighing, wailing and weeping, beating their breasts and causing self-inflicted wounds.

This appears to me not genuine grief but a parody of grief; not real sorrow but a simulation of sorrow. The deepest griefs are those which avoid public exhibition or loud demonstration; the deepest feelings are those which remain almost invariably inarticulate or only half-expressed.

To crown the absurdity of the situation, we find the streets thickly lined with admiring spectators without the least touch of sorrow or grief about them, and the balcony of the houses filled with *Pardanashin* ladies whose soft hands and dark eyes, dimly seen through the venetians, enhance, perhaps, the scenic effect of the procession. What a travesty, what a solemn farce is all this? To me it is perfectly astounding that Mahomedans should convert the anniversary of a day when the most hideous and the most terrible tragedy in the history of Islam was perpetrated, into a day of general festivity and universal gaiety. The most unimaginative mind and the most callous heart would recoil with horror at sights that we see at the *Moharrum*.

Husain! What an Iliad of woe that name betokens! It is the anniversary of his murder, cruel, cold blooded murder, that the Mahomedans commemorate on the 10th. of *Moharrum*, the day when the sorrows and sufferings of the *Ahl-i-Bait* reached their climax, their highest summit.

Husain! What heart would not melt at the record of his sufferings; for he endured griefs and afflictions following one another in swift succession, griefs, afflictions, and privations which would tax the stoutest heart and shatter the strongest nerves.

He had seen his family—women and children alike, tender, delicate flowers of snow-white purity—exposed to the fierce blazing sun without shelter or protection, without food or water. He had seen his nearest relatives and staunchest friends die fighting heroically against terrible odds. He had borne with almost superhuman fortitude the scorn, the contempt, the humiliations heaped upon him and his family by the execrable minions of Yazid. Yes! all these led up to that supreme catastrophe on the 10th. day of the *Moharrum*—the murder of the grandson of the Prophet.

Can we, with a particle of real love for the Prophet and his family, tolerate mirth and merriment, music and gaiety, on an occasion like this? And yet these things are done year by year, without exciting the least comment, without provoking the slightest protest. Only the other day I happened to be talking the subject over with a Mahomedan friend of mine, at Dacca. My friend, while fully admitting and appreciating my argument, still justified the practice on the ground that it had the sanction of centuries and the support of the countless generations of Muslims. Here, in this argument of my friend, we have an illustration of the time-worn truth, that man is a fool of habit, a slave of traditions, conservative as a rule, and progressive only by way of exception. That was all that my *poor* friend could urge in support of this mad melodrama enacted year by year at the *Moharrum* procession.

But what has hitherto barred and bolted the door of progress against the Mahomedans? Surely it is this spirit of monstrous conservatism which persists in maintaining institutions and tolerating practices utterly opposed to the broadening culture of our days. While the entire drift of modern time, is towards *emancipation, equalisation, expansion*, we either stand sullenly aloof, or actively set ourselves against the spirit of the age. This spirit of conservatism, unreasoned and unreasoning conservatism, we must combat, demolish, destroy. Talk of a change and you are met at once with the argument that it is contrary to the practice that has obtained for centuries. Try to innovate upon existing practices and you are at once put down as a heretic, a monster of iniquities. While all

around us the old order is changing, yielding place to new, we, ignoring the needs and requirements of the times, cling to the past because it is the past, and as such has for us an irresistible fascination. Here lies the secret of our degeneration, the root of our misfortunes. By our conservatism we have effectively clogged the spring of activities; activities in spheres social, intellectual, political, and last but not least, religious. It is always the appeal to the past which is the most formidable weapon in the hands of our retrograde community. It is not the future that we look to. It is to the past that we look back. Our aim is not to conform to the progressive ideals, the ever-rising standard of an advancing age. Our ambition always is, as closely as possible, to adopt, to imitate, to adhere to the ideals of a long-departed past. The past has undoubtedly for us all, its attractions and its charms. But it must not and should not make us insensible to the calls of the present and the claims of the future.

S. KHUND BUKHSH

Short Story.

The Death of the Picture, or, The Tale of the Old Fakir.

I HAD roamed the wide world over in search of Art treasures. From all countries I had gathered together pictures rare and old, strange and wonderful. At last I came to India, the land of wonder and mystery, the land of an Art that was lost and hidden away, a strange and unknown country. I was told that Art was nowhere to be had in this land, and pictures, crude, grotesque, and inartistic, were shown to me as the only things artistic to be seen or had here. But with the zeal of the collector I sought the land from North to South, East to West. Nor was I wholly disappointed, for paintings, miniatures, stones and bronzes, and carved ivories, speaking of a once great Art, beautiful, strange, and fantastic, were added to my collection.

After many wanderings I came to B....., a little village station not far from the low Sevalik hills near Saharanpore. There I learnt of an old Fakir who lived among the hills in a cave and who was supposed to be mad because his dwelling was full of wonderful pictures, which some said were bewitched and mysterious.

After my mid-day meal I set out on horseback, with a guide, to the Fakir's dwelling. After many turnings between the low ranges of little hills we came to an open place among them. It was a lonely place far from the road, and there, in one of the hills, was the cave. A massive arched doorway had been fashioned out of the rock and strange figures and shapes carved on it. As we approached, a figure seated on the threshold stood up. An old man, straight and tall, with a white beard, fine regular features, fair complexion, and dark bright eyes, clothed in the ochre robes of a fakir, confronted us. As I came up I salaamed. He returned the salute and stood silent. I addressed him in broken Urdu which I had picked up during my five years' stay in India. "I have come to see your pictures Babaji, which are wonderful I hear." His eyes brightened, and he answered, "Thou art welcome, Sahib." He led me into the cave while my guide waited outside. It was a large room with several entrances, had many pillars within, and the roof inside was high. The light came full into it. A charpoy was on one side, and a few brass utensils in a corner. A little basket with a cover was under the bed. I saw that the walls were covered with many pictures large and small. "Perhaps the Sahib is an artist?" "Yes," I replied, "I aspire to be an artist, but our Art is different to yours."

I gazed around with interest, examining the pictures on the wall, and was soon rapt in looking at them. Some of the paintings, which seemed to be very ancient, were beautiful in colouring, still fresh and bright; some wonderful in execution, and marvellously faithful in detail, displayed delicate strokes of the brush. Often the beauty of form was lost in the expression of some thought which shone forth with great vividness. Wonderful pictures of Buddha's life, of Hindu gods and mythology, and of Moghul times, and other strange

things hung around. All breathed the spirit, the history and religion, of this dream-land, and the Art and Learning of a time when the rest of the world was still barbarous. I wondered where her lost treasures were hidden—ah, where? Her children could not reply nor her conquerors. Only Fate echoed back my question—Where? Some indeed still seemed to exist in this cave of the old Fakir, unknown to the world. Suddenly my eyes fell on a large picture, set high above the others, opposite the doorway where the light of the setting sun fell full upon it. It was the face of a woman—a beautiful woman with stony eyes, and a dead heart. The eyes were half closed, and the pupils had a glazed look in them; a death-like pallor was on the face; a peaceful look on brow and features; and the lips bloodless. The hair, each of which seemed to be separately drawn, fell on both sides in soft waves, parted in the middle over the white brow; and a wondrous loveliness and charm was on the face. But alas, it was the loveliness of death.

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,

"We start for soul is wanting there!"

The frame was of polished ivory inlaid with gold. I stood gazing in rapt wonder at the mystical beauty of the face, and the death-like colouring. It stood out vividly against the dark walls. A hand was laid on my shoulder, and I turned to see the Fakir standing by. He said, "Sahib, dost wonder at this picture? It has a tale, and if thou carest to hear, I shall tell it thee."

As he spoke the lingering rays of light faded away, and the picture looked spectral in its white frame in the gathering gloom of the cave. He spoke again. "Take down the picture, Sahib, for thy arms are strong and mine do tremble. Bring it here so that the fading light may fall on it, and looking at it I may be able to tell my tale better."

I complied with his request, and taking down the picture, turned it over. A panel of puffed white ivory, on which some writing in Indian characters was closely engraved, was fitted tightly over the back of the frame. The old man had spread a rich piece of Persian carpet near the doorway on which he sat down, and pointed to a little stool near him on which I seated myself. He took the picture from me, and leaning it against the panel of the open door before him, began his tale:—

"When I was young like thee, I was an artist at the Court of Delhi. But I not only painted, I also collected pictures and other works of art. I travelled a great deal, and from all parts of the land I collected them. At last I came to the country beyond the Vindhachal, and there I heard of the ruins of a beautiful old palace. It had belonged to a noble family of royal blood, then poor and almost extinct. I went one evening to see it. It was a beautiful structure even in its ruin. I passed through its halls and corridors, its chambers and balconies, and wondered at the beauty of the carved arches, the delicate tracery on the pillars and the beautiful latticed windows, the fine turrets and the domes. At last I came to a little courtyard, in the centre of which stood a small Hindu temple of pure white marble. A beautiful work of art, standing intact in the midst of the surrounding ruins. I entered and saw it was empty. While gazing up at its windows and arches, my eyes fell suddenly on a square white object hung high up in a niche, and almost hidden by a jutting cornice. Wondering what it could be, I got together some large stones, and standing on them managed to take it down. I blew away the dust and turned it over, for it was the back of a picture frame. A thrill went through me. Looking at me from it was the face of a woman. Ah, how shall I describe its loveliness, the sad yearning expression of the eyes? The flesh tints were so natural that it almost seemed alive. The hair, dark as mid-night, parted in the centre, fell in soft waves, framing the lovely face and the delicate rosy cheeks. The soft red lips seemed to move. It was all so life-like that I stood spell-bound. As I gazed at it the expression in the eyes seemed to change, and the sad look disappeared. A look of hope seemed to come into it, and the eyes shone with a new beauty. My heart beat wildly with joy or fear, I knew not which. Surely the soul of a living woman looked forth from those lotus eyes. I was strangely moved. At last I returned home at dusk with the picture. I gazed at it in solitude, and would

spend hours weaving romances round it. It became my companion. I loved to watch the varying expression of the face. Thou mayst wonder, Sahib, but the picture was like a human being. Sometimes the eyes were dimmed by sorrow and despair, sometimes bright with love and a hope, or dark with sad pleading. At night, I kept it on a table by my bedside resting on a silken cushion. A new power seemed to have entered into me too, and I seemed inspired, for from that time my paintings were beautiful and such as I had never done before. But I was restless. I knew nought of the mysterious power of the picture, and often longed to be rid of it. Some months passed thus. The fame of my art spread far and wide. One day I was called by a great Prince. I was received in a large marble verandah. I had taken my paintings and also the picture. After I had displayed all my wares, I took out the picture and held it before the Prince. At sight of it he gazed with fixed eyes as if bewitched, and then started up. 'What means this? It is the Princess Maya's face! From whence came this? Who painted it?'

"I replied, 'I know not Maharaj. I found it in a ruined palace in the country beyond the Vindhachal hills.'

"He stood silent, gazing at it, and then a dark angry look came into his eyes. 'It is my wife's picture, and it cannot remain with a stranger to be exposed to strange eyes. Give it to me.'

"I replied quietly. 'No, Maharaj, I cannot give it thee. It is mine, and I will not part with it.'

"I know not why I replied thus, for I had often longed to be rid of its mysterious spell. He answered not, but turning from me called to an attendant, and said in stern tones, 'Go bid the Princess Maya come here.' The man departed, and the Prince stood as if rooted to the spot, gazing at the picture silently.

"Soon the tinkling of bracelets and anklets, and the rustle of silks were heard, and a lady, tall and graceful, robed in a sky blue silk cloth brodered in gold, her face veiled in a light blue gauze scarf, entered by a side door. She came with slow gentle steps and stood by the side of the Prince. He turned to her and said in low tones—'Lift up thy veil, Princess.' She obeyed silently, and as the face was revealed I fixed my eyes on it, for it was the face of the picture!

"My eyes seemed rivetted on the beautiful face, the living embodiment of the mysterious picture which had come into my possession, and had lived with me all through these months. 'Dost know this man, Maya?' the Prince asked.

"Her eyes had been bent on the ground. She raised them for an instant to look on my face. 'No, my Lord,' came the reply in soft musical tones, like the vibrations of a Vina, and as she spoke, a blush mantled her cheeks, for like all Indian ladies she was unused to strange men.

"The Prince, who had his eyes fixed on her face, suddenly turned on her with a quick movement. The madness of jealousy was on him, and a terrible passion of mingled love and hate, shone forth from his eyes. He shook her fiercely by the shoulders and muttered, 'Thou liest. Woman, speak, who is he?'

"A look of surprise followed by terror came into her beautiful eyes as she gazed into the Prince's face. Then large tears filled them and rolled down her now pale cheeks. In trembling accents she replied again, 'I speak the truth, my Lord.' But the Prince drew his dagger, and in an instant had plunged it into her heart. With a groan she fell to the floor. Then he turned towards me, and like a mad man, made a thrust at me with the dagger so quickly, piercing my shoulder, that I reeled back. My eyes suddenly fell on the picture which had fallen from my hands to the floor. The Prince had lifted his hand for a second thrust, but I cried out, 'Hold Maharaj, hold and look!' and pointed to the picture. He looked at it and stood as if one dazed. And well he might; for a strange thing had happened. The picture which was so life-like, which breathed of love and hope at times, of sorrow and despair at others, which was human in its ever-changing expression, had suddenly

changed. The blood slowly left its cheeks; a world of dying thoughts lit up the large dark eyes; a convulsive spasm passed over the lovely features; and then slowly and softly it died! Yes, *died*! For it was Death surely which had set its seal on the face. The features gradually became rigid, the eyes glassy, and the lips bloodless. But withal it was still beautiful with a new cold, deadly beauty, such, Sahib, as you see [here]!"

The old fakir paused awhile, then continued—

"A look of horror and dread came into the Prince's eyes. He turned to me and said in a voice full of fear. 'What witchery is this?' 'I know not, Maharaj,' I replied. 'I am no wizard, but mayhap the picture will tell its own tale, for there is writing behind it in some foreign language. You are learned, Maharaj, and may be able to read it.'

"I picked it up, and turning it over handed it to the Prince. He scanned the writing and said in tones of wonder, 'Yes, it is a foreign language, but one I know.' 'Then for Heaven's sake read it and explain, Maharaj,' I cried. The Prince read it silently first, and wonder and fear came into his face. He turned to me, and rendering it into Urdu, read it out to me. This is what was inscribed on the ivory panel at the back of the frame—

THE PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS EILA,

OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF CHITRAPUR.

I have painted Thy Cheeks with my Life's Blood. I have filled thy Eyes with the Love, Hope, and Sorrow of my Heart, and touched thy Brow and Lips with them. I have woven my Thoughts of thee in the Dusk of thy Hair, Eila, Queen of my Heart! And when thy Spirit leaves thy Body, it will be enchained here to this Picture, drawn with my Life's Blood, and my Heart's Love and Sorrow, Hope and Despair. Thus it will remain till one of thy race will shed Her Life's Blood and her Heart's Tears for thee!

MIRAN THE PAINTER.

"There was deep silence for a while, then the Prince cried out 'The Princess Maya is of the Royal house of Chitrapur!' Then the picture fell from his hands, and he flung himself in an agony of grief by the side of his wife whom he had killed.

"An hour passed, the sobs of the Prince breaking the silence. At last I rose, and collecting my pictures departed from the palace with slow and feeble steps, for my arm was bleeding profusely. This is the tale of the picture, Sahib."

"I had listened with wonder and interest to his strange tale, and after a short silence said, 'Can thoughts and feelings be enchained and put into a picture, Babaji?' 'Yes, Sahib. The true artist puts the thoughts of his heart and the reflection of his soul into his picture, so that it lives even after he dies. If it can live, can it not die? If the artist dies, so will it!' I was silent, for this was strange logic indeed! 'But, Sahib, the power of the Artist is gone from the land, and Art is a lost treasure to Hindustan!'

I felt the truth of his words. The sun had set and the evening was deepening into the coming night. I rose and bid him farewell, and rode away out of the dark blue Sevalik hills pictured against the dark sky.

SNEHALATA SEN.

Selections.

Turkish Finance.

A MOST encouraging deliverance is that of Sir Adam Block with reference to the Ottoman debt and affairs Young Turkish. He is the President of the Council of Administration instituted for the English and Dutch bondholders, and in his special report for the year 1909-10 speaks most hopefully, not only about what the Young Turk party has done, but about the future of the country. The new constitutional Government has been accused of being more

extravagant than ~~the~~ one it replaced, and superficially this looks true, although between 1886 and July, 1908, when Abdul Hamid disappeared, Turkey has borrowed something like £157,000,000, and has only redeemed £7,775,478 through the action of the sinking fund. There is also a floating debt, which appears to amount to about £114,000,000, and for all this there is little to show, except some hundreds of kilometres of railway, on which the Government is paying an annual amount of £750,000 in the form of kilometric guarantee. All this is very distressing, and naturally breeds pessimistic ideas, but Sir Adam goes on to point out that when the Young Turks came into power there was not a sixpence in the Treasury, therefore borrowing had to be resorted to, and since the new men took hold, the financial administration has been practically reorganised from top to bottom. Real budgets, instead of imaginary and fictitious ones, have been instituted and a department has been created to exercise strict supervision over the financial officials of the empire and to instruct them in their duties. There is no longer secrecy, in fact, and all financial matters are dealt with in absolute sincerity under the guidance of M. Laurent, the French expert lent to the Young Turks to help them. Some twenty Turkish officials have been sent to serve their apprenticeship in France under the French Ministry of Finance. A Commission on financial reform is sitting, three high officials are coming West to study the working of audit departments, and other reform bringing work of the same kind is being done. This, in justice to the Young Turks, ought to be recognised, and Sir Adam is emphatic in declaring that the old policy of letting things slide has been entirely superseded. As a result of this the taxes assigned to the service of the old debts of the empire have become more prolific. As one result of this improved order a better and growing demand for machinery, especially agricultural machinery, is springing up—*The Investors' Review*.

The Referendum.

(From Various Standpoints.)

I. FROM THE TORY STANDPOINT

Oh! Ministers are in a fright;
They know 'twill surely end 'em.
That's why they are all so filled with spite
Against the Referendum.
The people cannot fail to see
Full trust we now extend 'em
They'll sweep us back to victory
Upon the Referendum.

II. FROM THE LIBERAL STANDPOINT.

Our Tory foes are in full flight;
Internal quarrels rend 'em.
That's why—to hide their desperate plight—
They've raised the Referendum.
The People through the trick must see;
To Jericho they'll send 'em.
Snowed under soon, poor things, they'll be
Beneath their Referendum.

III. FROM A NEUTRAL CRITIC'S STANDPOINT

I find myself bewildered quite;
Hence this my rhymed addendum.
Both parties can't, of course, be right
Anent the Referendum
There's but one thing, methinks, to do;
Take both sides' views and blend 'em,
And then divide the whole by two—
If we're to get the answer true
About the Referendum.

(Truth.)

It's love what makes the world go round, but whisky'll have just the same effect if persevered in.

Great Britain's Investments in India and the Colonies.

At a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society on 20th December, the Right Hon'ble Lord George Hamilton in the Chair, Mr. George Paish read a paper on Britain's Indian, Foreign, and Colonial investments. The following extract will, we think, interest our readers:—

The amount of visible capital we have found for our great Indian Empire is no less than £365,000,000, the larger portion of which has been for the construction of railways. The capital of the railway companies is £137,000,000, and the Government loans of £179,000,000 have been mainly for railway purposes. The capital of tea companies provided by our investors is nearly £20,000,000. No one can doubt the beneficent effect upon the prosperity of India of this expenditure of British capital for the development of the natural resources of the country, and the linking up of district with district, which has so powerfully helped to diminish the severity of famines. This great sum has been lent to India at an exceptionally low rate of interest, and having regard to the immense increase in the wealth of the Indian people which has resulted, and is resulting, from the construction of railways, the burden of the low interest

charge is quite negligible. Probably the improvement in the condition of the people resulting from railway construction has been one of the most potent factors in maintaining the loyalty of the vast populations of India to the British Empire

The investments of the British people in the minor Colonies are also of a large amount. For West Africa, where the rate of development has recently been rapid owing to the discovery of gold, the British people have found over £29,000,000 of capital, of which £12,000,000 has been for mines and £8,000,000 for Government loans, mainly for railways. The recent development of the motor-car industry in this and in other countries, which has so greatly increased the demand for rubber, has induced our investors to place considerable amounts of capital in the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States. The total visible amount of capital we have provided for these Colonies is about £22,000,000, of which over £10,000,000 is for rubber and £8,000,000 for Government loans. The increase in the prosperity of our Malay Possession, in consequence of the investment of British capital in the development of rubber plantations, has been striking. I set out below the amounts of capital the British people have provided for each of the daughter States, for India and Ceylon, and for the minor Colonies —

	Canada and Newfoundland	Commonwealth	New Zealand	Total of Australasia	South Africa	West Africa	India and Ceylon	Straits Settlements and Malay States	Miscellaneous British Possessions
Government	£ 74,621,000	£ 197,615,000	£ 17,825,000	£ 248,440,000	£ 97,379,000	£ 8,541,000	£ 178,995,000	£ 7,943,000	£ 6,969,000
Municipal	17,327,000	7,750,000	6,896,000	14,646,000	1,701,000	—	3,522,000	—	—
Railways	223,740,000	2,951,000	761,000	3,712,000	2,354,000	—	136,519,000	—	—
Banks	4,180,000	16,784,000	2,563,000	10,347,000	4,558,000	157,000	3,400,000	—	1,717,000
Breweries and distilleries	—	725,000	—	725,000	3,065,000	—	—	—	—
Canals and docks	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	100,000
Commercial and industrial, &c	14,357,000	11,900,000	400,000	12,300,000	7,024,000	1,547,000	2,647,000	—	7,112,000
Electric lighting and power	3,272,000	1,579,000	—	1,579,000	3,667,000	—	1,763,000	—	40,000
Financial, land, and investment	12,613,000	21,701,000	6,256,000	27,957,000	73,363,000	5,242,000	1,853,000	1,485,000	5,255,000
Gas and water	743,000	1,997,000	250,000	2,247,000	1,339,000	—	659,000	—	245,000
Insurance	246,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Iron, coal, and steel	7,331,000	1,202,000	55,000	1,257,000	6,392,000	—	803,000	—	75,000
Mines	7,396,000	40,296,000	2,798,000	43,094,000	125,795,000	12,437,000	3,531,000	1,912,000	587,000
Motor traction and manufacturing	—	94,000	107,000	194,000	—	—	90,000	—	—
Nitrate	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oil	907,000	1,064,000	—	1,064,000	165,000	428,000	3,184,000	—	300,000
Rubber	—	—	—	—	495,000	1,046,000	4,610,000	10,697,000	2,843,000
Shipping	200,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tea and coffee	—	—	—	—	—	—	9,644,000	—	—
Telegraphs and telephones	—	—	—	—	—	—	43,000	—	7,371,000
Tramways	5,928,000	2,863,000	625,000	3,488,000	1,801,000	—	4,136,000	—	645,000
TOTAL	£ 372,541,000	£ 301,521,000	£ 78,529,000	£ 380,050,000	£ 251,368,000	£ 29,498,000	£ 365,399,000	£ 22,037,000	£ 33,259,000

The aggregate amount of capital which the Mother Country has provided for the British Dominions beyond the seas is the great sum of £1,554,000,000. Beyond this she has found a great deal of invisible capital for mercantile and other purposes. Other nations have participated in these investments of capital in the Colonies and possessions of Great Britain to only a very small extent. Probably the greatest participation has been in the mines of South Africa, but even here the total amount of shares held on the Continent is inconsiderable in comparison with the quantity held in Great Britain. If it were possible to make allowance for the holdings of other countries in British enterprises on the one hand and the amount of British capital privately placed in the Colonies and in India on the other, the total would, I am convinced, be greater than £1,554,000,000. Of this total we have supplied about £83,000,000 in the current year, and a sum of no less than £27,000,000 in the past three years. The capital invested in the Colonies alone, excluding India, is nearly £1,200,000,000. To

realise the magnitude of this sum it is necessary to recollect that the populations of the Colonies where this great amount is invested are relatively small. To Canada, Australasia, and South Africa, which possess a combined population of about 20,000,000 of persons, Great Britain has supplied £1,200,000,000 of capital. In so far as the prosperity of the British Empire is governed by the amount of capital which the Mother Country is able to supply to the Colonies and to India, its future expansion in population and in prosperity is assured. Never has Great Britain had so much new capital available for investment in the Colonies and in India, and never has she supplied money so freely to the other nations of the Empire as she has done in the past few years. The rapid progress of Canada, the recovery in Australia, the improvement in South Africa, and the prosperity of India at the present time, clearly show how potent are the influences upon the progress and development of the Empire of the large amounts of capital with which the British people are now so freely supplying those lands.

Sing a Song of Statesmen.

SING a song of statesmen,
A pocket full of power,
Half a thousand new Lords
Baked in an hour!
When the House was opened
The Lords began to rat;
Wasn't that a pretty game
To catch a statesman at!

Pat was in the pigsty
Counting out his money,
Taffy was at Limehouse
Breathing milk and honey.
The Leader, in the Throne room,
Was down upon his knees,—
By came a mocking-bird
And stole his guarantees!

(Spectator)



The Debut.

THE world is too much in earnest. Leagues and Congresses, Conferences and Committees, all gather together to distil collective wisdom out of scattered brains and have a saturnalia of high seriousness, all for the benefit of a Government, which like Gallio cares for none of these things. Honourable Members of Councils, tired of perpetual questioning, resolving, and legislating, transform themselves in right earnest, and appear on the stage again in the *Bal Masque* of a Deputation, to repeat for the seven hundredth time the words of wisdom uttered far more piquantly on the preceding six hundred and ninety-nine occasions. Title holders, Talukdars, and leaders generally sing the siren song of Loyalty, and the Supreme Government, not desiring to be left in the lurch, retaliates by taking them seriously.

Where will it all end? Work at such high pressure cannot long be continued. The strain is too terrible. It cannot last. And it is the duty of every true Imperialist to save the Empire from some great catastrophe—such as nose-bleeding. *Gup* is the panacea we have found out for all the ills that an unwieldy empire is heir to. The remedy is simple and harmless—like all quack medicines. There will neither be cupping nor bleeding. No operation, however painless, will be performed. *Gup* will only take you out of the diocese of Imperial Politics just for a dream-while. Every week or thereabouts, it will chloroform you and make you insensible to the fever and the fret of an all-absorbing public life. For one short quarter of an hour every week you will forget that such things as the Nagri Pracharini Sabha and the Urdu Conference, the *Bengalee* and the *Observer*, the Partition of Bengal and the Unity of Modern Behar ever existed.

Gup is a combination of negations. It has no politics, no religion, almost no morality. It has no race or colour. This something made up of nothings is frankly hedonistic. It lives to enjoy life and to make others enjoy it. It will please you and please itself. But it excludes from its category of clients all such as cannot see a joke. Is not the Legislative Council large enough?

"You have heard of the Camel that was sold for a rupee but had to be purchased along with a Cat that cost five hundred. The writers for the *Comrade* represent the cheap and nasty Camel. We are the costly Cat! But we think the dullness of the *Comrade* justified the "tacking," for only *Gup* can bribe you to put up with

its comrade. It is the sugar-coating, the jam after castor-oil, Heaven after Purgatory, a Khan Bahadurship after the loyalty of a lifetime. And in spite of its dull mate, it is cheap at four annas a week. A soda-water bottle costs no less, and *Gup* will provide you with a dispensation once a week to take your whisky neat.

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The Patwari.

THE Patwari is a species of human biped presenting peculiarities and complexities of moral texture and physical constitution which no student of sociology can afford to ignore. He is the culmination of an evolutionary process, and presents in their highest perfection some of the imperceptibly developed instincts and qualities of his remote progenitor, the Ape. His moral and intellectual agility, his quick apprehension, his sensitiveness to danger, his resourcefulness are his proud legacy from a simian origin. He is a bewildering realisation of the promise which the Ape held out.

In the village, the Patwari is a veritable power. He is a self-locomotive "bundle of rights and duties", with a blatant consciousness of their possession. He is feted and flattered by Zamindars, dreaded and placated by tenants. As between the Zamindar and the tenant, he invariably befriends the former, who keeps him in humour by periodical financial understandings. To the Zamindar, he is a sort of private accountant, and has the right of debauching his money without seriously offending him. Generally, his debauchings are so artistically accomplished that the man of many acres has absolutely no fault to find with his accounts. The Patwari knows that Arithmetic is the weak point of his employer, and by a curious process of subtractions and additions he secures his end without imperilling his reputation for honesty. But Arithmetic is the science in which the Patwari himself excels. Results, humanly speaking impossible, are possible to the Patwari. I have a suspicion that the Apes are all mathematicians. How else would the Patwari's proficiency be explicable?

He is also the Legal Adviser of the villagers. All those who have a grievance, real or supposed, resort to him for advice. As a

conscientious public servant, he always refers them to judicial arbitrament. He sets about creating differences where none exist, not from motives of personal gain, but from a genuine desire to enrich the revenues of the State. He cares not what the Supreme Government thinks of it, but personally he is a firm believer in *divide et impera*. In almost all cases, criminal, civil, or revenue, most of which owe their initiation to his advice, he is an indispensable witness. He must appear for either party, and disappoint the party relying most on his evidence. Before the case in which the Patwari appears as a witness is actually called up, he is the object of deep solicitude on the part of the party producing him. His unfastidious, indiscriminate, and elastic stomach is entertained with all sorts of edibles procurable within the compound of the court. His most extravagant whim is satisfied with incredible alacrity.

When in the court, his statement is made with an air of impartiality which would do credit to a Judge of the High Court. His books are a source of great anxiety to him in the course of his examination, and unless forced to refer to them, he will answer all questions from his memory without reference to their mischievous contents. The Patwari prefers his memory to his official books, for their contents cannot equally elastically satisfy the exigencies of varying situations. They are dull, insipid, and unimaginative, like the party relying on them.

The Patwari is a miracle-worker. His pen, which he plies from morning till evening, works wonders that would do credit to an average prophet. By a stroke of his facile *narkul* pen, which sometimes takes refuge behind his ear out of sheer exhaustion from its ceaseless operations, he transforms a tenancy of some years' standing into a sub-tenancy that may be determined any moment, ejects A from the possession of a plot of land without the use of that physical force which the Zamindar has to employ, and into his place pitchforks B, who has no semblance of title or claim. But his most successful miracle is the one in which he changes the nature of the tenures and diminishes and increases areas of land at will. The unfortunate victim of these alterations and changes remains totally unaware of them up to the last moment, and in most cases gets his first awakening when he puts the Patwari into the witness box. The Patwari then makes his rude disclosures, undaunted by the cynical smile of the Judge or the frowns of the aggrieved party. The Patwari thus compels the recognition of his pen as a formidable weapon. What sword could be mightier?

The Patwari is a philosopher. He is a sort of Stoic, ever cool, collected, and practical. He has a philosophy of his own, though its exact nature is enveloped in as thick and impenetrable a mystery as his own character. Whenever he appears as a witness in a court, the presiding officer greets him with a look of contemptuous incredulity. But he manages to get through his cross-examination, with its inconvenient questions and insulting insinuations, with an appearance of injured virtue and outraged pride, which is well worth observing.

The Patwari is very fond of his *naryal* pipe. Next to his pen, it is his dearest and proudest possession. He is seldom without it. Eliminate the pen and *naryal* from the Patwari and he is reduced to a piteous spectacle. He is then a king without a sceptre, a soldier without the sword. The pipe is his constant companion both in and out of his house. He does not draw upon his purse for the supply of the materials of this unpretentious luxury. Like the rest of the Home Department, this branch is also looked after by the ryots of the village. This makes the pipe all the dearer to its owner. Pulling at it with the ease and familiarity of an inveterate smoker, with his official books lying open before him, with his pen behind the ear, ever ready to pounce upon them and take any liberty with them which the instinct or the caprice of its owner may dictate, the Patwari looks a superb figure, and may well inspire awe in the cultivators sitting in a circle round his *charpai*, and watching the mysterious operations of his formidable pen.

He is black, sometimes hopelessly and irremediably so. He

often strikes one as an embodied protest against the unimpeachable artistic excellence with which terrestrial opinion credits the Divine Creator. For that extremely obtrusive and superfluous growth, which people for want of a better term call beard, the Patwari has no preference. Instead, he is proud of his moustachia, and rightly so. He is dyspeptic, but has a pretty good appetite, particularly when his own purse remains unopened.

He is a good walker, but an indifferent rider. All the same, he is the discoverer of *kadam*, a jog-trot which deserves to be called *Patwari-chal*. He generally wears no clothes; the only luxury that he ordinarily permits himself is a *dhoti*. He has an *achkan* to deck himself with when attending a court or presenting himself before a superior officer. But on these occasions he flaunts his finery with a ruthless offensiveness. One of my Patwari friends tells me that his aversion to trousers is based upon a hygienic principle. He wonders how the æsthetic conscience of the present day tolerates an anachronism like the *dhoti*, for, like Monkey Brand, the Patwari has a conscientious objection to washing clothes.

The Patwari does not laugh. But Nature has not denied him the consolation of a smile. But the smile of the Patwari, like other things belonging to him, is peculiar. His is a conscious and triumphant smile. It suggests the consciousness of the accomplishment of a veritable feat. I would pay anything in the world to see a Patwari laugh, but I fear he will never stoop to such an undignified manifestation of his mental hilarity. He will content himself with an additional pull at his gurgling pipe, the while he smiled and stroked his moustachios. Weep he can, and with consummate art. When his superior officer or the court detects his fraud or mistake, he weeps with a profusion of sobs and wealth of tears which would move a heart of stone. In the words of Hazlitt, the Patwari is always "beside himself." He is always playing some part or other. You can never catch him "in a state of moral undress."

The Patwari is a true child of Nature. In him the primordial instinct of self-preservation is most acutely developed, so that all other instincts are partially crushed beneath its weight. With the Patwari the sole engrossing concern is how to get the maximum out of the world with a minimum of risk to himself. He has no ideal beyond the achievement of this end, no aspirations beyond leaving a few hundred rupees to his children. But for our knowledge of the resources of the Patwari, it would be a marvel of domestic economy that he supports a prolific family of ever-increasing daughters and sons on eight rupees a month, sends his sons to High Schools to become Tehsildars, and dowers his daughters with a few hundred rupees each. To his official superiors, the Patwari is a pliant, docile, meek, and ever-penitent creature. Before them he is taciturn, stupid, and dull. He has none of the volubility and rhetoric which mark his talk with the rest of the world. He would seldom open his mouth, except to heave a long-drawn sigh at his superior's reflection on his virtues or the accuracy of his records.

The dialect he speaks is a curious admixture of Urdu and Persian. In his old age he inevitably develops a tendency to misquote, and has the whole of Gulistan on the tip of his tongue to deluge one on the slightest provocation. He has passed the Vernacular Third Class, and is proud of his achievement. His head is full of verses, ill-understood, half-remembered, insipid, and stale, and he invokes them to his aid to impress his sceptical superior with the extent of his learning, or to complete the subjugation of a refractory cultivator.

The Patwari's artistic nature is opposed to all use of physical force, whether to punish an insult or to avenge a personal wrong. He has a positive horror of the Indian Penal Code, despite all its tempting general exceptions. To hear of the Patwari being charged with assault or causing simple hurt would surprise me more than to hear of the fallibility of the Pope, or a Tory admission of truth in Mr. Ure.

Such is the great Pillar of State, the Keystone of the Administration, the Keeper of the Conscience of the Supreme Government, and the Solid Foundation of the British Raj. Long Live the Patwari!

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The Comrade.

A Weekly Journal.

Edited by - Mohamed Ali.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere.
They only live who dare!

—Morris.

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contemporaries, local and mofussil, have been exceedingly indulgent to the novice, and readers are clamouring for specimen copies—and concessions! We have therefore to step once more on to the stage and make another bow in front of the footlights, acknowledging the welcome and expressing our heartfelt thanks, before rushing back to the tedium and the misery of another rehearsal for the next evening's performance! To all we offer our grateful thanks

HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN'S campaign is to commence early next week and we heartily wish success to his arms. He arrives in Calcutta on the 24th instant, and the scouts and the Uhlans have already arrived in the person of Messrs. Aziz Mirza and Shaukat Ali and a small band of other earnest workers. Even though the Mussalmans of Calcutta are backward in education, we trust they will still uphold the reputation of Calcutta as a centre from which emanate the majority of beneficent movements. People who are backward in education are not necessarily backward in charity, and in fact the lack of education should act here as a stimulus to charity in the cause of education for which the Aga Khan has commenced this great crusade. That Calcutta will give him a warm reception goes without saying. But he does not come to us to receive an acknowledgment of his services to the cause of progress in general and the progress of Moslem India in particular, for he stands in no need of recognition at our hands. He comes to us to serve us, and help us in providing means for our ultimate salvation, and we would show a want of appreciation of the real facts of the situation if we failed to take occasion by the hand and secure for ourselves and our posterity the inestimable advantages of an Islamic University. Tradespeople in India have a great faith in *bahns*, the first transaction with which to begin the working day. It is not a similar superstition that makes us anxious for the support of Calcutta and of the rest of Bengal in the cause so nobly espoused by the Aga Khan. We rather believe that it is the success or failure of Calcutta that will shape the future, because Calcutta is the metropolis of the Indian Empire, and Bengal has an enormous Mussalman population, even the least support of which can provide a large fraction of "the Ransom of Islam." The eyes of the whole of India are on Calcutta and the Bengal Mussalmans. Will they give an earnest of their future awakening or will they disappoint us? That is the great question. But we think we know the answer!

Notes.

EVERY new journal is something of a plunge, and this is specially so in a country like India where readers of English papers and periodicals are few, cannot often afford to take in more than a single paper, are scattered over a vast area, and oftener expect the journalist to come down to the level of the reader with all his prejudices than desire to rise to the level of the writer. We confess we made our bow to the public with all the nervousness of a young actor on a first night, and inner apprehensions made us fancy that the playgoers in the boxes, the orchestra stalls, and the dress circle were as many critics of the type of Judge Jeffries. But the people we feared the most were the Pitites and the gods in the Gallery. It is therefore a tremendous relief to us to hear the first cheers of the playgoers. Smiles of approval, lusty clappings of hand, side-splitting laughter, and the cries of "encore," without hisses or the least suspicion of a jeer, are fast restoring the courage with which we had leaped into the thorny vale of journalism. Our

WE REJOICE to see our distinguished countryman, Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyer as a member of the Executive Council the His Excellency the Governor of Madras, and offer him and Madras our hearty congratulations. Mr. Krishnaswami is not only an able lawyer, but he has the breadth of view and far-sightedness of the statesman, and he would, we feel sure, prove himself to be a tower of strength to the Government of Southern India. In the chorus of praise we are delighted to hear the powerful voice of our contemporary, the *Bengalee*. But our contemporary's antipathy to judicial candidates for executive appointments was so great at one time that it would hear nothing of the suggestion to appoint another distinguished Indian Judge, who graces the Bench of the Calcutta High Court, to the Executive Council of Bengal. Our contemporary has a refreshing contempt for logic and would prefer men of God's creation without the embellishing touches of Aristotle. Talking of separate Moslem representation in local bodies—a logical consequence of the creation of separate electorates for the Legislatures—it quoted with approval the remark of Lord Morley that "Politics is not governed by logic." It would now seem to add a rider of its own, that like Politics, Journalism should also be free from the enthralling shackles of logic and reason. But our contemporary anticipated some stupid controversy from those that still adhere to Aristotle and sound reason, and has tried to distinguish between the earlier and the later journalistic rulings. The Calcutta Judge was a *pukka* Judge, an old offender with many previous convictions, and thoroughly spoilt in the pernicious atmosphere of His Majesty's High Court of Judicature for the presidency of Fort William, while the Madras Judge was only a temporary Judge, still a tyro in judicial unwisdom, a mere novice in the wicked arts practised on the Bench. Evidently our contemporary detests a *polite face*, but we sincerely congratulate it on the success of its most graceful curve.

A MOST necessary Commission has been sitting for some time past in England to enquire into the defects of the present Divorce Laws and to suggest the lines of new legislation. The experience of many generations had conclusively proved that the laws were in need of revision, and that at an early date, to prevent the demoralization of Society, and to preserve marriage as an institution commanding the respect not only of the superstitious or the sentimental, but also of the practical man of the world and the intellectual rationalist. In the literature of recent times there has been a tendency to deprecate the institution of marriage, and many novel, and some wild, suggestions have been made, and urged in language of a dangerous force and beauty. This moved even the stolid Briton to set about looking at facts as they are and not as they ought to be. But even in the West religion plays an important part in the lives of people, and it was not so easy to fit the changes into the scriptural injunctions as to induce the Briton to look upon change in Divorce Laws as thinkable and even necessary. The Gospels according to St. Mark and St. Luke, as well as St. Paul, are very inelastic, and even the Divorce Laws of the present day seem to honour the injunctions in those two Gospels and in St. Paul more in the breach than in the observance. St. Matthew was, however, more free, though he is generally supposed to have used St. Mark's Gospel or something very like it, in writing his own. The position taken up by the Roman Catholic Church, which regards marriage as a sacrament, and an indissoluble tie, had to be vacated by the Church of England in favour of ground more on a level with human experience than anglican innocence. But the extreme liberty was taken in America. The Scriptures were not at all used as a basis for the laws of a work-a-day world, and the state of affairs is not much unlike the description of the inimitable Mr. Dooley:—

"In Kentucky baldness is grounds for divorce; in Ohio the inclemency of the weather. In Illinois a woman can be freed from the gallin' bonds of matrimony because her husband wears Congress gaiters; in Wisconsin the old man can get his maiden named back because his wife tells fortunes in the teacup. In Nebraska the shackles are busted because father forgot to wipe his boots; in New York,

because mother knows a Judge in South Dakota. Ye can be divorced for any-thing if ye know where to lodge the complaint. Among the grounds are: anorin', deafness, because wan iv th' parties drinks an' th' other doesn't, because wan don't drink an' th' other does, because they both drink, because th' wife is addicted to sick headaches, because he asked her what she did with that last-ten dollars he gave her, because he knows some wan else, because she injures th' society iv th' young, because he forgot to wind the clock. A husband can get a divorce because he has more money than he had; a wife, because he has less. Ye can always get a divorce for what Hogan calls incompatibility iv temper. That's whin husband an' wife are both cross at the same time. Ye'd call it a tid in ye'er fam'ly, Hinmissy."

THE question is whether an intermediate state cannot be discovered between the absolute licence of America and the narrowness and inelasticity of Great Britain. It is this which the Commission is working to discover. But such was the divergence between the needs of the present and the injunctions of the Scriptures that a distinguished Judge who had considerable experience of the Divorce Court refused to pay the least heed to the Gospels in spite of being pulled up by the Archbishop of York, who sits on the Commission. Christian Divines who recognise this themselves have not been slow to come forward with explanations. Dr. Sanday, the Professor of Divinity at Oxford, offers the analogy of another Scriptural precept, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," and says that the recognition by Christians of a lofty and unqualified ideal does not necessarily prevent the State from legislating upon the lower level, as it were, of a positive rule. Christian people need not feel that the State is false to the Christianity it professes in administering within reason a practical system of Divorce. Dr. Inge, the Cambridge Professor of Divinity, was perhaps more correct in referring to the antinomian character of Christianity. He rightly denies that Christ intended to lay down hard and fast rules. Similarly Dr. Denney, of the United Free College of Glasgow, believes that the New Testament contains, properly speaking, no legislation. It does not give a divine sanction to divorce for any cause, but, on the other hand, it does not exclude divorce as a legislative remedy in certain cases. Protestant writers believe that this theory of the parallel existence of an ideal principle and a positive rule, the latter always being informed and illumined by the former, produces much better results than the apparent rigidity of the Roman Church. But in spite of a recognition of the need of elasticity, the *Spectator* cannot let itself go further than to permit the amendment of the laws so as to make divorce obtainable by women on exactly the same terms as by men. It recognises "the material difference between the stake of the husband and the wife in the marriage contract, and concedes the reasonableness of those who consider equality of the sexes in facilities for divorce as illogical and harmful." But it thinks that the essential disparity would unquestionably reproduce itself in the use of the divorce laws made by the two sexes in actual practice.

Does not this line of reasoning lead us to the much-abused Divorce Law of Islam? "*Al-ryala qadma-man-a ala-malika-i*," is nothing but the recognition of the *Spectator* and of a large majority of Christian thinkers of the disparity between the stakes of the husband and of the wife in the marriage contract. Similarly, the Tradition that sums up the spirit of the divorce laws in a masterly aphorism, "Divorce is the most hateful act permitted by God," is a better version of the argument that such things would find their level without legislative reservations. Is England different from America on account of the Divorce Laws of the two countries, or, rather, are the Divorce Laws different in the two countries because the spirit of the two is so different? Legislation is no difficult matter. Why, then, does not England amend the laws of the country and imitate those of the United States, and why does not America copy those of the United Kingdom? The answer is to be found in

the relation of positive morality in a country to its laws. Without a similarity of moral ideas similar laws are impossible. Europe tries to keep married couples together by legislation, while Islam leaves the work to the moral tone of the people. England, on the other hand, is shy in legislating against intemperance and gambling, whereas Islam has boldly legislated against them. The question is, whether a private concern like connubial happiness is fit for public interference and control, while sumptuary laws that do not touch the domain of individual conscience but only deal with outward observance come in for, and are believed to deserve, a world of unpopularity. For our part, we believe England is drifting towards Moslem laws of marriage and divorce, gambling and temperance, property and succession, and we welcome the beneficent change.

WHEN we examine the revenue returns of Liquor and compare them with the steps taken by the Government and the people of this country to combat against a deadly enemy of mankind, we begin to realize that the Frankenstein of intemperance will at this rate soon get completely out of control. While the Drink Traffic is on the increase almost in geometrical, the efforts to deal with it do not show an increase even in arithmetical progression. The revenue returns for 1874 were £1,561,000, but after 10 years they rose in 1884 to £2,538,000 or an increase of £977,000. In 1894 they were £3,680,000 or an increase in ten years of £1,082,000. In 1904 they had reached the high total of £5,295,000, the increase in the decade being no less than £1,675,000. In 1909, only five years afterwards, the Drink Revenue has risen to the enormous figure of £6,717,000 or an increase of £1,422,000. We are only half through the decennium yet, and it looks as if at the end of 1904 the returns will show an increase of more than three million sterling in the Drink Bill of India in the short period of 10 years. Even after taking into consideration the undoubted increase of population, the probable, though not certain, increase of popular resources, and the pet explanation of the Excise Department, the increased vigilance of its servants, there is still a large residuum of increase in the Liquor Revenue, which cannot be accounted for in any other way than by placing it to the credit of intemperance, and the prevalence of drink among classes that were traditional teetotalers.

THE Government of India in its letter No 2455 of the 21st April 1904 addressed to the Government of Bombay, deprecated in distinctly strong terms the idea that the increased revenue was mainly due to greater suppression of illicit practices. "This is," said the Government of India, "too unkind a reflection on the past services of the present officers and also on that of their predecessors." We have heard this explanation but too often, and familiarity has not bred any different feeling to that it is usually supposed to breed. Every Excise officer has had to face the horns of the Alkari subordinate's dilemma. An increase in the detection of offences is ascribed to efficient detective work, and a decrease to the efficient prevention. The bull with such horns is not an animal that can be relied on, and we despair of a Department which unblushingly wots out the explanation that increased vigilance is the cause of better returns, and of a Government that applies the soothing unction to its soul and tells the world that India is growing richer because she is more drunken. We can now understand why it is supposed to be as easy for the rich to enter heaven as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye. If increased riches means larger and more gains we feel sure the rich deserve an infinity of tropical weather in after life. The Department and the Government which advance such theories about wealth should be referred to Mr. Lloyd George or the Socialists, but we confess we have not yet learnt to associate industry with riches. Mr. Gladstone surprised the world after a long tenure of Chancellorship of the Exchequer by telling the House of

Commons one Budget night, "Mr Speaker, we have in the last ten years drunk ourselves out of debt." But it was a fact. A large portion of the National Debt had been cleared off by the increased Excise Revenue. Only in India, the more the country drinks itself out of debt, the more does the individual get into it, and we do not know on which side of the national debt accounts we should place the huge amount of our Drink Bill. All we know is that unless our efforts to deal with this growing menace to the prosperity, peace, and progress of the country are doubled and quadrupled we shall rue it when the day of reckoning comes. And, be sure, come it will and that not before very long.

WE HEAR from the sophists, that defend the peg chiefly because it costs an effort to give it up, that we should fight drunkenness and not drink. At this rate we hope to hear, before we are much older, a belated Fire Brigade defending itself on the plea that they want to control the conflagration and not the fire that had just begun. Do the apologists realize that total abstinence is the only temperance? The other steps are futile and in the long run wholly ineffectual. In fact, we are prepared to perpetrate another paradox. We believe it is the temperate man that encourages intemperance. Those who see him taking his pegs regularly and in moderation, never see his hand shake or his legs slant away from perpendicular, never notice a glazed eye or detect an embryonic hiccup, begin to believe that moderation in drink is as easy as moderation in eating or the satisfaction of any other natural desire. They try it themselves, and learn to their cost that like Love, according to Hafiz, moderation looked easy at first but received a generous accretion of difficulties in the end. And then it is generally too late to go back. Like Macbeth, the drunkard is

"Slept in so far, that should I wade no more,
"Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We are sorry to see in India so little of organized effort to fight perhaps the greatest enemy of mankind. Yet this is a matter in which all India can join. The Brahmin is as religious a teetotaler as the Mussalman, and both can stand shoulder to shoulder. A common platform exists, but few care to step on to it. We trust the Moslem League will take up the question, and invite the Congress to join in a common effort which may lead to other forms of union and co-operation.



P o e t r y .

Kalidas.

IMMORTAL SON OF Bharat, Kalidas !

Thou Fancy's fairest child and first, thy mind
With Nature kept communion, and could find
Heaven's beauty imaged there. As in the glass
That sports with light, the shapes and things that pass
In fairy dance before thine eyes are lined
With rainbow tints. Thy muse, of varying kind,
Is sadly sweet, as that which love-lorn lass
Delights in mem'ry-laden hour. Anon
It dons a sunnier garb, and sings of dale,
And hill, and grove, and whisp'ring love. 'Tis gone,
And lo! the blare of drums that tell the tale
Of heroes' fame and triumph fills the ear.
I sing thy name ; but wilt thou deign to hear ?

HAR DAVAL MATHUR.

The Comrade.

The Wandering Sheep.

IN AN address of remarkable suavity and charm the President of the Allahabad Session of the Congress gave to the audience for their watchwords, "Hope," "Conciliation," and "United Effort." But "Hope" and "United Effort" were as prologue and epilogue to the theme of "Conciliation," and the whole address was marked with a broad and comprehensive sympathy which we have learnt to associate with the name of Sir William Wedderburn.

We have already dealt with the differences between Hindus and Mussalmans, and intend to deal with those between European officials and educated Indians hereafter. We would refer here only to the third set of differences of Sir William's division, namely, the differences between Moderate reformers and Extremists. The President appealed to his audience at Allahabad "to consider if you cannot, without compromising the principle for which you stand, make it in some way easier for those old colleagues of yours to return to the fold." He gave some details about the methods which should be used by the English officials and the educated Indians to come closer to each other, and he advised the Mussalmans to ponder carefully over the words of the late Mr. Justice Badruddin and the late Mr. Sayani, and to join the ranks of Congressmen in order to remove the differences that exist between Hindus and Mussalmans. But against all expectations, he signally failed to point out the means which could be used to bring back the wandering sheep from the desert of Extremism to the fold of Moderation. It is hard to discover a motive for such a failure; but the more we consider it the more it appears to us that he refrained from pointing the path simply because the intellect could not suggest what the heart so earnestly desired. In what way could the Moderates "without compromising the principles for which they stood" make it easier for their quondam colleagues to return to the fold? What are those principles which ought not to be compromised?

The objects of the Congress include "the attainment by the people of India of a system of Government similar to that enjoyed by the Self-Governing Members of the British Empire, and a participation by them in the rights and responsibilities of the Empire on equal terms with those Members." This is the Swaraj which the Moderates demand, and if we examine the alluring ideal of "Self-Government," even that form of it which is termed "within the Empire," we are forced to admit that it means a transfer of the control from the British to the people of this country. This is a Utopia, which though imaginable, does not appear to many educated Indians to be able to furnish a basis for practical politics. The President of the Amritsar Session of the All-India Muslim League, referring to this ideal said, that "to ask our rulers for specific measures of reform is to admit and recognise the necessity of their control, but to ask them to hand over that control is to ask them, however politely, to take to their ships and retire from India."

Let us, however, for argument's sake, suppose that this is not the true significance of "Swaraj within the Empire." The Moderate wants autonomy under the regis of the British Crown. Let us believe that the regis can withstand the disruptive forces of autonomy, and not prove as brittle as it did in America. But, in all conscience, this is broad enough to satisfy all ideals short of rebellion. What more could the Moderates offer to the political Oliver Twists whose appetite seems to grow with what it feeds on? And if there was anything more that could be given, would not the gift alienate the English officials whose forbearance is to be facilitated by the Moderate's realization of "the difficulties of the administrator" and his avoiding "the use of language which rouses official suspicion and gives rise to vague apprehension." It

appears to us that the recognition of administrative difficulties and the eschewing of language which rouses suspicions is but a poor "contribution to peace and goodwill" if the setting up of something more than "Self-Government within the Empire" as a popular ideal was to be a set-off against these sensible and necessary steps.

It may be said that it is not the ideal that needs raising or enlargement, but that it is the methods of its attainment which need an expansion. The latter part of Article I. of the Moderate's creed says that "these objects are to be achieved by constitutional means." In the name of reason, is not this broad enough to suit all minds and temperaments, short of such as love incitement to murder and violence? The gospel of autonomy.—yes, even "autonomy within the Empire" has already been preached with a recklessness little short of criminality. Longings have been created the fulfilment of which even in a measurably remote future is impossible. The youth of the country are sullen and demoralized and a widespread intellectual distemper is only too apparent. Was it not this that led Sir William Wedderburn to appeal to the popular leaders to avoid the use of language "that rouses official suspicion and gives rise to vague apprehension?" And would he, in the same breath, ask the Moderates to rally the Extremists by concessions to those who despair of constitutional methods and regard temperate expression of claims as the policy of mendicants? If this is not his meaning, we respectfully request him to correct us and tell us what other animal he proposes to sacrifice to celebrate the Return of the Prodigal.

Convention of Religions.

THERE is nothing, said Melancthon, which suffers more from religious discussions than Religion. But this aphorism like most aphorisms is only a half-truth, and the falseness of the other half is brought into light when people meet together in Religious Conferences, not the least important of which is the Convention of Religions which opened at Allahabad a week ago. Far from suffering, Religion gains a great deal in catholicity and clearness, from discussions carried on in the spirit which animated the thoughtful and eloquent Presidential address of the Maharaja of Durbhanga. The Maharaja truly said that "the outward vesture of creed and ritual and worship, which have hitherto acted as walls of separation, are as dust in the balance compared with the spiritual ties which bind men together in the fundamental verities of all their religions." He aptly illustrated his remarks by the parable of the Man in the Mist. In the distance the shape looked like a Dog; on a nearer view it turned out to be a Man. But when the Man came closer still he was found to be a Brother! We have not much medieval bigotry amongst us to-day and do not think of each other as of a dog, even if some of us still persist in calling each other by that name. But we have still to recognize the essential unity of mankind and treat everyone not only as a man, but also as a brother.

The Maharaja was a true Oriental in characterising the knowledge of God as "the one master-quest of life," and a recognition of the Fatherhood of God will some day lead to the discovery of the Universal Brotherhood of man. There are those who think that Religion has brought bigotry into the world, and that religious divisions are far more disruptive of humanity than racial and territorial. But the polemics of politics frequently lead one to a different conclusion. It often appears as if the rivalry of creeds was the direct result of the fact that haughty Hindus and militant Mussalmans were not good Hindus and good Mussalmans.

The Maharaja did not confine himself to a general discourse on the advantages of such conventions, and wholly omitted—we fear not wisely—the indication of the work before this Convention, but devoted a good deal of his address to a general exposition of the Hindu faith, and even entered the lists to oppose the reformers of Hindu modes of worship and certain other Hindu institutions, such as caste. He confessed that he was a Hindu of Hindus, and that "simply for no other reason than that I was born of a

Hindu family, and was brought up, I hope not unintelligently, in the faith of my forefathers." We fear most of us, if forced to confess, would assign no better reason for their being of their particular faith than the accident of birth and the fact of upbringing. It is true that a man is born into his religion and is brought up and trained in the beliefs of his forefathers. But not all of us will endorse the assumption of the Maharaja that "it is the God-appointed way" in the sense that God disapproves of conversions. A man is born into his religion but he need not die in it, and if religion was less a matter of ceremonial and conventions, and more of active belief and reasoning, few of us would die in the faith into which we were born. "A man does not require," said the Maharaja, "to change his religion in order to arrive at a knowledge of God." But in the master-quest of life, he may find that the way of his ancestors is only a *cul de sac* and leads to nowhere. At such a juncture, the man who refuses to change his faith must be a veritable slave of conventions, chained to quiescence and immobility, without hope of emancipation or desire of progress. The Maharaja does not indeed ask men to keep their mental and spiritual eyes dim or closed to the reception of truth; but when asking his hearers to keep their eyes clear and open, he explains that "adherence to one's own religion need not include the negation of and disregard for others," we detect that he is in all cases opposed to a change of creed, and without meaning the least offence, we feel that in this conception of Religion, he is, as he says, "a Hindu of Hindus."

Ever since Max Muller delivered his lecture in Westminster Abbey, on the day of intercession for missions, in December, 1873, it has been a literary commonplace that the six great religions of the world may be divided into missionary and non-missionary under the latter head will fall Judaism, Brahminism, and Zoroastrianism, and under the former Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam. Max Muller defined the missionary spirit as "the spirit of truth in the hearts of believers which cannot rest, unless it manifest itself in thought, word, and deed, which is not satisfied till it has carried its message to every human soul, till what it believes to be the truth is accepted by all members of the human family."

Without discussing the merits of the two, we may differentiate between the attitudes of the two kinds of religions, and say that in the missionary faith there exists a sort of spiritual socialism, while the non-missionary faiths stimulate individual contemplation, and the cultivation of personal, as distinct from social virtues. The follower of the non-missionary faith is inclined to be more careful of his individual salvation than of a diffusion of spiritual truth in society at large. The consequences are natural. Great profundity of thought in a spiritual hierarchy existing side by side with materialism in the lower strata of society, in the followers of non-missionary faiths, and a lack of contemplativeness compensated only by a fairly high level of spiritual mediocrity, in those of a missionary faith. Compare the *Sandhya* of the Hindu with the *Namaz* of the Mussalman. Quiet contemplation, amidst surroundings conducive to high thinking, but a spiritual isolation with far-reaching consequences to society, in the one case, and a somewhat noisy and hurried meeting of all sorts and conditions of men, spiritualists and ritualists, rich and poor, old and young, but conscious of a spiritual unity, and unconsciously preserving a social solidarity, in the other. Do not idol-worship and caste naturally follow from the one, just as much as lack of metaphysical subtlety and a social democracy follow from the other?

The Maharaja of Durbhanga says that Hinduism is all-embracing, inasmuch as its ceremonial observances appeal to some, while others are attracted by its philosophical and speculative side. Is not this inverting the true order of things? Was the all-embracing character of Hinduism the cause or the consequence of the existence of an intellectual hierarchy of Brahmins side by side with a large body of others, more practical and less speculative, who failed to grasp the metaphysical subtleties of Brahminism and took to idol-worship? M. Augustin Filon wrote in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, in 1900, a remarkable series of articles on the India of to-day,

and in the course of his review of Hindu Religion and Philosophy, characterised the growth of this side of Hinduism as a "poetical efflorescence," which succeeded the philosophical and scientific period. "The ancient divinities," says M. Filon, "reappeared with all the graces with which the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* adorned them. They bear new names, or if they still guard the old ones, the latter have received some improvements. They have been advanced from class to class. The heroes of old pass for demi-gods, the demi-gods themselves become real gods. The old Vedic divinities are revived, transformed, and materialized into their modern avatars. The Hindu religion is bifurcated into Vaishnavism and Sivism. The cult of Vishnu and that of Siva have both in their turn so many sub-divisions, and often of so diverse a kind, that the selfsame doctrine engenders the most suave or charming idealism, and the most rigid asceticism, at the same time that it covers the last excesses of priapism and delirium."

This, however, is a historical view of the growth and expansion of Hinduism, and does not try to explain the causes that brought about the "poetical efflorescence." May we not find the germs of the later divisions and sub-divisions, and the existence of "the most suave and charming idealism" side by side with what M. Filon calls "the last excesses of priapism and delirium" in the very subtleties of that pantheistic philosophy which evolved out of "Tasavaham" (I am His), through "Tavaivaham" (I am Thine) the creed of "Tvamevaham" (I am Thou)? This, the highest flight of the philosopher, has been so rare in Islam that it is associated with a single rhapsodist, Mansoor, whom orthodoxy placed on the cross for saying "I am the Truth." Not that many Sufis in Islam do not have a creed hardly distinguishable from the pantheism of the Vedanta; the difference is that it has really been but the luxury of a few. Other Mussalmanstoo do not unoften use pantheistic phraseology in their daily life, but this is due to the influence of Persian poetry, and because a literary fashion, which ordinarily would not have lasted very long, became stereotyped through the decline of literary initiative in Persian poetry. Practical Islam is more nearly represented by the narrow orthodoxy that put Mansoor on the cross than by Mansoor himself.

The Maharaja of Durbhanga does not deal with the inward origin of idol worship. But though he is an apologist, he does not seem to approve of it whole-heartedly. He hopes that "in course of time, by the development of his intuitive faculties, and the unfolding of a higher spiritual life, man will become less and less dependent on the visible symbol, and ultimately reach the final state of *Sayujya* and become merged in the eternal spirit." The question is, will this be through Hinduism? Poor in material comforts, the Brahmin of the Vedanta still had a highly developed intuitive faculty. Had this not been so, the world would not have witnessed the amazing spectacle of a people whom the inhabitants of the slums of London would call uncivilised—if civilization be taken to mean the subjugation of natural forces by man for his own comfort and convenience—evolving so subtle a doctrine as that of *Karma*. But that development was the monopoly of the Brahmin hierarchy, and the lower castes had little share in it. Will it come to the man of lower caste, too, if men of higher castes of the intellectual attainment of the Maharaja of Durbhanga and his breadth of sympathies, come forward, even in the twentieth century, when, King Demos is coming into his own, with long-drawn and elaborate apologies for the preservation of castes?

We have heard many platitudes about the uses and abuses of the caste system, and its prevalence in other countries and other times. Every platitude is true to some extent, but every platitude is superfluous, while some are more—they are positively mischievous. We fear we have to class the latter-day apologies for caste in the last category, and a large bulk of progressive Hinduism is with us. It was not so very long ago that the Maharaja of Durbhanga led the opposition to the idea of separating the Untouchables from the class of Hindus in the coming Census of India. He protested

that they were Hindus, and that it would be unfair to the Untouchables themselves to place them officially outside the pale of all-embracing Hinduism. We almost hoped then that a new day was dawning for the *Sudra*, that he would be treated better than the Dog of the parable, and would some day be recognized as something more than a Man, in fact, as a Brother. The representation of the Moslem League would then have done something more than scoring a point in favour of the Moslem minority in a game in which numbers secure the highest honours. It would then have pricked the conscience of Hindus themselves, who would have rescued their depressed brethren to whom are now denied even the elementary rights of existence. But we confess we are now sadly disappointed. It looks as if even after so much show of fraternal feeling for the depressed classes, the policy of the man of higher caste would still be, "Brother give me thy vote, but away with thee!"

River Wireless Telegraphy.

When Marconi read a paper on his syntonic system of wireless telegraphy, the Chairman of the meeting, Professor Ayrton, said — "Although still far away, I think we are gradually coming within thinkable distance of the realization of a prophecy I ventured to make four years ago of a time when, if a person wanted to call to a friend, he knew not where, he would call him in a loud electro-magnetic voice, heard by him who had the electro-magnetic ear, silent to him who had it not. 'Where are you?' he would say. A small reply would come, 'I am at the bottom of a coal mine,' or 'Crossing the Andes,' or 'In the middle of the Pacific. Or, perhaps, in spite of the calling, no reply would come, and the person would then know his friend was dead.' That time is perhaps not yet within thinkable distance, but when science is reducing the miracles of yesterday to the daily occurrences of to-day, who can say that the electro-magnetic voice and the electro-magnetic ear would not some day be as commonplace as a telephone connection?"

The novelty of Signor Guglielmo Marconi's use of the air for telegraphy by means of Hertzian waves has hardly worn off when we hear of the use of rivers for the same purpose. The discovery—though few things can be called discoveries in the sense of finding so late in the day a thing unthought of and unconceived by earlier scientific seekers—is of particular interest, as it is made by a countryman of ours in the service of Government. In a modest pamphlet which its author, Mr. Habibur Rahman Khan, Deputy Superintendent of Telegraphs of Allahabad, says he "commits to the care of Him who by the weakest instruments often produces great results," we learn that it was in January, 1908, when the Dāk from India had not arrived for four or five days owing to heavy snowfall over the Lowari Pass on the Chakdara Chitral Road, and telegraphic communication between India and Chitral via Gilgit and Srinagar had also been interrupted for some days, caused by the breakage of the telegraph line over the Barzil Pass, and officers and men of the Chitral and Gilgit garrisons were anxiously looking forward to the restoration of communications, that it occurred to Mr. Habibur Rahman Khan, the anxious head of the telegraph branch of the service in that isolated corner of the Frontier, to try a river as a conductor for wireless telegraphy when snow had not given hopeful results. With Cardew vibrators, with Melhuishes pattern key, and about 20 dry cells from Gilgit he made exhaustive experiments of which he gives a succinct summary in the pamphlet before us; and he reasonably infers from the success of his limited experiments that if, instead of the apparatus employed by him, he had more sensitive receiving instruments and large induction coils for generating 5 to 10 inch spark waves generally used nowadays for *Ætheric* Telegraphy, he would be able to work comparatively long distances. As it is, it was very notable indeed that with the small power available from the ordinary Cardew vibrator he was able to communicate well by means of the river between Chitral and Dosh, a distance of 25 miles.

In the earlier stages of "wireless" work, scientists tried to avail themselves of the use of the earth as a conductor and several "earth

conduction" systems were tried. Professor Morse of the U.S.A. Telegraph Service, and inventor of the code bearing his name, was demonstrating his telegraphic apparatus before the American Institute, in 1842, when the wire between Governor's Island and Castle Garden, New York, was accidentally broken, thus putting an end to the exhibition. Whilst speculating as to how this could be remedied, the idea occurred to Morse that the intervening water might be used instead of the wire. After experimental work extending over two years, during which his ideas about the use of water as a conductor were confirmed, trials were made on a larger scale. In 1854, a patent was issued to James Bowman Lindsay of Dundee for a "mode of transmitting messages by means of electricity as magnetism through and across water without submerged wires, the water being made available for the connecting and conducting medium." The methods of Lindsay and Morse were practically identical, but the greatest achievement of Lindsay took place in 1860, when he succeeded in signalling across the river Tay, a distance of little more than a mile.

The conductive systems were, however, given up at a later stage for induction between two coils of wire, which gave rise to the systems of Edison, Preece, and others. It was, however, reserved for Sir (then Mr.) William H. Preece, the late Engineer-in-Chief to the British Postal Department, and to his successor, Mr. Gavey to develop the induction system into a commercial success. But no sooner had success been achieved than Preece's system was practically superseded by another and a better, which was brought to England by Marconi in 1896. The possibilities of the latter were recognized by Sir William Preece himself, and his experience, coupled with the genius of the younger man, combined to turn apparent disasters and failures into success, and now the Hertzian wave wireless telegraphy of Marconi is part and parcel of commercial and national life.

It is now claimed for the River Wireless Telegraphy that an electric wave required in the *ætheric* system for working to a distance of 5 miles will work several hundred miles in the conductive system of water telegraphy. This is due to the great dielectric strength of air as contrasted with water. It is also claimed that the interposition of high hills and mountains will not absorb the waves and thereby diminish the range of signalling; high masts with antenna or net-work—always an expensive item of *Ætheric* Telegraphy—will no longer be necessary, and it will be possible to work during the day as easily as at night. Moreover, in *Ætheric* Telegraphy with a transmitter sending out waves in all directions, it is possible for unscrupulous persons to receive the messages and make an improper use of them. This form of scientific hooliganism is a great source of danger. In the River Telegraphy it is claimed that secrecy will be far better preserved as it is easier to give direction to the electrical waves through water—a conductor—than through air with its high insulating nature.

In popular imagination Marconi is the discoverer of wireless telegraphy. But the fact is that we owe the conception of the propagation of electricity in waves to Faraday, while Maxwell developed the principle and placed it on a sound mathematical basis. Of the seed thus sown Hertz reaped the fruits. Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Alexander Muirhead added not a little to the science of wireless telegraphy, and Captain Jackson, who experimented for the Admiralty, even succeeded in telegraphing between ships in 1895 or 1896. Our own worthy countryman, Dr. J. C. Bose, developed it in several directions with most interesting results. In Italy, Prof. Righi made many experiments, and it was probably from him that Marconi learned a great deal about the subject. What we owe to Marconi is the commercialization of a system already known to scientists. But even this he achieved by means of the expenditure of much English money through the British Post Office that backed him up. And as a result of this Marconi has received from the Admiralty £20,000 for patent rights alone.

May we not expect from the Telegraph Department of the Government of India encouragement on the same lines for an

officer of that very Department. Apart from the general utility of the system, it seems to possess special advantages from a political and military point of view, and we trust that the Government will get Mr. Habibur Rahman free from ordinary duties, and place him in a position in which he could make further experiments on the same lines. From a D.O. letter of the Director of Traffic, Mr. H. S. Styan, published along with the pamphlet, we learn that both the Director-General and the Electrical Engineer-in-Chief are extremely well impressed with the experiments made by Mr. Habibur Rahman with the poor apparatus that was available. We have therefore all the more hope that, both as personal encouragement and in the interest of science, Mr. Habibur Rahman Khan will be placed on special duty, to work out his system independently and untrammelled by routine



The Second Sabbath.

ON THE day Adam was created and placed in Eden, two angels were appointed to serve the Man in Paradise. And Elohim charged them saying, "When seven days shall have passed from this My first Sabbath, bring Me straightway tidings of Adam." And the angels hastened to obey * * * *

Six days had passed and the angels had served the Man with love and kindness. On the morning of the seventh day, Adam awoke with the memory of a strange sad dream, and he felt as though the bare remembrance of it was blighting the thousand delights of the garden.

He looked around him. Paradise was not so glorious as he had known it before. As the morning light grew brighter, soft hymns of peace and gladness arose from the voices of the myriad lives around him to Elohim, Matchless Creator.

The shadows from a grove of palms fell upon and about Adam, and he could not sing with the joyful birds. His eyes were cast earthwards upon a timid daisy flower, so that he noticed not the approach of the angels.

"Adam, wilt thou not adore Elohim with us? Come forth into the light and radiance of His second Sabbath morning." The Man raising his eyes to the angels answered them with a sigh, "I cannot. I am as a Crow in Paradise. Last night I dreamt that Elohim bade me bring Him the Missing Flower of this Eden, to search diligently till I found it, for my Lord required it as my thanksgiving for the sweet gift of life. As a thought in my soul I have found the Flower, but it is nowhere in Paradise. This is my Sorrow." * * * *

The angels carried the Man's dream of Sorrow to Elohim in the highest. It had passed as swiftly into Eden, and the voices singing in the garden grew hushed.

Elohim came to the grove of palms in Paradise, where Adam had found his first Sorrow. "Adam, if thou canst not find the Missing Flower, give me thy Sorrow, that I may accept it of thee as thy thanksoffering. Thy dream came to thee from Me, and now I would take away thy Sorrow." Adam answered: "Lord, where the Missing Flower of Paradise lies, there is my Sorrow." * * * "Sleep Adam." * * * "and awake, and see thy Sorrow which I took from thee. It is now of thy flesh and bones, and comes to thee from thy soul. Ye twain shall be one flesh. Thou art the Man, and she thy Helpmeet and thy Happiness, but no more thy Sorrow." * * * *

The spirit of Elohim passed back to heaven. The two angel watchers were in Paradise with Adam and Eve. And the angels said unto them, "What more than joy fills this blessed garden now?" Adam and the Woman answered: "Love fills Paradise." And the angels told them that now with Love came Elohim's Rest. * * *

That day was the second Sabbath of the Lord, and the first Sabbath for Man.

EDMUND R. OTTO.

The Indian Mussalman: A Study.

I. LITERATURE, POLITICS, AND SOCIETY

THE Indian Mussalman of to-day is hardly what he used to be in the quiet old days that witnessed the silent introduction of an alien culture in the land of his quondam supremacy. In spite of all that we have heard of his deep-rooted conservatism, his antipathy to progress, and his proverbial faith in a dominant, all-pervading *Kismet*, the follower of Muhammad in India has indeed laid himself bare to the operation of the thousand and one forces of social, intellectual, religious, and political metabolism, which are fast changing the phases of Indian life to-day. The consequent transformation is not, perhaps, so well pronounced in some parts of the country as in others, but still the leaven is present everywhere in a more or less degree. Mussalman India, however, is not the only participant in the changes wrought in the fabric of Islamic life and thought, other Mussalman countries, too, particularly Turkey and Egypt, have, for better or worse, proved themselves recreant to the traditions of their past, and accepted the overtures of a neighbouring civilisation that had been knocking at their doors for some decades. Contact with the West has broadened the perspective of the Mussalman's vision, and has revealed to his amazed gaze the countless flaws inherent in the effete culture to which he has been clinging through centuries of political stagnation. The result of this clash of the old with the new is a period of destructive activity that may be likened to the "puppy dog" stage of all adaptations to changed circumstances.

The most momentous but the least noticed feature of the transformation is the new tone that has been imparted to the national literature of the Indian Mussalmans. Literature, as the articulate and abiding expression of national self-consciousness, has been in all ages the best index of national thought. In the case of the Indian Mussalmans of the last century, their literature is the reflection of their national idiosyncrasies in more senses than one, as the peculiar political conditions of the period had gradually been confining the scope of their activities to more and more limited circles, and literature, as a field more or less immune from the immediate effects of great political changes, had eventually become the narrow pathway in which pent-up Mussalman energy found its apt outlet. A deep tinge of pessimism is the salient characteristic of this literature. Hurling down from the *musnna* of Hindustan and compelled to enter into competition with those over whom he but lately held sway, the Mussalman was not expected to view the outlook of affairs through a roseate haze. Muhammadan poetry of the time, with its deep pathetic bewailings over a fate meekly borne as the dispensation of an unheeding Providence, reflects to a nicety this *Zeitgeist*. The last Moghul Emperor of Delhi, shorn of imperial prerogatives, degenerated into a typical poet of the day, and his *Urdu*, which is still extant, is a sad commentary on the mental stagnation which had infected the Mussalmans. A certain want of initiative and enterprise is still present as the survival of these days, when the one theme of a Mussalman was the great precipitateness and depth of his fall.

The succeeding decades, during which he set himself to acquire English education and imbibe English culture, have restored to his mental horizon its normal hue and colour. A new literature, more human, infinitely more vitalising, possessing greater virility, more liberal, plastic and receptive, has taken the place of the old. With the lapse of time, the tenuity of lying supine gradually dawned upon the mind of the Mussalman, and the dim and bustle of reform that reached his ears from the centres of neighbouring communities brought back to life the innate principle of progress which had so long lain in suspended animation in his breast. Perhaps a stronger incentive to action was supplied by the growing conviction that the survival of the fittest was as inevitable a truth in Indian environments as in any other, and that

the hard struggle for existence had to be taken up in right earnest, if he wished to live in honour and dignity.

Frantic efforts to regain the lost position, to cover by forced marches ground already lost, were made in different parts of the country by far-seeing reformers. Old ways of thought were held up to obloquy. The most enterprising among the robust protagonists of Muslim Renaissance in their perverted impatience for the Kingdom Come of idealised progress even went so far as to lay their sacrilegious hand on the phraseology of the Islamic Scriptures. Western culture was pointed out as the Open Sesame at which the hitherto closed gates of progress would fly open. English education, no more stigmatized as nefarious approximation to the alien Kafir, became and is still the rage of the day.

Reactionary opposition from within was not, however, long in forthcoming. The tenacious adherents of the *status quo ante* who cannot view with equanimity the disruption of the established order of things, raised dissentient voices and did their utmost to keep their lightfooted, change-seeking brethren from venturing into the untried ground of an alliance with the forces of Christian civilisation. All great national movements proceed on their onward course undeterred by obstacles and, in the fulness of time, convert even the opposing elements in their environments into helping factors. The Islamic Renaissance of India, though not quite so well-defined as its prototype of Medieval Europe, has triumphed over the reactionary spirit, which dogged its initial footsteps, and has nearly turned into one compact whole the contending forces of progress and retrogression.

The modern literature of the Mussalman, with its hopefulness and inspiration, is the resultant of the process of assimilation which has accompanied the spread of English education. Indeed almost all the makers of modern Urdu have either themselves been the products of a more or less complete English education or active sympathisers with its cause. The great Sir Syed Ahmad, who may rightly be called the father of the virile Urdu prose, though not quite so well acquainted with the letter of Occidental culture, had assimilated its spirit as none else had done, and the living influence of his example has percolated down to the lowest strata of Mussalman literary hierarchy. The inspired bard of Panipat, Hali, who has perhaps wielded a greater influence than any other in moulding recent Muslim thought, may be called the handiwork of the great Aligarh reformer inasmuch as it was the direct inspiration and loving guidance of Sir Syed that brought to light and directed into a novel channel the latent genius of Poet Hali.

Pari passu with the growth of literature, evidences had accumulated testifying to the rise of new political aspirations. Even in the eighties of the last century, Sir Syed Ahmad, who played so well the treble rôle of an educational pioneer, a social reformer, and a political seer, though counselling his co-religionists to keep aloof from political propaganda of indifferent loyalty, had himself formulated a scheme which boxed forth the principles of an effective association of the populace with the legislation of the country, and a more real and willing co-operation of the rulers and the ruled in the task of Indian administration, in fact the very principles which have to-day been recognised in actual practice and have received the imprimatur of Parliamentary and Viceroyal approval. The political education of the Mussalmans has necessarily been slow and cautious, and it is only in the last decade that they stepped out into the arena with the avowed purpose of participating in political activities. The average Mussalman has not been able as yet to overcome the deeprooted aversion to politics which was deliberately fostered to suit an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust, and which is still, in aristocratic and backward circles, obsessed with the fear of offending the *Shah* by any overt act of political restlessness. The educated Mussalmans, on the other hand, conversant as they are with the tactics of political life, do not see in the mere act of a ventilation of grievances or even of pointing out gubernatorial aberrations any element of culpable dissatisfaction with British rule. To any onlooker, however cursory

his glance, it must be evident that Mussalman politics is less ambitious in its ideals and more limited in its scope than the politics of the Congress. It was with the purpose of safeguarding their own interests that the Indian Mussalmans, in 1906, flew in the face of the traditions of studied silence which they had so long observed, and took concerted action which ultimately culminated in the formation of the Muslim League. The dream of self-government "within or without the Empire" seldom disturbs the course of their political thought, though here and there individual Mussalmans, getting the contagion of surrounding political speculation, may be tempted to join in the wild rhetorical quest to find out if the dream is begotten of the gate of Horn or of the gate of Ivory. It will be idle to prophesy anything definitely about the possible future convergence of Congress-League politics, but it will not be too much to hope that with greater experience a more thorough filtration of education among the members of the rival communities, and a more genuine recognition of the common duties of citizenship, some feasible *modus vivendi* will be found to still the clamours of faction and substitute for the truculence of party polemics a healthy spirit of rational competition.

In the social sphere, too, the era of contact with the West has introduced innovations which are fast being woven in the warp and woof of daily life. The thoroughly Westernised portion of the younger generation of Mussalmans is already looking forward to the happy day when the daughters of Islam will have left the holy precincts of the Zenana, and, undeterred by the qualms of a demoralised conscience, will have shared with their brethren in faith the amenities of emancipated existence, under the full glare of the public gaze. Even to-day, families possessing a more than ordinary strength of convictions, have risked the very delicate innovation of admitting free air within the walls of the sacrosanct *harem*, and disregarding the united execrations of Islamic sacerdotalism, raised the curtain over the scene of women's age-long subjection. Some Muslim families of Bombay have been the foremost in breaking away from the time-honoured convention of the *Purdah* and it is unlikely that the moral influence of their examples will not, to some extent, modify contemporary Mussalman social organisation. In the department of matrimony, the enlightened Muslim youth, seeing, as he does, the transparent unreasonableness of arbitrary nuptial relationship, has learnt to smart under the parental intervention in the extremely personal matter of choosing one's partner in life. While some, in whom the egoistic element is constitutionally predominant, even go so far in their apotheosis of the West as to profess a readiness to discard the Indian joint family system in favour of that which obtains in European countries. While it is extremely improbable that the social structure of the Indian Mussalmans, supported as it is to a large extent by religious sanctions, will easily give way before the disruptive zeal for a radical reconstruction on the lines of Europe, it cannot perhaps be doubted that the changefulness of modern circumstances and the effect of education in a foreign, and in some senses superior, lore, operating through individual minds, will remove some of the chief retrogressive elements in their social system.

GHULAM AMHA K. LUBANI.



Anecdote.

LORD MINTO tells many good stories of his life in India and one of the best of these relates to an experience that befell him when he paid a visit one morning to "Snowdon," the official residence of the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army in Simla. It was early in the day, and his lordship was anxious to see Lord Kitchener before the latter commenced his day's work.

The Viceroy found his way barred by a British sentry, who did not recognize him. He sought to explain his mission, but the soldier remained unconvinced.

"But I am the Viceroy" expostulated Lord Minto.
Still the man shook his head.

"We get all sorts here," was his unruffled reply. "We had a cove here last week who kidded he was the grandfather of Queen Victoria. We had to put a straight waistcoat on him, so you had better push off!"

Fortunately, at that moment an officer came along who recognised Lord Minto, and the latter was able to pass on his way.

SIR ARTHUR LAWLEY has a caustic wit when he likes to exercise it. Upon one occasion he received an angry letter from a settler, in an outlying portion of Southern Rhodesia, complaining that a certain neighbour had encroached upon his land and removed certain marks denoting the boundaries of the respective farms. He asked for advice.

"Put the landmarks back at once," telegraphed Lawley, "and then knock the other man down unless he is bigger than yourself."

IN view of Lord Rosebery's declarations of his revised political opinions, the following story of his encounter with a factory girl may be read with interest. While at the height of his power as a Liberal leader, his lordship had occasion to visit the town of Paisley, and, like many another visitor to the centre of the thread trade, was given the opportunity to inspect the palatial factories owned by Messrs J. and P. Coats, Limited.

In honour of his lordship's visit, the mill girls decked themselves gaily with red ribbons and rosettes, red being the local Liberal emblem. However one very young girl, whose people were Conservative, did not see why she should wear the colour she disliked for political reasons.

Like an independent Scots lassie she refused to wear the Liberal red and on the fateful morning turned up to her work with ribbons of Conservative blue.

As Lord Rosebery passed through the great flars of the thread mill his quick eye detected the little girl with the opposition favour, and, going up to her, he asked if she were really a Conservative.

At first the little mill girl felt abashed, but, reassured by his lordship's kindly smile, replied that she was. Lord Rosebery then smiled again sagely, as though to imply that he did not expect her to remain a Tory very long; and, as he went away, he asked her to write him ten years later if she were still of the same opinion.

The years passed by and found the little mill girl, now a handsome young woman, still adhering to Conservative views, and, bearing in mind his lordship's command she wrote him and told him so.

In reply, a letter came from Lord Rosebery stating that he remembered the incident quite well, that he congratulated her on being faithful to her political opinions, and that as a memento he was sending her a photo.

Litue did Lord Rosebery think that, instead of the Conservative mill girl turning a Liberal, he, the chief of the Liberal Party, should become practically a Conservative.

A CERTAIN young Unionist M. F., the son of a well-known peer, was making his maiden speech in a debate upon a matter connected with Ireland, and, like many others upon this trying occasion, suffered from nervousness.

One of Mr. Redmond's followers was punctuating the remarks of the young speaker with sneers and jeers. Like a tiger the leader of the Nationalists turned upon him.

"Give the boy a chance, can't you?" rang out like the crack of a whip.

LORD FURNESS was the victim of an amusing *bon mot* when he was contesting York against Lord Charles Beresford. To the aid of Lord Charles came his two brothers, and the trio were cordially chaffed on the number of Beresfords in the field. But

"Charlie" was ready with his apt retort: "Yes," said he, "here we are—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, come to save you from the fiery Furness."

A WELL-KNOWN examiner—Mr. Henry J. Barker—relating some of his experiences recently, tells how, in a boys' school in the south of London, the scholars were asked to write down the names of any three great English writers, with the title of one of their works. This was the list of one young hopeful.—

W Wordsworth wrote a work called *We Are Seven*, which we are now learning to recite at school. Mr. Doctor Watts wrote about the voice of the Shuggard which we have at home, Mr. Lloyd George, who wrote a book called the Budget, which is read by nearly everybody.

"It was Shaw's habit," relates a friend of the Chief of the Fire Brigade, "to see every engine at headquarters stabled before he went to bed—every engine, I mean, that should have finished its work and been home again. On one occasion, about midnight, an engine, long overdue, had not arrived, and Shaw went to the main door to see if there was any sign of the truant. Just as he put his hand on the door-handle the bell rang violently, and opening the door without a second's delay he saw the King, then Prince of Wales, and the Shah of Persia. The foreign potentate was greatly pleased with the promptitude displayed, and left for his own dominions fully impressed with the belief that the Chief of the London Fire Brigade was always to be found twenty-four hours in the day, and 365 days in the year, standing ready behind the door to open it to all comers."

LORD CARRINGTON'S name is really Smith—just Smith, and no other. A good story is told concerning the bestowal of the peerage on the first of his line. He had asked Pitt for permission to drive his carriage from his residence in Whitehall through the Horse Guards.

"No," said Pitt, "I can't do that, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make you a peer." And he did.

Selections.

The Political Situation in Turkey.

It has been impossible for many months to disregard the signs that the theory of an Ottoman Empire, as distinguished from a Turkish Empire, is in danger of final collapse. The idea of those who brought the Constitution into being was a fine one. Turks, Greeks, Arabs, and Jews were to live on terms of equality and amity, loyal to an Empire which was to be the mother of them all. In Macedonia when the Constitution was proclaimed priests of the Greek Church and the strictest Moslems—men perhaps wearing the green on their fezes which symbolises descent from the Prophet—were to be seen embracing one another in public. The ecstatic vision soon passed. That would not have mattered much; one expects extremes of sentiment to be fugitive. But, unfortunately, it is no longer possible to believe that those at the head of affairs in Turkey are making any serious attempt to realise the theory of an Ottoman Empire. So far as their policy can be tested, it amounts to pure Turkish nationalism, which makes all interests secondary to the means of asserting itself. The Army and the Navy are the only services on which thought and money are lavished. And those who are not Turks, but live in the Turkish Empire, now appreciate the truth of the world-wide experience that "dreams do not come true." The Albanians are still under threat of having their Latin Alphabet, which marks their distinction from Turks, and of which they are unanimously proud, taken from them; in Macedonia arms have been seized from Greeks and Bulgars with a brutality which has caused many to flee the country, and has brought the bands of evil memory into existence once more, the Arabs have Turkish

officials imposed on them, most of whom cannot speak a word of Arabic. So the tale goes on. In foreign policy the dangerous line of least resistance has been chosen. A friendship is cultivated which promises strong military support without the asking of too many inconvenient questions, and from the same quarter money has been borrowed at a high cost, but without the restrictions which others would have imposed on Turkey for her own good as much as for business reasons. We cannot believe, in spite of all these things, that the spirit of those who worked at the risk of their lives for the realisation of Constitutional government is really dead. Possibly it slumbers, more probably it has been unwillingly eclipsed. It is as well, at all events, to face the facts. The Committee of Union and Progress, which promised to efface itself when Constitutionalism was fairly in the saddle, still rules, and has lent itself to most of the arts known to Chauvinism. We do not despair because a kindly destiny has seemed to rule over Turkey for nearly three years and has brought her safely through one crisis after another. And, indeed, it would be very wrong for Englishmen to despair while there is obviously no alternative to the government of the Young Turks. They rule the roost; there is no organised political party offering to take their place.

Cries of disappointment and indignation, however, arise here and there. Such a cry comes from General Cherif Pasha, who contributed an article to the October number of *La Revue*. With excellent sense he argues that finance is at the bottom of every trouble. A solvent Government can afford to be independent, a Government which faces bankruptcy rules only at the pleasure of its friends, and has to resort to any expedient to keep itself in power. General Cherif Pasha says that he would make no objection to loans if the money were used productively,—to develop the resources of the Empire, the richness of which he hints has never yet been guessed by Europe. But the loans are not used for this purpose. The money mysteriously disappears. The loan habit has established itself like the drug habit, the doses have to become larger and larger. The Government renders no adequate accounts. No one can say exactly how the recent loans have been expended, and the same thing is true of the indemnity paid by Austria-Hungary after Bosnia and Herzegovina were annexed, and of the large sum of money said to have been discovered at Yildiz Kiosk. "According to the Constitutional law," says Cherif Pasha, "the discussion and the voting on the Budget take place by clauses. The tables are divided into sections, chapters, and clauses. But the Budget has been discussed neither by chapter nor by clause; it has been passed on a nominal appeal to the Chamber." General Cherif Pasha has not forgotten the presence of European financial advisers. But unfortunately, says he, the wise counsels of M. Laurent are not generally followed, and the other Europeans who are employed and the Ministry of Finance are carefully prevented from penetrating too many of the mysteries of Turkish finance. "The Committee of Union and Progress," he goes on, "lives on expedients, and reckons on prolonging its existence with three more loans,—the last that Turkey can contract before the ruin of her credit."

From finance Cherif Pasha turns to administration. The Minister of the Interior solves all problems of disorder *à coups de fusil* just as the Minister of Finance solves all financial problems *à coups d'emprunts*. Grievances are met with the positive answer of repression in Arabia, Albania, Mesopotamia, and Syria. Cherif Pasha gives an example of government by the Committee. "The Mutessarif of Aidun, being unwilling to submit himself to the requirements of the Committee of Union and Progress, was deprived of his office by Hilmi Pasha in accordance with the orders of the secret tribunal. The Mutessarif was popular, and had succeeded by firmness and justice in tranquillising his district. The population arranged therefore to hold a great demonstration to demand the retention of their Mutessarif. At Constantinople much annoyance was caused by the announcement of this demonstration, and the Vali of Smyrna was instructed to send troops to disperse the people.

Ghalib Bey, formerly Ambassador at Teheran and Berlin, whose patriotism and honourable character are universally esteemed, himself pleaded that the Mutessarif so arbitrarily dismissed should be kept at his post. But Hilmi Pasha, always complaisant towards his secret chiefs, denounced Ghalib Bey, who resigned. In this way the vilayet lost an honourable Vali at Smyrna and an excellent Mutessarif at Aidun." Another charge brought by Cherif Pasha is that the high officials commonly accept and expect bribes and illicit commissions. "The act of the poor Customs official who holds out his hand is the act of the majority of the Civil servants and of Ministers." As for the cult of freedom under the Constitution, Cherif Pasha says that passports are more frequently and carefully examined than under the old régime. The present writer thinks it only fair to say that this was by no means his experience when visiting Turkey last year after an interval of twelve years. But Cherif Pasha writes that when a French friend of his inquired why his passport was asked for so often, the answer was: "To prevent the free movement of the enemies of liberty!" As Cherif Pasha truly says, it is not astonishing if a country reduced to immobility suffers from stagnation in its affairs. Altogether, Cherif Pasha's survey of government by a secret band is gloomy reading; but if he does not despair—and he does not—we see no reason why the friends of Turkey abroad should do so either. He considers that the dismissal of the present Committee of Union and Progress is essential. Who is to dismiss them, even if this be the right solution? That is a difficult question. We can only hope that the next sudden turn of fortune in Turkey, one way or another, will be in the direction of Ottomanism rather than of an increased nationalism.

(Spectator.)

[NOTE.—We have just received a later issue of the *Spectator* in which that paper devotes a leading article to Turkish Finance and greatly modifies its opinion as expressed in the above extract and inclines still more towards the present Government in Turkey. We hope to reprint that article in an early issue.—Ed. *The Comrade*.]

A Dream of Paradoxia.

I DREAMED I was in the land Paradoxia where many things did not happen as one would expect them to happen among ordinary people. Yet I could not help thinking vaguely now and then that these things were not wholly new to me, and that I must have met with them in some other state of existence. A great war seemed to be going on, to judge by the talk of the fighters on either side. Not only the fighters behaved as if they could not live any longer if they lost the day, but there were many men whose task it was to write about the war, and several of these were more agitated than the warriors themselves. They wrote at a high pressure, and strode about with hectic looks, seeming to live and move on wires. They called aloud on the people to read their versions of the war, and sometimes rode or ran behind the warriors pricking them on to action with their sharp pens. They gave one the idea that they felt the war might fizzle out if they fizzled out. They were, I take it, the comic historians of this great fight.

The country being Paradoxia, the great mass of the inhabitants were not so very much excited; they did not in the least give one the idea that they could not live any longer if their side lost. They came out in large numbers to see the fighters, but often they looked more amused than alarmed; and they drank and laughed and shouted as if they might not quite know why they were drinking and laughing and shouting.

Paradoxia for hundreds of years had been ruled by two great castles. One castle is in a lonely wood of ancestral oaks, a wood well preserved, a little aloof from the jostle and everyday life of the Paradoxians. The other castle lies in the plain—a bare and level plain where molehills pass for mountains and thistles for forest trees. It is not closely preserved, and day and night the gate lies open.

Laws are made in Paradoxia and government is carried on, not as one might suppose, by the politicians agreeing but widely and constantly differing among each other. The more they differ the better, it is said, the system works. Now the cause of the great conflict I found to be this: the men who lived in the castle amid the ancestral oaks had tended for years past not to differ enough. Attempts had been made to change this. Many of the most notable men of the castle in the plain, famed for their habit of differing, had been sent away from time to time to the castle amid the ancestral oaks, but ere they had been there very long they ceased to differ, so that the men in this castle were more and more given to look at things in the same light and to agree among each other. This will never do in Paradoxia, where agreement is looked on as stagnation.

In Paradoxia they have uncommon views as to politics and ways of government. The Paradoxians love freedom above all things. They wrestled and differed from one another for hundreds of years till they got it, and now everyone, no matter what his party, exalts freedom to the skies. "Bind us, bind us ever with fresh laws," is the prayer of these Paradoxians, "that we may enjoy more and more freedom!"

Then as to their executive. As they live on an island they have to keep up a great fleet, and at the head of this fleet they put always a man who has wisely never had anything to do with the sea. They have an office supreme over all the trade of the country, and very likely, if they can find him, they will put a great philosopher in this place. They are quite as singular in the way they choose other great officers of State. When I was in Paradoxia I found they had just appointed as High Treasurer—whose business it is to hoard the money of the Paradoxians—a very clever man who had no experience of money bags, so that when he got these he spilt the contents here, there, and everywhere. He was regarded by many as one of the black fairies of Paradoxia. Then they have a great office that stands supreme for law and order. They had lately put into this a very clever man who did not care about the law. So he stood outside his office and said to his constables "Away with that lady there who may throw a stone at our glass house any moment. What do you mean by allowing such a woman here? Put her off the steps immediately; and mind—he very careful indeed in hoisting this lady down not to hurt her in the least. She is doing no harm whatever." And then he told his chief magistrate: "All those women have been causing a disorder and I will not have disorder. So my constables are charging these women, and you are to let them off forthwith."

But what the High Treasurer and the head of law and order were chiefly busy with at this time was not the women and the windows—they were determined to do away with the castle in what they regarded as the backwoods, and to cut down the ancestral trees. The poor people of Paradoxia vowed these black fairies have had enough snapwood—it is time they got timber instead. Therefore they led their leader into battle, and there was a great fight, and at the end it was found that a hundred of their friends were slain, and that half (less a fraction) of the Paradoxian people were against the black fairy and his party in the castle on the plain, whilst half the Paradoxian people (plus a fraction) were on his side. There was a truce after that for a time, and some of the great men in both castles met and tried to work out, by differing among themselves, a lasting peace; but it seems that this time they over-differed and war was declared again suddenly. Both sides brightened and sharpened their weapons and the noble fairies of the castle in the backwoods got out all their splendid armour. I remarked one in particular, Lord de Breakspere, who was full of high mettle, armed head to foot, and mounted on his hunter.

But, almost at the moment before the clash, the most dazzling of all the fairies in the castle in the wood came on the scene with a Paradoxian scheme for getting the victory over the black fairies of the castle on the plain. I had marked this one before. He was dressed as an archer in braye green and primrose. He had been

in the castle in the wood many years, but belonged, he said, to no party or section. This was Prince Charming. He would shoot his arrows into the air, aiming even at the heights. Some people said these arrows fell to earth they hardly knew where; but the arrows were beautiful, and it was fine to see this matchless archer shoot.

Each of his shining arrows had a barb fine finished, yet it was so pleasant to be shot at by him that many a man would gladly have taken all the arrows into his own breast. And now he came to the fore and unfolded the master plan. "You are in deadly danger," he told his friends. "I have piped to you for years, but you would not dance. Now this is the one and only way to save our castle and our people. We must straightway dismantle all its forts and must pile our arms in a great heap outside for all the world to see. Then they all will know we are in earnest and we can go into battle and overcome our foes." In what other land save Paradoxia could such advice be given? Even in Paradoxia it might not have been taken had it been given by anyone less brilliant and powerful, anyone less of a patriot-statesman, than Prince Charming.

When Prince Charming had persuaded all his fellow fairies—pro-consuls, hierarchs, deep thinkers, great financiers, and even one whom I felt to be the strongest of all, a Viceroy—they made short work of that which it had taken their forefathers so many hundreds of years of brain and blood to build. Hardly differing at all among themselves, they pulled down those strong forts and towers which men of the castle in the plain had often stormed against and broke themselves in past days. They cast their towers of defence and the armour of that castle on a scrap-heap outside. All this they did openly, calling the enemy to note what they were at.

I feared in my dream lest the enemy should thereat come and take this beautiful, defenceless castle. Yet, strangely, the enemy stood aside with averted looks and called on the Paradoxian people not to be caught in an ambush.

It was then I heard the High Treasurer use an expression which I hope never to hear again. He said "Why, it's like taking the butter out of one's mouth!"

"Beware," said the black fairies, "they are pulling down only that they may rebuild and make stronger than ever."

So the black fairies in the castle of the plain went angrily to the people of Paradoxia once more, and the other fairies went likewise. The end of that battle was just about the same as the end of the first battle. About half the Paradoxians declared there must be a strong castle high in the wood as well as a castle low on the plain, and about half (plus again the fraction of last time) declared the other way. It is a drawn battle, I said with a catch in the breath as I looked on and heard the pens of the comic historian at it harder than ever.

But now men began to murmur and mix their metaphors: "Where is Prince Charming, what has he done? Why did he draw all the teeth of that noble castle, and put out its eyes and shear its locks, though twice within a year half the people of Paradoxia have declared in its favour? It seems to us that this last arrow of his has buried deep its barb in what we, like him, hold very dear."

My dream ended at this point, for I had a nightmare and fell down the great, dark staircase of the ancient, glorious Constitution of Paradoxia, and Selden and Pym and Edward I. and William III. and Burke came tumbling with me.

(Saturday Review.)

MARY had a little lamb—

You've heard this fact before;

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

Short Story.

The King's Story-teller.

WHEN Lord Lake, after a successful campaign, entered Delhi more than a century ago, "he was shown," so the historian relates, "a miserable blind old imbecile sitting under a tattered canopy. It was Shah Alam, King of the World but captive of the Marathas, a wretched travesty of the Emperor of India, and the British General gravely saluted the shadow of the great Mogul." But there were people who knew the wretched truth, yet fondly hugged the fiction and after having served him would own no allegiance to another though more powerful and more paying master. Two generations later, after a successful siege, another victorious General entered Delhi; but far from gravely saluting him, he took away the wretched old pensioner of the Company and puppet Emperor of the mutineers as a prisoner, and had him sent ignominiously to Burma to live awhile and thereafter fill a nameless grave. Yet even this shadow of a shadow had loyal adherents, still wedded to the old order of things, and averse even then to the most lucrative service of other masters.

One of these was the King's Story-teller, a quaint old fellow-townsmen of ours who lived in the city of J—, in the heart of Rajputana. His way of life had long ago "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," and the change in the fortunes of the Imperial family had reduced him to a poverty which only the inward dignity of Mir Mahboob's life saved from being sordid. But the vagaries of fortune had not affected by one jot his fidelity to a lost cause. He had refused the offers of service from many a Rajput Court with a contemptuous smile. "This tongue has tasted the salt of the great Mogul. It shall not taste another's, nor tell another story." Such used to be the firm answer of Mir Mahboob, an unheeding folk who cannot understand such queer logic, took him for a mad man and let him alone.

Now, the art of the story-teller had been appreciated a great deal a few generations ago, but the English novel and its mercenary imitations in the Vernacular had thrown the old stories out of fashion in these "progressive" days. At any rate we, the undergraduates of the local College, would have none of the *Qissas* and *Dastans* which ran into ten volumes of folio size, and were full of heroes that battled successfully with giants, and heroines that threw Peris into fits of jealousy and tamed the affections of demons.

But the *Dastango* was different from the *Dastan*. He improvised his plot and created his characters as he went on retelling his story night after night for years together. And then, Mir Mahboob was the King's Story-teller, a class by himself, and well worthy of the patronage even of ourselves, the men of the "New Light." We could not, therefore, conquer the curiosity to hear one who had charmed the ears of kings, and who could boast of queens and princesses for audience, listening unnoticed from behind the lace and silk draperies of the King's bed-chamber. We certainly did not expect to light upon some hidden work of art. It was curiosity, rather, that whetted our appetite, the curiosity to know what tickled the ears of bygone king's and queens. Add to it the unique behaviour of the quaint old Story teller towards would-be patrons, and it will not be difficult to to guess the zest with which we longed to hear him.

But how to hear him, that was the question with which we had racked our brains many a time, but to no purpose. Mir Mahboob had vowed never to tell another story. But just as we were despairing, an ingenious solution occurred to one of us, and when we had heard him fully, we voted that he was a master-magician and we a pack of fools who had failed to chance upon so simple an "Open Sesame."

Now I must explain, that the King's Story-teller had another interest in life besides his passion for loyalty to the scion of Tamerlane, and that was his love for a woman. For nearly thirty

years she had not been heard of, and Mir Mahboob had spent the best part of these years in a vain search for his beloved. The story of such devotion would make one think that the darling of Mir Mahboob was perhaps one of the eagerly listening princesses. The Story-teller may have caught a fleeting glimpse of her through the wantonness of the breeze that agitated the curtain; or may be, the agitation of her own heart had betrayed her to Mir Mahboob through some uncontrolled motion during an exciting love-crisis in his well-told story. But Mir Mahboob idolized none of the beauties of the Mogul seraglio. Though Eros is a god that tolerates few allegiances, we may be sure Mir Mahboob was too faithful a servant not to have struggled successfully even against love at first sight. It may be confessed, indeed, that far from being a princess, his idol was not even a lady. Most idols have feet of clay, but, sad to relate, Mir Mahboob's was formed entirely of that base material. It belonged to an unfortunate class which, according to the Puritan modesty of the British, is not to be found in the United Kingdom. But the East and the Continent of Europe acknowledge its existence with unabashed cynicism.

Verily, Mir Mahboob's lines had not been cast in pleasant places. He had eaten the salt of a decrepit old pensioner, who had a court but no kingdom. And he had fallen in love with a person who had passion enough, and to spare, but was passing poor in morality. His bent of mind was, however, such that where he served or loved he recognised no defects, and the lack of a kingdom in a king and of a few short commandments in a woman were to him of little consequence. "Could not a good heart atone for all these?" was his favourite apology. The puppet king had indeed such a heart, but whatever hope he may have had of finding anything less base than clay in Najya ought to have been shattered along with the idol when, in the eventful year of '57, she deliberately left his protection for the more attractive person of a mutineer who had billeted himself on the King's Story-teller.

This was a crushing, and to him, though to none other, an unexpected blow. As often happens to those who love rather late in life, Mir Mahboob, if he had not loved Najya wisely, had certainly loved her only too well. In the sacred simplicity of his heart he had forgotten the unnamable past of Najya, but for all his ignoring it returned with a ruthless inevitableness. There he was, penniless, patronless, and worse than all, love-lorn. After the loot of Delhi by the besiegers, he found himself wandering aimlessly on the outskirts of the city, the owner, besides the clothes he had on, of a useless life, and a burden of sorrow that could not be looted. He asked every one that met him, "Have you seen my Najya? She had such beautiful eyes, you know. I cannot live without her. Really she must come back to me." So they left him untroubled for a lunatic; and asking for his beautiful-eyed Najya, who must really come back to him, he wandered from city to city and province to province, obtaining the little sustenance he needed from the good people who pitied the imbecile for his passion.

Never did he get the least clue of the absconding couple, but by this time wandering had become an independent interest of his life; and he roamed about aimlessly through sheer force of habit, until he was discovered by his brother, in a marshy village of Bengal, in a dying condition, raving in fever about his home in J—, about the glories of Delhi and its kings, and chiefly about the glorious eyes of Najya. He was nursed with great devotion, and little by little Mir Mahboob revived. Indeed, such an unexpected improvement had taken place when he returned home that he was like his old self again. There was now no desire to wander in search of the absconding Najya, but the old love still lingered in a mellowed form. Some distorted dream of fever had, however, impressed upon his mind indelibly the belief that Najya had become the Queen of Qaf or Caucasus, and that if he remained devoted to her, she would reward him with perpetual youth, and they would reign together King and Queen of the Caucasus. In all else

he was perfectly sane and reasonable; but nothing could shake his belief in Queen Najya and her promised reward.

Such was Mir Mahboob at the time when one of us solved the problem, how to induce him to tell us a story. And his solution was indeed very simple. He intended to use Najya, Queen of the Caucasus, as an auxiliary against the puppet Emperor of Delhi. Money could not loosen the tongue of the Story-teller, but love might. So a cleverly disguised message, written on scented old-fashioned paper, and enclosed in a brocade satchel, was delivered to Mir Mahboob as he sat one night, smoking his after-dinner *hugga* with the leisured ease of the old-world aristocrat for all his present indigence. The Queen of the Fairies informed her lover that she would condescend to come to J—, on the night preceding Friday, to permit the Story-teller to delight her, as of old, with one of his best stories. He was to await her arrival at my house with a company that I would select. She would listen to his story, but he was not to attempt to have a conversation with her. Any breach of this injunction would be punished with her blasting him with a flash of her anger. She may deign to pay a like visit again, if the first pleased her, and may then perhaps fulfil her promise, and take him with her to make him her consort and King of her Caucasian dominions.

The plan succeeded remarkably well, but it is difficult to describe the ill-disguised restlessness of the Story-teller during the interval. He seldom spoke to anyone, but ceaselessly questioned me about the supposed message of Najya. Would she really come? Could he see her well? Would she be veiled or unveiled? May he not even ask her when she would fulfil her promise and take him to the Caucasus? If he ventured to speak to her, would she really blast him? To all these I gave non-committal answers, excusing myself on the plea that this was a novel experience and that I knew nothing of the etiquette at the Court of the Caucasus. But I earnestly advised him not to offend her by venturing to address her, and emphasized the warning about blasting with a flash of anger. And truth be it he must not, for if a flash of anger could blast, what could not a touch do?

Mir Mahboob's restlessness, which deprived him of sleep altogether, and destroyed all appetite, told a great deal on his health—which was not at all strange in a man of more than sixty who had wandered for years from Peshawar to Hyderabad and Karachi to Calcutta.

At last the night before, Friday arrived, and with it Mir Mahboob arrived at my house. He had fasted on Thursday as usual, but had hardly touched anything even after sunset. He had bathed himself, and had delicately scented his hair and beard with *jasmine* oil. He was dressed as usual in pure white, but this evening his costume bore in its cut a distinct resemblance to the Court dress of a century ago. He made a fine figure indeed, with the loose long *jama*, the white and gold waistband, and a jewelled dagger—an heirloom in the family since the days of Aurangzeb—jauntily stuck at one side. He offered his *isha* prayers at my house, but performed the customary ablutions with rose water of his own preparation, the fragrance of which made us admit that in J—, and for a hundred miles on each side, Mir Mahboob alone knew how to extract its sap from the pink petals of the rose.

During the prayers we noticed that he tarried longer than usual in his genuflections, and when the *Rakats* had been duly performed, he bent himself once more to the ground and did not lift his head for more than a quarter of an hour. This touched us deeply in spite of the customary irreverence of youth, and, were the truth told, we were more than a little sorry that we had played such a trick on the poor old man. But we had now gone too far and feared that the shock of disclosure would be too great for his already enfeebled heart. When Mir Mahboob lifted his head after his orisons, one look at his face was sufficient to explain to us all that he had gone through before, and was going through even at that hour. This damped our ardour to hear him,

but we had to get through this business, and proceeded to the room which I had prepared with all the skill of a stage-manager. A white floor cloth had been spread for us, and small bolsters had been placed against the wall to recline on. In the centre, a velvet *masnad* embroidered with delicate gold-thread work had been arranged for Mir Mahboob, with a large brocade-covered bolster at the back, and small fat cushions at the sides. No lamp burning the unholy "oil of earth" was allowed in the room, which was lit up only with candles placed under old-fashioned red muslin shades that are to be seen in great families on marriage occasions and during the celebration of the Prophet's birthday. *Agar bathies* burning in several places sent up their vapoury spirals scattering a holy perfume, and thicker clouds of incense rose from two incense burners placed near a door just opposite to the *masnad* of Mir Mahboob. A coloured lace curtain concealed the door of this apartment, which was always kept locked from inside, being part of the zenana.

Mir Mahboob, as if breathless with adoration, sat on the *masnad* with closed eyes and sunk in a deep reverie. Suddenly a rocket shot up, as I had arranged, from the courtyard, and before we had turned our gaze from the window opening on that side, we saw a flash behind the coloured lace curtain which disclosed to us the figure of a woman, clad in the most gorgeous apparel, with jewelled wings outspread from her shoulder blades, and a gold crown studded with large stones of different colours, in size as large as walnuts. The flash went out, and we were left in darkness made still more solemn and awe-inspiring by the dim religious light of the candles under their coloured shades. How could poor Mir Mahboob know that it was not Najya, Queen of the Caucasus, but a tricky youth from the College, transformed by the lime-light into a beauteous fairy, with the help of a tinselled and tawdry costume, and a pair of spangled paper wings—all borrowed for the night from a theatrical company playing just outside the city wall.

When we became used to the dim light of the room, we saw that Mir Mahboob was leaning forward with outstretched arms, his mouth half open, and eyes wildly strained towards the gloom that reigned once more behind the lace curtain. After a short interval the well-disguised voice of my College friend was heard. The Queen commanded the Story-teller, in well-pronounced Persian, to begin, and Mir Mahboob came back from thoughts of Najya to the task he had been so graciously assigned.

With a short prayer from the Quran, recited in a trembling voice that betrayed the inner working of his heart, the King's Story-teller proceeded with his story. In its plot it was like the long-winded *Qissas* of old-fashioned writers. A great and powerful king unfortunate in being childless, the birth of a Princess at the intercession of a Faqir, the warning that she was loved by the King of the Jins and was in danger of being snatched away any time during the first fifteen years of life, if the eye of the sun, or the moon, or the stars beheld her face, her living in a basement for fifteen years; the love of a Prince enkindled by a dainty little miniature, the offer of marriage and its acceptance, even though the Prince's father was the traditional enemy of the Princess's house, the wedding preparations, the miscalculation by the astrologers of a single night in reckoning the years of danger, and its tragic consequences; all these were well-known features of the *Qissas* we had often read in our school-days. But like Shelley's Skylark, Mir Mahboob poured out his full heart "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," till we were brought to sympathy with hopes and fears we had never heeded before. Never before had we truly grasped the possibilities of our common speech, the simple vernacular of our daily intercourse. But there was nothing perhaps so unusually fine in the language of the Story-teller; it was not the sense that charmed us so much as the sound, and the spell that bound us was the work of those mobile features and the glistening eyes of the Story-teller. The critical faculty was deadened in us by the flow of words as of a mountain stream now rushing furiously over rocks and boulders, now

gently murmuring over a bed of pebbles, and again sweeping with a majesty and a rhythm of waters through the even valley. Soothing passion alternated with the mellow tones of idyllic peace, and the warbling notes of love suddenly changed into those of hissing hate. The whole gamut of human feelings was played on this human instrument. Nay, we were led to doubt whether the vocal organs of Mir Mahboob were fashioned by the same power that had created ours, or having made his, that power had lost its ancient cunning and never succeeded again in fashioning others of a like pattern.

But to go on with the story. He described the joyous confusion of the wedding night, and how the beautiful bride, prepared for her lover's embrace with all the affectionate care of her maiden companions, came out from her covered habitation for the first time in fifteen years, all but a night. The glory of the crescent moon, and the rich beauty of the deep blue sky, were to her strange and unfamiliar. But heaven smiled on her, and the stars winked at her, and impelled by an uncontrollable thirst to drink her fill from the fountains of light and beauty so long denied to her, she rushed up the stairs to the topmost terrace of the King's palace where she gazed with wonder-strained eyes at sights of such surpassing loveliness, and layed in the showers of silvery moonbeams pouring down upon her, and the golden radiance overflowing towards her from the star-spangled firmament. And just when the eager bridegroom was entering the palace to see his bride who was unseen yet, as he thought, even of the chaste eyes of the moon, and to take her away to his own kingdom, the King of the Jins swooped down upon the terrace, and carried Gulnara away to his flying throne poised in mid-air. Then the Story-teller described the grief of the parents and of others at the disappearance of the Princess, the gnashing of teeth and the beating of breasts where all was revel and song but a moment before, and amidst the moaning and despair of others, the tearless grief of the princely bridegroom, and his brave resolve not to return to the kingdom of his father till he had rescued the bride so rudely snatched from him.

Then followed an account of his wanderings in many lands and among many peoples, until he met the Fakir at whose intercession the Princess had been born, and succeeded in obtaining from him directions for his perilous journey to the Land of Fire, and a battle-axe and poniard which made even Jins vulnerable to the arm of a true lover. After relating the adventures of this terrible journey, the Story-teller described the miracles of beauty that met the astonished gaze of the Prince when he reached the capital of the Kingdom of Fire, his encounters with the chosen heroes of that kingdom sent out against an earthly intruder, the deep-laid plots of the King of Jins who sought to subdue by treachery a foe that could not be beaten in battle; how radiant Perss were sent to seduce the Prince from his plighted troth by the glamour of their beauty, so that the Fakir's battle-axe and poniard may become in his hand vain weapons of warfare against the People of Fire. Then at the end of all these victories came the struggle with the King of Jins himself, and the crowning glory of the final victory. The Story-teller related how the poniard would have ended the work of vengeance half accomplished by the battle-axe, when the subtle foe successfully pleaded for his life as the price of Gulnara's safety, and promised to escort the Prince and the Princess across the fire-girt boundaries of his kingdom, thus rendering their passage earthwards easier than his outward journey had been. But he imposed one condition. If the Prince had faith in the constancy of his beloved, he must leave it to her own choice whether to rule as the Queen of the Jins over the Land of Fire, or return with him to his earthly kingdom. And Mir Mahboob related how the Prince accepted the terms of his fallen foe, and proceeded to the great Hall of Audience of the King of Jins, which glimmered with a strange unearthly sheen that issued not from lamps but from the bodies of the Jins who had assembled to hear the appeal

of one human heart to another, and to witness the trial of human faith and constancy. At this time Mir Mahboob's face was lit up with something like the same strange unearthly sheen that he had attempted to picture to us. It showed an animation far beyond his years, and all life seemed to have been centred in the expressive eyes and quivering lips of the old Story-teller. After describing the brilliance and sparking gorgeousness of the decorations of this strange first meeting-place of the bridegroom and the bride, Mir Mahboob pictured to us the arrival of Gulnara with her radiant retinue to make her choice between an earthly and a fiery lover. Then began the appeal of the Prince to Gulnara for a return to her human abode. Looking up towards the curtain that screened, as he imagined, his darling Nayya, Queen of the Caucasus, the Story-teller said:—

"I know not by what strange name of power and majesty I should address thee, in this land of the Fiery People, where thou rulest with the King of the Jins, but far beyond its hills and rivers in the land of men they called thee Gulnara, not Queen of the Jins as thou art now, but queen of human hearts and my own betrothed bride. I shall therefore call thee by that name, O Gulnara, and remind thee of that earlier existence when thy troth was plighted to me even as mine was plighted to thee, though ancestral enmity had existed between our two houses and kingdoms. The little likeness of one sweet face had done it all. For thy portrayed features, though lacking the life which Allah alone could breathe into them, personified to me Peace, the emblem and the privileged mission of womanhood. The impetuous pleading of youth and of love even to age and policy succeeded, and my father, who had often sent challenges of battle, now sent to thine a message of friendship and good-will, so that we two united, peace and order may reign where discord and confusion had held sway in our kingdoms. Not content with the formalities of kingly intercourse, I sent thee my own message of love. And unworthy as the gift was of thee, O Gulnara, I sent thee also a likeness of these poor features, begging thee not to judge the kernel from the rind, the heart and mind from their ill-fashioned exterior. But I succeeded, O my beloved, succeeded beyond the dream of human felicity, for as thou knowest, not only did thy illustrious father fall in with the policy of mine, but thou, even thou, O Gulnara, sent me the message that the heart of a lover desired. Eagerly did I wish to span the interval that separated thy acceptance of me from the completion of thy fifteenth year, the perfect spring-time of love and beauty, when we two were to become one, and enjoy the full measure of felicity that God had vouchsafed to us. But love is always bad at reckoning the nights that part, and the night of our union was fixed, alas, some hours too soon. On that fateful night, this fiery fiend, conspiring with the impish stars of cruel heaven, and with the bawdy moon overrated for its chastity, matched thee away from the vainly expectant arms of thy betrothed lover. For the snow white sheets of thy nuptial bed, he gave thee a fiery couch of gold, and for the love of a mere mortal he offered thee as his Queen dominion over the children of the burning element.

"Vain would it be to describe the despairing misery of those that mourned thy loss. The agony of thy parents, the affliction of thy maiden companions, the grief of thy father's loyal subjects, all this can easily be pictured by thyself to the mind's eye. But there was the grief of another besides them that did not find solace in tears or the frantic tearing of clothes or hair. But Allah was merciful, and something sustained me. If I bore a sorrow that could not slumber, I was borne up by a hope that could not die. 'Love conquers all,' was not said of earth alone. Such love as mine, at least, could not be cribbed and confined by the imprisoning walls of the elements. Fire or air, what did it matter to me that was burning with a passion of far fiercer flame. I loved, I must seek, and I would find. I wandered far, O Gulnara, through impenetrable forests and trackless deserts, across impassable streams and over unscalable mountains. But like the needle true

to the North, Love unerringly pointed thy track to my inward feeling; and as the magnet draws the steel, even so thy beauty attracted me towards thee with a force that was more than human. On the journey hither I warred at every step with an alien element; but what were obstacles to one who sought so priceless a pearl as Gulnara. And at last I reached this city which was glorified to my vision, not because of the magic wonders it disclosed, but of the greater wonder that it concealed. Through fire have I come to thee, my beloved, not unsung indeed, but ready to wade heart deep through a flood of fire. For like the flame of the Magians, there is something within me that burns everlastingly.

"I came to combat with this fiery fiend that broke the pact of the elements and the commandment of their Creator, and creeping like a thief into a world that was not for him, abused the great powers bestowed on him for purer purposes than appetite and lust, and snatched thee away from me, leaving the glorious throne of love to be its sorrow-laden bier. I followed him, I found him, and I fought with him. Thy love gave strength to my heart, and the heart gave strength to my arm, and the unbreaking steel of the battle-axe was made sharp by the faith that was within me. I fought with him, and I subdued him, even him the King of the Fiery People.

"I could have killed him and claimed thee as the spoil of the victor. But in love, as in faith, there is no compulsion, and the victor is often at the mercy of the vanquished. So has it been with me. Where another would have come with forward step and clanging steel, I come but haltingly to bend the suppliant knee, and beg where another would have commanded. Come to me then, Gulnara, and satisfy the love-hunger that has gnawed so long at my heart. Come back to me, beloved, back to me and to love that cannot die.

"What, no answer yet from lips sealed by the fiery kisses of impious love? O Gulnara, Gulnara, think of thy plighted troth to me, beloved, of the vows made on earth, which all the heat of this hellish kingdom cannot dissolve. I am no new-loving suitor, begging for the unstirred affections of an unripe maid. Nay, my suit was granted long long ago, even without the long-drawn wooing that callow maidens need or vain maidens desire. What is it then, Gulnara, that makes thee ungraciously take back a boon so readily granted before? Or if thou wilt, grant it again and make me doubly thy debtor.

"It may be that the return from so strange and unique a glory, as the rule of the Jins has given thee, to the humble joys of men is distasteful to thee. Among princes on our earth I am second to none in birth or wealth or the extent of my dominions. But here, where another and a seemingly better world is unfolded to thy gaze, such a boast can only excite laughter or pity, not envy or admiration. Comparison fails us here so utterly. But O Gulnara, darling of my heart, even though I can offer thee no kingdom bright as this, I can still give thee a human heart to rule over, a will subdued to thine, and a love exceeding far in its extent the most wide-stretching dominion, and in its burning intensity the fiercest flame that man or Jin could kindle. Love, O dearest, is not bartered with kingdoms, nor are hearts marked in the list of things bought and sold in the market-place. They have their own love-minted currency of unalloyed metal, and mine was sold to thee for the ample treasury of thy virgin bosom. Thy heart is already pledged to me, and I come to claim the fulfilment.

"Nay, 'tis not the price of thy purchase that I claim from thee as an unfeeling haggler and a driver of cruel bargains. But we had contracted to be joined in a concern of hearts, a partnership of souls. Low concerns of pepper and corn may be dissolved at fancy. But ours was a pact for life, and even beyond it, a partnership of all pleasures and all sorrows, a partnership in every virtue and all perfection. Tell me if the vows of earth are to be broken in the kingdom of fire. Say if the pacts made there are no longer binding here. I await thy answer.

"Still silent, O beloved, still silent! Nay forget the vows and break the pact if thou wilt, but the bond of the elements cannot be broken. I claim thee by right of our human kinship, and the ties of our common clay. Earth must go to earth, and no alien element shall have power to part thee from myself. That is ordained by the Creator. It is part of our being, the very essence of our earthly composition. A man shall mate with a maid, and neither fire nor water shall intervene.

"But if the glamour and warmth of this brighter element seduce thee from Nature, know that only in their bodies do these shining creatures retain their fire and brilliance, their hearts being colder than clay. But we have been formed of earth so that the quintessence of heat and light may be centred in our hearts. Forty thousand Jins could not love thee as I do. Wilt thou, O deluded maid, have in a body of fire a heart of clay, or wilt thou rather have in a body of clay a glowing heart of fire?

"O unresponsive Gulnara, say if thy tongue is charmed by aught else than the glamour of these shining gewgaws around thee. Nay, my heart that cannot lie tells me that thou couldst not be seduced from love and from thy better reason by things that only tempt the baser mind. Do not consult only thine eyes, but hold conference with thy woman's loving heart. Take it for thy true counsellor, and speak the language of thy heart, I prithee. These things that thou seest are all illusory, objects that deceive our mortal ken with their crafty sorcery. But the love of a man for a woman is real. It endures. It alone abides where all things fade and vanish and are forgotten."

And as we were listening to this piteous wail of a forsaken human heart, the thought slowly and imperceptibly grew upon us that somehow the story had been merged into autobiography, that this was no feigned pleading improvised by a creator of fiction, but the genuine tale of love and separation, of re-union and suspense. Once more the world hung for living man on the "yea" or "nay" of a woman. Mir Mahboob was indeed now living rather than telling the story.

But dimly as this idea had dawned upon the company, we were not in the least prepared for all that followed. We sat there love-charmed, like some bird under the subtle spell of a serpent's eyes, when Mir Mahboob rose from the carpet, and forgetting the message of Najya, and heedless of the blazing anger of the Queen of the Caucasus, rushed with wild love-strained eyes and outstretched arms towards the curtain in front of him. But in his headlong pursuit of unresponding beauty, he kicked the muslin shade of the candle. A flare went up at once and caught up the curtain before we could rush up to put out the fire. The ceremonial laws of the Court of Caucasus were indeed vindicated in a strange and unexpected manner; for checked by the flame, the angry flash of Queen Najya, Mir Mahboob stood staring wildly at the now open chamber, whence the mock queen of the fairies had departed immediately after the first bit of stage-managing, reeled a little, then balanced himself with a final effort, and at last fell a limp heap on the cushions behind him.

While the others were busy in putting out the fire, I lifted the Story-teller and carried him out into the courtyard where I believed the fresh breeze of the early dawn would revive him. But all effort was useless. Neither pulse nor heart gave the least indication of life. Mir Mahboob had indeed been crowned King of the Caucasus, and the secret of perpetual youth was his in return for the unrequited love of a lifetime. On the upturned face, as he lay there on the bare ground, lit up by the first streaks of light of the rising sun, there was neither horror nor despair, but the glow of satisfaction, and on the half parted lips just the shade of a smile, as of a purpose accomplished.

M. A.



The Forecast.

Gup's Zadkiel predicts for 1911.—

1. The construction of the Victoria Memorial Hall will begin during the course of the present year.
2. Mr Lloyd George will receive an honour at the Coronation next June and become the Duke of Limehouse.
3. Pandit Madan Mohan Malviyya would be elected Permanent President of the All-India Urdu Conference.
4. General Smuts would be deported from the African Union as an alien.
5. The Editor of *Albashir* would become an Arya and President of the Gurukul at Hardwar.
6. Lord Hardinge will be bitten by an unruly mosquito, but, out of the kindness of his heart, will not press the Legislative Council to re-pass the Seditious Meetings' Act.
7. The House of Lords will be reformed.
8. In some countries of Asia and portions of South America some children will be born and some old men and women will die.
9. By the end of December the Young Turks will be older—by a year.
10. Lord Curzon will again lose his hair, and become like Lord Hardinge, according to a brother Zadkiel, "liberal in his views and pleasant-speaking."
11. Russia will not harbour any evil intentions against Persia.
12. The Jirgahs of the Mohmands will follow Mr. Carnegie's example, and subscribe liberally towards a fund for the abolition of war.
13. The Partition of Bengal will be annulled.

Et Cetera.

AT THE performances of the Australian Buck-Jumpers in Calcutta, Mrs. Knight offers Rs. 25 to anyone who will successfully ride her donkey round the ring. Less than fifty years ago our ancestors would not have ridden a donkey—even successfully—for ten thousand rupees. And it is only Rs. 25 now. Who says prices have risen?

A DEFENDER of the "Idle Rich" describing himself as "one of them" writes—"The cart-horse will stand still in his stall for weeks, doing nothing but eat and drink, but the thoroughbred to be kept fit must be given exercise" Find the reason for the unfitness of the aristocracy.

A LOCAL contemporary writes:—"We regret to be informed that we were wrong yesterday in announcing that the Crown Prince was to be the guest of Prince Reuss to dinner at the Grand Hotel." It is wonderful how some people cannot brook the least correction. For our part, we fancy the regret was misplaced.

WE LEARN on good authority that Lord Curzon is shortly going to move a Bill in the House of Lords on the lines of his Act for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments. The House of their lordships is to be within the meaning of the Bill.

THERE IS NO truth in the rumour that a Home for the paralytic and insane has been opened in the High Court of Calcutta where the Special Tribunal used to sit. One swallow does not make a summer. Then, why should one bed even in the Special Tribunal make a Hospital?

AN INQUEST held recently at Eastbourne Workhouse on the body of an elderly inmate, who died after taking poison, revealed the fact that a carbolic disinfectant had been left about in a beer bottle and the old man had helped himself to a drink. In explaining the use of beer bottles for poisons, the medical officer is said to have remarked that "we are all for economy here." A very economical way, indeed, of dealing with pauperism, but somewhat different to the methods of the Poplar Guardians!

SAYS the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, "we once tried in our humble way to bring the excellence of Indian music to the notice of Europeans but failed." One would like to know how the failure was indicated. Was it a rotten orange, a soda water bottle, or only the contents of the washing basin that greeted the journalistic serenader?

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has had much difficulty in answering numerous inquiries from accountants who ask what machine he uses since an aristocratic writer in Blackwood's Magazine described him as "suspended between a genteel Heaven and an unwashten Hell."

MR. LAURENCE IRVING, the talented actor and younger son of the late Sir Henry Irving, strongly objects to being boomed as the son of that famous actor. He dislikes to allow his father's name to be used, as he says, "as a box-office appendage to himself." We learn that a well-known young actress has equally strong objections to her husband acting as the stage-door annexe to herself.

THE *Textile Mercury* says "Much tinsel is sold in its flat ribbon state to India, and some of this worked in rich patterns upon Morley Cloths comes circuitously to Europe again in the shape of table cloths." Surely, a grateful land, even if poor, could have spared its late benevolent Secretary of State the humiliation of such a tawdry souvenir!

THE Committee of the National Medical and Dental Aid Society says: "They have long recognised the necessity for a genuine institution to fill the gap between the assistance dispensed by hospitals and the high fee usually charged by dentists." The question rather is, how do they fill the gap between the teeth?

IT is reported that the Home Secretary has advised one of the London Borough Councils to withdraw a bye-law forbidding roller skating in the streets. This has caused a consternation in Liberal circles, as it is feared Mr. Churchill may become a backsliding pentent.

Stammering—Its Cure.

SILENCE



Petty Larceny.

(BY OUR SPECIAL KLEPTOMANIAC.)

[Wit is your birth-right: therefore steal it wheresoever you find it.—*Rigmarole Veda*]

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

A FORECAST.

IN THE debate on the Bond Street Window Bill in the House of Peers yesterday, the Leader of the Opposition, the Lady Furbelough, in a very effective speech severely criticized the hat of the Government Leader, describing it as retrograde in the extreme. The Duchess replying for the Government said that the hat was absolutely the latest thing and that if the Opposition Leader depended on something else than cheap fashion papers for her information, she would know it. The Duchess concluded a heated tirade, in which she characterized her opponents as "horrid things," by bursting into tears. Salts having been administered the House rose.

We hear that Lady Lena Fitzewe, the Premier, will personally introduce the great Corset Bill. The election of Mrs. Jones, the eminent charwoman, is considered a great blow struck for democracy. The Tones are aghast, and Lady Lena, for whom Mrs. Jones chars, was very angry when she heard the result of the poll. Yesterday, when Mrs. Jones was being introduced, Lady Lena, who at the time was speaking on the Better Control of Husbands Bill, stopped suddenly, and having surveyed the new member contemptuously for some moments, gave her a week's notice of the termination of her charring engagement.

We understand it is proposed during the summer months to hold Committees on the Terrace, tea and buns being served during the progress of debate.

It is rumoured in the Lobby that in view of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany, our Ambassador at Berlin has been instructed to wear last year's gown. It is hoped that this move will have its effect in modifying the attitude of the German Chancelloress who has for some time been chagrined by the modish Parisian toilettes of our British Representative.

The Deceased Husband's Brother's Bill was thrown out for the twenty-third time yesterday.

"THE years come and go but our watches do not go."—Advertisement of a Bombay Firm.

SHE: "How do you account, Mr. Simple, for the publishers always refusing your articles?"

MR. SIMPLE: "Weally, I haven't—er—the ghost of an ideah."

SHE: "Ah! perhaps that is the reason."

DOLL: "What does a billiard ball do when it stops?"

HARDY: "Why, that's senseless; it stops, doesn't it?"

DOLL: "No, you silly; it looks round."

HIS waistcoat was wonderful, his tie was tremendous, his socks were positively superhuman, in order to display which his trousers were tucked up to a ludicrous height. An urchin plucked him by the sleeve.

"Lost somebody guv'nor?" queried the youth sympathetically.

"Of course not, fellow!" he responded, contemptuously.

"Cat or dog dead, guv'ner?" queried the youngster.

"Bai Jove!" snapped the "nob," distinctly annoyed. "Why do you ask such stoopid questions?"

"Why guv'nor," called the urchin, "'cos I see your trousers at 'arf-mast!"

"WHAT is the height of happiness?" mused the philosophical girl.

"Well, in my case," laughed the bride, "he is about five feet ten."

A CERTAIN nobleman well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster a short time, he said:

"Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"

"Oh yes," replied the boy; "you're the man who rides in my father's carriage."

A BASHFUL youth once went to a doctor for advice and treatment. After examining him the doctor said: "It's angina pectoris."

At this the youth blushed furiously, and hesitatingly said: "Well, doctor, you're partly right, only that isn't her name."

"STRANGER, approach the tomb with gravity,
John Brown (dentist) is filling his last cavity."

"COME right on in, Tom," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, sur, ah knows that," replied the cautious yokel; "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'!"

A GAME being played at a party recently consisted in everybody in the room making a face, and the one who made the worst face was awarded a prize. They all did their level best, and then a gentleman went up to one of the ladies and said:

"Well, madam, I think you have won the prize."

"Oh!" she said, "I wasn't playing."



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Edited by Mohamed Ali.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share.
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere.
They only live who dare!

—Morris.



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Notes.

With expanded in the last issue our gratitude for the warm welcome accorded to us by our readers and the Press. Since writing those lines we have received more manifestations of the public appreciation of our humble efforts and lack words wherein to thank our many friends. But we would like to express how deeply grateful we are to the men of small means to whom the annual subscription of this Journal must be a great consideration. The promoters, when they launched the good ship *Comrade*, felt not a little nervous about provisions for the crew, and dreaded the hidden rocks of bankruptcy. But the response of the men of small means has been such that much of their nervousness has disappeared. A Tahsildar with a monthly income of Rs. 150 is seldom in a position to spend money on newspapers. But the luxury of others was evidently not a consideration of our readers, and we find in the list of subscribers many Naib Tahsildars, Sub-Inspectors of Police, and Kanungoes, and perhaps the most enthusiastic class in our ranks is that of the Under-Secretaries who have had their

names enlisted in unexpectedly large numbers, although Rs. 12 a year is to them quite as much as the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind to the rich people. They have even refrained from asking for any concession except quarterly payments, and have helped us not a little as energetic canvassers for the paper. We have been deeply touched by this warm appreciation, and hope we may be able to return their assistance by holding up before them the highest ideals of public and private life. Much has still to be done to make the paper independent of extraneous financial aid, but who could despair with a host of such willing workers by his side?

WE HAVE to record the sad death of Her Highness the Begum Sahiba of Rampur, who expired on the 19th instant. Pthisis takes a terrible toll of life in India, and in the Begum Sahiba it has claimed another young victim. Our heart goes out to the Rohilla Prince to whom the loss came as a terrible blow. For almost a year he has hardly known any comfort or rest, and those who saw His Highness at Naini Tal accommodated in a room of meagre proportions, spending in a small verandah the moments during which he was not with the patient, and noted the contrast between this and the life in the palaces at Rampur and Shahabad, can realize what His Highness has gone through during the late Begum Sahiba's protracted illness. His loving subjects, to whom he is nothing more or less than the patriarch in a large and happy family, naturally share his grief and affliction. But to his other co-religionists, and to his many English and Hindu friends also, the news of the bereavement brought a message of great sorrow. Death is the great leveller, and although His Highness of Rampur has always been singularly free from *has-i-imarat*—the odour of greatness—his sorrow has brought him still nearer to the people. He has their sympathy unasked. We pray that God may grant him fortitude and peace, and spare him for the many enterprises he has at heart for the benefit of his State and his fellow-countrymen. If anything can fill the void created by this great loss, it is the altruistic work in which His Highness is interested, and we trust he will forget his sorrow in the Moslem University, of which he is such a powerful and earnest advocate.

It is with extreme satisfaction that we learn of the acting appointment of Dewan Bahadur Narendra Nath, of the Statutory Civil Service, as Commissioner of Lahore. In making arrangements for the vacancy that will be caused by Colonel Pearson's proceeding on six

months' leave from April next, the Punjab Government had for some unknown reason passed over the claims of the able Deputy Commissioner of Multan. He protested against his supersession and appealed to the Government of India, and we are glad to record that His Excellency's Government upset the decision of the Local Government. "This is, we learn, the first appointment of an Indian as a Commissioner in the Punjab, and we trust even in the short period of six months our distinguished fellow-countryman will justify the belated experiment. It is unfortunate that in the Punjab party feelings should run so high as they do, among Hindus, Aryans, and Mussalmans, and we even hear complaints of officials who are alleged to show religious bias. We shall not go into these complaints here, but all the same we may say that in the case of Indians appointed to such offices we prefer the high standard of impartiality which Cæsar applied to the virtue of his wife. They should be absolutely above suspicion. It is not unoften that the factious feelings of our own countrymen come in the way of the well-deserved elevation of Indians to high office, and this is indeed deplorable. Can we not exercise a little more self-restraint and remove even the yestige of an excuse for those who use our own complaints to our disadvantage? We feel confident of the success of the Dewan Bahadur as Commissioner of Lahore, and hope that he will utilize his high position in removing factious feelings and the acrimoniousness of Lahore controversies. To the Viceroy and his Government we are deeply grateful for an act which shows how justice is recognised as the best foundation of official prestige.

IF CROMWELL could not be hanged "till he was dead", the leaders of the Restoration satisfied themselves by hanging his body after his death, and more recently Lord Kitchener, who is otherwise amiable enough, made himself famous by blowing up the tomb of the Mahdi. Such acts may be due to the strong passion of revenge but they are none the less revolting. Somewhat akin to them is to us the discrimination exercised by the clergy with regard to the burial of those whose life was mispent or ended with suicide. The first clown in *Hamlet* was indeed very learned, and exercising the privilege of his class, puzzled the second clown by asking him a clerical conundrum *à propos* of the burial of Ophelia, "Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?" The second clown thought she was, because "the crowner hath set on her and finds a Christian burial." But this was far too simple for his learned friend, who argued like a lawyer about drowning in self-defence and the law of *se offendendo*, and came to the subtle conclusion that "he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life," which he held to be crowner's-quest-law. We do not know how the Chaplain in charge of the Ilford Cemetery argued, but it seems as if his knowledge of crowner's-quest-law brought him to the conclusion that the Houndsditch murderers should not be given Christian burial, because instead of "wilfully seeking their own salvation" they had wilfully sought the destruction of others. A dead level of uniformity is the essential feature of the penalties provided by the criminal laws of the civilised States of our times, and there are no picturesque punishments to fit picturesque crimes. It is true the Houndsditch murderers had defied the Police, the force of picked shots from the Scots Guards at the Tower, the Fire Brigade, and, last but not least, the Home Secretary. But even if they had been caught alive, they would have only been hanged like any other murderer—in spite of the embarrassment they caused to the Home Secretary. They, however, saved the hangman his rope, and perished in the flames. Their charred bodies were taken to the Ilford Cemetery, but the Chaplain strongly protested against "this outrage against public decency, that they should be buried in the same ground as the murdered policemen." We wonder if the Chaplain believes in the immortality of the soul or the immortality of the body. The

murderers paid for their crimes with their lives, and if there is a Day of Judgment, as the Chaplain must believe, there is, there is a punishment in store for them which would be fully commensurate with their sins. Even if an inquisition is to take place in this world, it is hardly fair to the dead, because there is no chance of their being heard. It is for this reason that the followers of most religions leave the sinful to be dealt with by their Maker, either in a re-birth as inferior creatures, or after Resurrection. But "public decency" has to be saved from outrage even if unarmed policemen cannot be saved from brutal murder, and the Chaplain of Ilford must needs anticipate Doomsday.

ANYTHING that brings India nearer to Great Britain should be welcomed. Ignorance may be bliss to the individual, but 'tis folly for a nation that guides the destiny of a great Empire to remain ignorant of the feelings and prejudices, customs and manners, modes of life and thought, the arts, literatures, and philosophies of the component parts of that Empire. It is a recognition of this patent fact that has brought into existence the India Society of London. We learn from the Circular Letter, issued by the Executive Committee, which includes Mr. T. W. Arnold, formerly Professor at Aligarh and now adviser to Indian Students in England, Dr. Coomaraswamy, Mr. E. B. Havell, Mr. Rothenstein, and other prominent men interested in Indian arts and crafts, that the object of the India Society is to promote the study and appreciation of Indian culture in its æsthetic aspects. Politics are absolutely excluded from its scope. There is a growing feeling that in Indian sculpture, architecture, and painting, as well as in Indian literature and music, there is a vast unexplored field, the investigation of which will bring about a better understanding of Indian ideals and aspirations, both in England and in India. Of these the great majority of European artists and students are at the present day totally ignorant. For many years past learned societies in France, with liberal aid from Government, have sent out expeditions for providing the National Museums of that country with examples and reproductions of ancient Indian sculpture, painting, and architectural works in the French possessions in the Far East. The Dutch Museums have been similarly well provided with many splendid original specimens and reproductions of Indian sculpture in Java. The Prussian Government has also interested itself in the same subject, and has lately sanctioned a scheme for a great Asiatic Art Museum in Berlin. One of the first endeavours of the India Society would be to do everything in its power to promote the acquisition by the authorities of the National and Provincial Museums of Great Britain of works representing the best Indian art. The Society proposes to publish works showing the best examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, and painting, both ancient and modern, which will be issued free, or at low prices, to members of the Society. The Society also hopes to co-operate with all those who have it as their aim to keep alive the traditional arts and handicrafts still existing in India, and to assist in the development of Indian art education on indigenous and traditional lines, and not in imitation of European ideals. To this end the Society would join hands with the Indian Society of Oriental Art in Calcutta, which has somewhat similar aims and has done excellent service in the last few years in supporting the promising modern revival of Indian painting originated by Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore and his pupils. The Society has issued to all members who have paid their subscriptions for 1910 a work by Dr. Coomaraswamy upon Indian Drawings, containing numerous reproductions of drawings chiefly of the Mughal school. The yearly subscription has been fixed at one guinea, or twelve guineas for a life membership. We earnestly hope that Indians and Anglo-Indians will readily assist the Society in its laudable undertaking by becoming members on payment of a very moderate annual subscription.

The Moslem University and the "Leader."

It is a great pleasure to us to read the views of our Allahabad contemporary, the *Leader*, on the subject of the Moslem University. It believes that the question is obviously one for the Mussalmans to decide. There may, however, be some non-Moslems whose views do not accord with those of the advocates of such a University, but, says the *Leader*, "it is not for them to thrust their opinions on the latter." It is convinced that it is the only right attitude to adopt and that it is actually adopted by most men. Some, however, are in favour of such institutions, and our contemporary thinks they "can and, we have no doubt, will even wish cordially that the Mahomedans may succeed in giving effect to their ambitious projects. And others will not wish them ill." This is as pleasing an attitude as it is strictly logical, and in these days of gratuitous hostility and uncalled for opposition the views of the *Leader* appear like an oasis in the desert. But we do not lose hope. Things are moving towards a better fate, and our faith is large in Time and "that which shapes it to some perfect end." The attitude which our contemporary recommends is exactly that which is advocated in the case of the Central Hindu College at Benares, and the Fergusson College at Poona, by the responsible leaders of Moslem India. As H. H. the Aga Khan said, in a recent interview, there is room enough for two other Universities, a Hindu University at Benares and another at Poona, where Hindu culture could be fostered and the study of Sanskrit literature and of the six schools of the Vedanta could be encouraged. Moslem youths in search of that knowledge which the world owes to the ancestors of our Hindu brethren could be sent occasionally to these two Hindu Universities, and similarly Hindu youths desirous of knowing more about the history and literature of Islam or its theism and jurisprudence, could come to Aligarh. We would thus have three living Universities, and three growing Cities of Learning, instead of the present diffusion of knowledge at several scattered small centres without cohesion and co-ordination, and some lifeless Examining Boards *plus* Text-Book Committees that pass in India for Universities. Atmospheres of culture and learning would be created on Hindu and Moslem models, with all the latter-day improvements due to Western influences, and the Hindu and Moslem Universities would be

Not like to like, but like in difference;
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.

The Press of Bengal and even of other Provinces of India has recently been devoting a great deal of attention to what is described as an unwritten chapter of Rajput history, and we learn that Mr. Shrima, the well-known ex-Civilian of Bengal, is now engaged on a work on this subject for which Sir Walter Lawrence is to write a preface. It is said that in the second siege of Chittore by Alauddin, when Rana Lakshmana Singh could not turn back the tide of Moslem aggression, he heard a mysterious voice moaning "*Mede Mede Aun*" (I am hungry), and at midnight the apparition of the Raj Lakhami of Chittore appeared before him. She said she would be placated only if each of the 12 sons of the Rana was crowned in succession at intervals of four days, and died on the field of battle after four days' rule. Although Tod does not give the names of the Rana's sons, it is now asserted that they are found at last. The demands of the Devi were agreed to; but the Rana's affection for Ajay Singh, the second son, was so great that he broke his promise about him, and a valiant band cut its way through the Moslem ranks, and succeeded in placing Ajay Singh and his sons and two nephews beyond the reach of evil. After an inglorious existence in the Aravali Mountains, Ajay Singh died, and his nephew Hamir succeeded him. Maldeva, the Governor of Mewar for the Rajput King, sought Hamir as a husband for his only

daughter. Hamir accepted the coconut, and went to Chittore with his cousin Manik Rao and a few chosen comrades. But finding Maldeva in a distant corner of the kingdom, the would-be son-in-law captured the citadel, and the standard of the Sun again floated proudly from the seat of Rajput valour and glory. It is now believed that from Hamir's cousin, Manik Rao, is descended the Rai Rayan family of Bandipur in Bengal. His descendant, Raghab Ram, was the right hand man of Rana Partap. After the latter's misfortunes Raghab left Mewar on a pilgrimage eastward, and on his return camped in the plains on which Bandipur now stands. Here he saw a strange sight. He saw the phenomenon of a toad and a snake playing together. The spectacle impressed Raghab Ram so much with the peaceful character of Bengal that he determined to pass the rest of his life here. Jahangir conferred on him the title of Rai Rayan and gave him a large *jagir*. Raghab's grandson, finding that in Bengal the Kayasthas ranked next to Brahmins, and convinced of their Kshatriya origin, announced himself to be a Kayastha and formed matrimonial alliances with them. To-day the Bandipur Singh Roys are the recognised leaders of the Kayasthas, and it must be a source of pride to them and to their community to know that their ancient and proud lineage has been traced at last. Although it is not perhaps relevant to the subject, we should all the same very much like to know the subsequent history of that toad!



Selection.

The Whole Duty of Woman.

[To look pretty at all times, and to move gracefully . . . are just as much conducive to wedded bliss as the knowledge of how to choose the best cut of beef.—Weekly paper.]

'Tis not enough, O maiden fair,
If marriage be your aim,
To choose the Sunday joint with care
And cook and carve the same;
A pretty taste in ribs of beef
Of wifely arts is not the chief.

'Tis not enough, O blushing maid
For whom the joy bells peal,
To know each quality and grade
Of mutton and of veal;
The housewife's duty scarcely stops
At braising cutlets, grilling chops.

'Tis not enough, O wife to be,
To know the ways of pork,
Nor how to judge with certainty
Potatoes with a fork.
Your happiness will soon be dashed
If built on sausages and mashed.

Ah, yes! The helpmate who succeeds
In her exacting sphere
More than mere kitchen knowledge needs,
As plainly doth appear.
Both prettiness and grace appeal
To man more than a well-served meal.

(Truth!)

The Comrade.

Separate Electorates.

THERE is a proverb in Upper India that a Jat should not be considered to be dead until thirteen days had passed after his demise. But the opposition to Separate Electorates is not yet dead even though thirteen months have passed after their creation. Like the Partition of Bengal, the Separate Electorates may be a settled fact, but the unsettling fancies of those that opposed such electoral circles still continue to disturb a country that is sick of controversies. We had incessant party warfare for two years just preceding the formation of the reformed Councils, and although the country needed some rest, nobody could quarrel with the Congress for placing on record the views of the Hindu majority in the Lahore Session when the Hon. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviyya presided. But it was not unfair to hope that for the next two years at least nothing more would be heard in the Press and on the platform about the defects of the regulations.

This, however, proved too long a period for those who follow the lead of the Hon. Pandit, and grace was said in the form of another resolution of protest in the Allahabad Session of the Congress before the meat of reconciliation could be served at the Hindu-Moslem Conference. We are told that a battle royal raged in the Subjects Committee of the Congress between Hindus and Mussalmans over this resolution. But all that is within public knowledge is that the same resolution came up for discussion in the Congress and was unanimously passed by that body. We are often reminded by the Congressmen of the existence of a rule according to which no resolution can be carried if the Mussalmans taking part in the Congress are opposed to it. Perhaps the gentlemen who took part in the heated discussions of the Subjects Committee felt the futility of resisting the Hindu majority in the Congress debate. Perhaps the rule of which we get perpetual reminders was a dead letter. Or perhaps those who condemned the creation of Separate Electorates for local bodies discovered that when similar Electorates were condemned for the Councils consistency lay in silence.

Be that as it may, the Congress condemned the Special Electorates, and armed with that mandate, the Hon. Mr. Malaviyya came to the Imperial Council to win a similar victory. Unfortunately for him, the Council was not "Indian" and "National" in the same sense in which the Congress has been and is, and the voice of dissent was heard with sufficient—possibly with too much—clearness. But what was the net result of the debate? Was any new argument advanced in condemnation of the Special Electorates? Was any new plea put forward in support of them? We must regretfully confess that nothing was added to our stock of knowledge, nor did the debate make the least alteration in the convictions of a single member.

Had the debate been merely abortive we would have had one more instance of the exaltation of the superfluous. But apart from this negative result, the resolution had a positive result as well. It shook up old quarrels and created an easily avoidable strife. We do not wish to be misunderstood. We have nothing to complain of the tone of the Hon. Mover of the resolution. His reference by name to certain members of the Imperial and Provincial Legislatures jarred a little on sensitive ears and could well have been avoided. But this is a matter of individual taste, and it is as dogmatic to lay down the law on such questions for all, as it is difficult to draw a hard and fast line between good taste and bad taste. If, therefore, we are disposed to consider the debate mischievous, it is not because we find fault with the language of the Hon. Pandit, which was exceedingly moderate and deserves whole-hearted commendation. But if the Pandit asks why Separate Electorates are created on a religious basis, and Mussalmans and Hindus are not allowed to choose in a mixed electorate the men in whom they have confidence, he should be prepared to hear from his opponents that he and his colleagues are

not the men of their confidence, that Mussalmans are not men of the company they are invited to join. What better reply is possible from a man who has a very small and hard-earned fortune, who is requested by a banker, not unfamiliar perhaps with the Bankruptcy Court, to deposit his all in the latter's bank? It is a question of trust, and there are no short-cuts to a people's confidence. Similarly, if the Hon. Mr. Malaviyya asserts that Mussalmans have no political importance entitling them to a larger share in representation than what mere numbers warrant, how is it possible to answer him without referring to the rule of Islam in India for eight hundred years? No doubt it is humiliating to a Hindu to be often reminded of that. We ourselves deprecate this quite as much as reference to the fact that, in the last resort, the English hold India by the sword. But painful as they may be, both are facts, and as such they should be faced. If Hon. Members will blunder into questions about the right of the English to be in this country or the claims of Mussalmans to have more than one member of the Imperial Council out of every four non-officials, they fully deserve to be made to understand the disagreeable reality.

The Hon. Mr. Basu, the solitary supporter of the Pandit, said some very pleasant things about Islam, and if a soft phrase turned away stern reason, Mr. Basu deserves to succeed with the Mussalmans. The millennium, said Mr. Basu, will come through Islam. To the Moslem it was said that all men are equal. This is the argument with which he faced the landholders. It was indeed a clever piece of manoeuvring when the Gate-keeper is used as an auxiliary in attacking the Stake-holder. But he did not care to take up the challenge of the Hon. Mr. Shamsul Huda, who was prepared to consider all men as equals if only such as were regarded inferior by the hierarchy of Hinduism were excluded in theory as well as in practice from the pale of Hinduism. In view of the elaborate and persistent questions of the Hon. Mr. Sinha, it appears to us that the Mussalmans are invited to join in a gamble in which the first rule is that numbers score most points, and in which the second rule is that the Hindus should be the only tellers of their numbers. We shall be the last to preach suspicion and distrust, but it is our duty to explain to the credulous and the unwary that this new game is generally known as the Confidence Trick.

As we have said, the arguments both for and against Separate Electorates have been staled by frequent usage, and we do not intend to repeat commonplaces even for the benefit of a new Viceroy, before whom the mover and the only supporter of the resolution trotted out the puppets of their fancy in review order. His Excellency has not spent the best years of his life in the mazes of diplomacy without learning that the more a diplomat protests friendship the more suspicion does he create about his motives. The Separate Electorates are, according to the Hindus in general, and Mr. Malaviyya in particular, deadly enemies of unity and friendship. The Mussalmans, on the other hand, do not regard them as such, but, on the contrary, believe that the removal of religion as a distinction between one candidate for election and another would make the platform not one of religion, as it had hitherto been, but of principles and personalities. Let us, for argument's sake, assume that the Mussalmans are wrong in their convictions. But if one friend found another growing suspicious of the advice he proffered and of his motives in proffering it, he would not press the advice if he were wise. This is the only way to allay suspicion. But this is also the only way which the followers of the Hon. Pandit have wholly avoided. They would produce confidence by abusing the shockheaded Mussalman that suspected them, and generally act like the zealous Indian reformer who beat his wife for remaining in purdah, and forced her to be free!

We would appeal to His Excellency's experience in another matter also. It cannot take a shrewd man very long to gauge the situation, and His Excellency has no doubt by this time realised what we said in our first issue, that the problem of India was not so

And in International Law, the strength of a country or Power does not count, for the basic principle of that law is the equality of all nations. The Mussalmans stand on a par with the smaller powers of Europe, and can even claim like those Powers an absolute equality in all intercommunal controversies. But they do not do so, and limit their demand to such a representation as is adequate and effective for the preservation of their existence and their honour. We are not for the rapacious in politics, but we are certainly not the upholders of a monopoly either. In the Council Chambers the Mussalmans are still the minority. They cannot impose their will on the Hindu majority. But that minority should be such as could effectively protect itself against the majority. It is too much to ask it to tolerate the cant of fraternity at the same time that it is crushed and driven to the wall by the humbug of free competition.

We have said that the debate on Mr. Malaviyya's resolution was sterile in all but the unpleasantness that it created. But on second thoughts we would modify that statement. That debate gave to the Government of Lord Hardinge the opportunity of explaining that it would on no account go back upon its pledges and will uphold the Separate Electorates so long as the Mussalmans said they required them. Perhaps His Excellency is not aware what great relief this definite and clear pronouncement has given to the Mussalmans of India. Vociferous agitation has its advantages sometimes, but that Government is indeed wise which robs it of its importance and necessity by a timely pronouncement or concession. The Hon. Mr. Jenkins added that Mr. Malaviyya, assisted by Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque, was free to convert the Mussalmans to his own view of the matter. We would only suggest that the more effective preacher would be the non-proselytising Pandit himself. But it is not words that convert, but acts, the simple unostentatious acts that find their way to the heart when words are refused admittance even to the ear.

Concession to the Malguzars of the Central Provinces.

ALTHOUGH Land Revenue is such an important source of income to the Government of India, and its occasional sudden diminution owing to failure of the Monsoons has such far-reaching results that Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson called the Annual Budget "a gamble in rain," few people in the country are interested in Land Revenue problems, and fewer still can be said to possess even a modest knowledge of the Land Revenue Systems of India. Indian politicians and publicists had often complained of the heaviness of India's Land Tax, and the official world had as often argued that it was light. But few except the officials knew much about the details of the Land Revenue System, and even the officials of one province were often very ignorant about the variations in other provinces.

Whatever else may be said about it, Lord Curzon's famous Resolution did inestimable good in throwing light on the systems in force in the various provinces. In the appendices attached to that Resolution, each Local Government and Local Administration explained the method of assessing Land Revenue, and its character and incidence. But much has yet to be done to popularise the study of Land Revenue problems, and we would urge on young Indians a careful and patient study of the subject if they desire to understand it before launching on criticism.

Well-informed criticism is the only effective criticism, because it alone is helpful. This was well illustrated by the Resolution of the Hon'ble Mr. Chitnavis, who recommended to the Council in the meeting of the 24th instant that at the next settlement in the Central Provinces, a half-assets rule be adopted in those districts where the assessment exceeds 50 per cent., and that if this involves a sudden and large loss of revenue, the 50 per cent. level be attained at two settlements. The Hon'ble Member made out a good case in asking for

the Malguzars of the Central Provinces the same treatment as is meted out by means of the Saharanpur rules to the Zamindars of the United Provinces. Indeed so well were the facts, both historical and economic, marshalled by Mr. Chitnavis that a *non passimus* attitude could not have been adopted by the Government without exposing itself to just observations with regard to its obstinacy, even if the Government had wished to adopt such an attitude.

The Hon'ble Mr. Carlyle, therefore, confined himself to an explanation of the Government of India's position when Sir Alexander Mackenzie asked for the setting aside of the old half-assets rule for the settlements of the nineties. It is of little interest at this moment to discuss whether Sir Alexander was right in asking for a two-thirds-assets rule, and whether the Government of India was right in fixing the assessment even at 60 per cent of the rental, for the latter Government now agrees to a modification of the decision that preceded the last settlements in the Central Provinces, and Mr. Chitnavis is for the moment content with the half-loaf held out to the Malguzars by Mr. Carlyle. In the old Saugar and Nerbudda territories, the demand will approximate at the next settlements to half-assets, but individual exceptions will be allowed to prevent material sacrifice of revenue. In the districts forming part of the old Nagpur Province, the Government promises to reduce its share of assets at successive settlements until it approximates to half, and generally binds itself not to enhance the revenue demand beyond half the increment in rental between one settlement and another.

Considering that in perhaps all Provinces rules now exist according to which the Government treats the payer of revenue in the same manner when the increase in assessment shoots up too suddenly at a new settlement, the modification is only just and fair to the Government. But we hope individual exceptions in the old Saugar and Nerbudda territories will not tend to swallow up the rule through the zeal of young Settlement Officers, and that the approximation of the revenue demand to half the rental in the old Nagpur Province will be brought about not later than the second settlements subsequent to the passing of the modified Resolution.

May we here venture to suggest to some of the stalwart band of politicians who form the non-official element in the Council that a little deeper study of the Land Revenue problems of India, even at the cost of neglected briefs, would make it possible for them to follow with interest the course of such debates, without their being bored quite so much as they showed they were last Tuesday. Sparring is not easy in technical debates such as those on Land Revenue or Finance without some expert knowledge, but the duties of the Hon. Members are more serious than mere skittles and jokes.

Provincialism and the Moslem University.

THE *Times of India* has always been a sympathetic friend of Aligarh and Moslem education, and has devoted during the last five years greater space in its columns to well-informed discussion of Aligarh questions than any other leading paper of India. Whatever our Bombay contemporary writes on the subject of Moslem education is, therefore, deserving of the best consideration of all Mussalmans.

In a recent issue, the *Times of India* expressed, as was fully expected, its hearty sympathy with "the response that is being made to His Highness the Aga Khan's clarion call for the Moslem University." But it asked "the shrewd men of business like those who form the backbone of the Mahomedan community in Bombay" whether they had done enough to encourage secondary and higher education amongst Mahomedans in the Western Presidency itself. We are sure no lover of education would like to make it the monopoly of one town or province, and no Mussalman would wish to benefit the educational institution in which he is interested at the expense

the Government of Bombay, the Government of the United Provinces, and the Government of India, all have a keen edge on the seal of the movement. For local or provincial Islamic schools, we are sure we shall be the first to rejoice at the result. But if the question only furnishes those who do not wish to work for their co-religionists, and to put their hands into their purses for the sake of Islam, with an easy excuse for their indifference and parsimony, we are equally sure that our Bombay contemporary would be the first to deplore its intervention.

It seems to us that our contemporary has to some extent misunderstood "the clarion call" of the Aga Khan. If the Aligarh movement had the least tinge of provincialism we would have ourselves urged the necessity of Bombay setting its own house in order before looking after far-off Aligarh. But Aligarh is not, has not been, and was never intended to be a provincial institution. It has striven, through good fortune and evil, for the strengthening of the communal bond that holds seventy millions together as no provincial bond has hitherto done. It has, in fact, given more to the outlying provinces of India than it has taken from them.

That ubiquitous body, the All-India Mahomedan Educational Conference, has been the message-bearer of Aligarh, and the results achieved through its efforts, whether in Madras, East Bengal, or far-off Burma, belie the suspicion that Aligarh is provincial. More to the point is the case of Sind. In spite of its administrative connection with Bombay, Sind has remained to all intents and purposes a separate tract of country, and the disparity in the condition of the two portions of the officially united Presidency is illustrated by nothing so well as by a comparison of the educational state of Sind with that of Bombay proper. Whatsoever may have been the feelings of the Government or of the popular leaders of Bombay, it was reserved for Aligarh to come to the rescue of Sind and hold a session of the Educational Conference at Karachi in 1907.

In saying this we mean no disparagement of the Moslem leaders of Bombay. Most of them are, in fact, as much part and parcel of Aligarh as any inhabitant of the United Provinces. All we mean to emphasize is the fact that the instrument used for the uplifting of backward Sind was not forged in the provincial smithy of Bombay, but in the communal smithy of Aligarh, in which all the leading Mussalmans of all the provinces of India share the labour. So natural does it now seem to the Mussalmans of different provinces to look up to Aligarh for the solution of their local and provincial difficulties that they press their invitations on the Conference; and the Mussalmans of the Central Provinces were indeed most indignant last year, when it was suggested that the Conference should hold its 1910 session at Allahabad. If the proposed University is only to be an extension of Aligarh and its many benefits, the first result of the Aga Khan's success would be the creation of more educational missionaries, like the Old Boys of that College, who would take back to their respective provinces the altruistic zeal and educational ardour of Aligarh life. Can we doubt then that in helping the University Movement, "the shrewd men of business, like those who form the backbone of the Mahomedan community in Bombay" are only helping themselves, indirectly but more effectively, and thus displaying their business acumen? Aligarh, like Oxford, is providing the leaven, and we trust Moslem India would ferment as easily and as well as Great Britain has done. It is for a nursery of the pioneers of education and the missionaries of culture that the Aga Khan is appealing, and those who are misled into the belief that a small town of the United Provinces is to be benefited at the expense of seventy million Moslems are displaying a regrettable incapacity to grasp the true significance of a catholic movement.

The *Times of India* suggests that Bombay should have an Aligarh of its own. But this is easier said than done. Does our contemporary realize the infinite labour, devotion, and self-sacrifice on the part of the founder of Aligarh and his successors that are

embodied in that foundation? Does it again realize how rare it is to discover a Syed Ahmad Khan? We wish there was more of the same labour, devotion, and self-sacrifice, and that we had many more intellectual giants like the sage of Aligarh. And if the movement succeeds, we have no doubt we will in time have the fulfilment of our desires. But vain aspirations will at this moment only help us in frittering away our energies in small enterprises that sadly lack systematic co-ordination. There are not two Oxfords even in England, and we cannot expect to have many Aligarhs in India. The need of the moment is the centralization of educational efforts, and after a decade or two decentralization is sure to come.

The *Times of India* believes that a living University must be "built upon a widely diffused Collegiate System," but it has evidently ignored the history of education in England itself. The living University of Oxford was not built upon a widely diffused Collegiate System, but on the contrary, itself created that system. As the founder of Aligarh said, he has sown a seed so that from it "there may spring up a mighty tree whose branches, like the banyan of the soil, shall in their turn strike firm roots into the earth and themselves send forth new and vigorous saplings." Our contemporary would seem to wish to invert the natural order of things in its desire to have the saplings before the tree. *Quot rami tot arbores.* The tree would send forth the branches, and the branches would be trees again; and a great and living institution would thus go on reproducing itself in its progeny.

It is sometimes suggested that Aligarh is very distant. So it is. But Baghdad and Cordova were still more distant, and yet a stream of mendicant scholars trudging on foot flowed incessantly towards those oceans of culture and learning. If such was the case in those distant days, are Mussalmans to be kept back to-day from sending their sons to Aligarh, because a comfortable railway train takes them to it within a few dozen hours from the most distant corner of India? All roads will lead one day to Aligarh, as all roads led in the best days of Islam to Cordova and Baghdad. As it is, the attraction of Aligarh is such that a thousand students already live there, and half a thousand come to it from every part of India and sometimes from beyond the confines of India. It is a great pity that half of these have to be turned back because there is not sufficient money in hand to provide more accommodation. Is Aligarh then to provide for needs that have already arisen and are knocking at its door incessantly, or is it to think of the inconvenience of those that do not yet regard the distance as an inconvenience? We must cross the rivers that we come to, but the river referred to by those who talk of distance is itself yet very distant.

Finally, we should like to answer the question of the *Times of India* by another. Has not the Moslem Baronet of Bombay contributed generously for Mahomedan education already? We should like to know how the Bombay Government proposes to benefit the Mussalmans of Bombay out of Sir Currimbhoy's donation. Again, what became of the generous scheme of that energetic and generous compatriot of ours, the Hon'ble Mr. Fazulbhoy? If the Government of Bombay had been a shade busier in providing for Moslem Education on the lines agreeable to the Moslems, even if only from Moslem donations, than in formulating ideal schemes of its own, and explaining the paucity of Mussalmans in the administration by referring to their educational backwardness, the Mussalmans of Western India would not have had to wait so long for the first great step in their school education. One word more to the Mussalmans of Bombay. If in the last few years Aligarh has been narrowing the circle of workers, the strongest opponents of this evil policy have been the Old Boys of Aligarh itself. A new policy has already been initiated by Nawab Vigar-ul-Mulk Bahadur, the present Secretary of the Aligarh Trustees, and the best support that can be offered to him and to those who are with him in his desire to enlarge the circle of workers, is the ardent support of the proposed University. This is the opportunity of the Province.

Poetry.

Hafiz.

(FROM THE DIVAN—ODE 34.)

1. GIVE my breast a rose for dower,
Give my hand a cup of wine,
Let my own beloved shower
Over me her charms divine.
Though o'er all the world thou'st power,
Sultan, thou'rt a slave of mine!
2. Here the candles need not render
Their dim light a trivial boon,
All such rays we can surrender,
For into th' assembly soon
Comes our Love in all the splendour
Of her beauty, like the moon.
3. No stern rules of ours deny us,
Ruby tribute of the vine.
There is but one law to tie us,
Thou with cypress form divine!
Rose-like maiden must be nigh us,
Or we may not taste the wine.
4. Attar elsewhere oft caresses,
With its fragrance many a heart,
We need none, for of thy tresses
Just the veriest tips impart
Perfume that our fond souls blesses,
When with us belov'd thou art.
5. Hark the vocal reed rejoices,
Hark the Harp makes melody,
And I hear their tuneful voices,
And thy ruby lips I see.
And my hand the wine cup poises,
Thou and wine and song for me!
6. Where is sugar's boasted sweetness,
Nay, such sweets who'll now employ.
Thou canst only, such their fleetness,
For an instant them enjoy
But thy ruby lips' completeness
Of sweet blessing is my joy.
7. Since grief for thee, like a treasure,
Occupied my ruined mind,
In the tavern is my pleasure,
Here alone my place I find
To this corner here the measure
Of my days is now resigned.
8. Lo! my brain with madness dances,
And the cup comes oft to me,
And I long for thy sweet glances,
Profligate the moments flee.
In this city from such chances
Tell me prithee who is free.
9. Shame thou nam'st in accents chiding,
Why? From that comes my good name,
What the wise are ever hiding,
To the lover is his fame.
With the wise renown is biding,
To the lover 'tis his shame.
10. Hafiz, why a moment linger,
From thy lov'd one and the wine,
Lo! thou seest summer's finger
In the rose and jessamine.
Cometh, too, Id Siyam, bringer
Once again of fruits benign.

The Indian Mussalman: A Study.

II. RELIGION.

It is generally conceded that the strongest point of the Mussalman is his religion, and that however receptive he may be in matters of social and political significance, when it comes to the question of his religious beliefs, he displays an unyielding tenacity that verges on fanaticism. To the Mussalman, religion represents something more than a cut and dried system of theological platitudes. It permeates his whole life and supplies him with motive power for action in many walks of his mundane existence. Take away his religion from the Mussalman, and you close for him the fountain-head of his inspiration. All that is distinctive in his character, his strong aversions, and pet prejudices, he owes to Islam; and with Islam as his guide, he walks the high-way of life; and at his journey's end, he lays himself down to die in the sure belief of finding a place in Islam's paradise. Admit into the fraternity of Islam the cringing, fawning, specimens of weak humanity, and surely you add to their life a novel spiritual significance. Indeed their metamorphosis is as a "birth from darkness into light," as it was in the case of the impetuous sons of the Arab desert, when in the stillness of star-lit nights, or in the midst of busy throngs, they listened, till they were overpowered, to the inspired exposition of the eternal laws of man's God from the quivering lips of God's Prophet.

It will be idle, for our purposes, to indicate the possible causes of the enthusiastic adherence of the Mussalmans to their religion. We are here concerned with it so far as it has been susceptible to the changes that have overtaken the Mussalmans. The casual observer and the orthodox Mussalman, the one from ignorance of real facts and the other from a deep-rooted conviction that Islam, with all its accretions and paraphernalia, constitutes a permanent, unassailable, and perfected contribution to religious thought, agree in believing that the jars and shocks accompanying the contact with the West have signally failed to dislocate Islam, or to jeopardise the organic unity of Islamic religious life. While it is true that any distinctly and avowedly heretical bent has not been much *en evidence* among the followers of Islam in India, yet the fact cannot be gainsaid that, among the vast class of its youthful adherents, a willing acquiescence in its injunctions, particularly those relating to regular daily prayers and fasting, is much at a discount. There are some among them, however, who profess a belief in the principles underlying the Islamic behests regarding prayer, fasting, and all the rest, but plead the unfavourable character of modern circumstances as an extenuation of the proverbial difference between theory and practice. It is notorious, too, that in cases where coercion is brought into requisition to enforce belief and practice, it defeats its own purpose, and more often than not hardens into the implacable aversion of manhood the impotent vindictiveness of undeveloped reason and immature conscience.

To make the lukewarm adherence on the part of present-day Mussalmans to the formalities of their religion the basis for the assumption that Islam, as a living religious system, *enforcing* voluntary belief and generating spontaneous fervour among its adherents, is nearing a fatal bankruptcy, will only be misleading. The significant fact should not also be lost sight of that Muslims, though not quite so punctilious in the ceremonial observance of their religion, display unabated enthusiasm in defending on all occasions the spiritual superiority of their faith, take pride in their membership of the religion of "the last of the messengers of God," and indulge, on the platform, in newspapers, or in the pages of books, in frenzied encomia on what they term the most catholic and the least abstruse religion in the whole world. The paradoxical position of cold indifference with regard to the actual observance of religious duties on the one hand, and of enthusiastic belief in the source of their authority on the other, will perhaps be easily understood, if the curious collision of opposite forces, of which India in a limited, and Asia in a general sense, provide the scene to-day, is taken into consideration.

It is not for the first time in the history of Islam that it has to measure its strength with forces of no mean antecedents. Students of Saracenic history must be conversant with the epoch-making contact of Islam with Hellenic culture in the Abbaside Caliphate. The Græco-Islamic conflict of the ninth and tenth centuries of the Christian era is analogous, if not in its political at least in its intellectual bearings, to the Anglo-Islamic conflict of to-day. The phenomenal growth of the Saracenic Empire had brought within its pale countries governed by Byzantine Greeks. Islam had pushed its boundaries to the very gates of the City of Constantine, which was the epitome of all that was most enduring and noble in the culture inaugurated in the dim beginnings of Hellenic civilization by Plato and Aristotle. The conquerors of the quondam empires of Alexander and Constantine, the surging hosts of Saracenic manhood, drank deep at the fountains of Greek learning, and carried to Baghdad in the East and Cordova in the West the valued traditions of Hellenic intellectualism. Averroes introduced the world to the treasures of Nicomachean philosophy; while Avicenna, in the cloisters of Nishapur, propounded his theories of Neo-Platonism and "active" intellect, which have played so important a part in the philosophical speculation of mediæval times. Starting on its career of conquest from the bleak desert of Arabia, the religion of Muhammad within a few centuries took out of the hands of the Greeks the intellectual leadership of the world. The multiplication of responsibilities necessitated a studious process of self-inspection. Muslim *savants* were brought face to face with a crisis that was to be the supreme test of the vitality of their religion, and was to decide once for all if it was destined to occupy an abiding and predominant place among the religious systems of the world. Great world-faiths, emerging from hidden and unknown *habitats*, roll on majestically, like mighty glaciers, through centuries, swamping in their onward course nationalities and kingdoms, and imparting uniformity to the diversities of thought and culture. Oftener, supplanted systems gather into gigantic avalanches, and at intervals precipitate themselves into the track with tremendous force perceptible even to remote generations, either to choke for all time to come the onward march of the glacier, or to be incorporated into it so as to lead it, with the added momentum, to the "far-off, divine event" which is, as the philosopher avers, the happy consummation of the constant commotion of the soul.

Good Mussalmans need not be ashamed that in those fateful centuries of conflict and struggle, Islam, while successfully avoiding the loss of its individuality, incorporated in its being the eclectic dogmas and tenets, which, under favourable circumstances, blossomed forth into "Mu'tazilism," the cult of the free-thinkers of Islam. The Mu'tazilite school of Islamic thought represents the most successful attempt at rationalising theology. By vehemently opposing the doctrine of predestination, the Mu'tazilites brought Islam on a par with the most advanced philosophy; while by clothing human will with freedom, and human actions with responsibility, they did yeoman service to the cause of national progress, and postponed for some time that stagnation and lassitude which followed in the wake of the later recrudescence of an anti-rationalistic spirit. If Mu'tazilism had been allowed to guide the steps of Islam, and the Mussalman mind had continued to find in the Mu'tazilite teacher its intellectual preceptor, the supremacy which Islam had acquired in the field of thought would have remained unimpaired to this day, and the vaunted superiority of Occidental culture would have appeared more indisputably to be the reflection of the genius of Islam. That was the most inauspicious day for Islam when Hasan-al-Ash'ari, the leading Mu'tazilite of his age, deserted from the ranks of the "parusans of divine justice and divine unity", and made common cause with the opposing faction of Muslim theologians. Henceforward, the tide turned against the devoted band of the rationalists till they were, to all intents and purposes, wiped out of existence.

History has repeated itself in India once more with striking precision. Indocctrinated with the principles of the nationalistic culture of the West, Mussalmans find themselves confronted with the problems their Mu'tazilite progenitors solved for them centuries ago. The scene which was enacted on the banks of the Euphrates awaits rehearsal to-day, perhaps on a grander scale, on the banks of the Ganges. The serried ranks of foes which Islam dispersed stand once again in battle array, and curious spectators ask in whispers if Islam will brandish the sword of Reason again and court triumph once more. Perhaps long disuse has turned rusty the brilliant steel of yore, or long lassitude has stricken with palsy the arms of the children of rationalist martyrs. Perhaps not. The disheartening inertia might be the calm of self-possession. The cautious approach might be the portent of deep seriousness. But, lo! warriors appear in the field. The ranks fill up, and in the compact front of youthful breasts, we read easily the signs of victory, and in the brandishments of re-burnished steel and amidst the deep murmur of hushed voices, we seem to catch the war-cry of the sons of Islam—"NEO-MU'TAZILISM."

GHULAM AMBIA K. LUHANI.



Selection.

Opium.

A SENSIBLE communication on the opium question appeared in a recent issue of the *Times*. It is valuable because of the effort made to put the facts fairly and without passion before the public. Sentimentalists of all shades have ever been prone to catch fire when opium is mentioned, and the sympathies of everybody who has looked into the question must be largely with them. It has been one of the most lamentable outcroppings of our connection with India that the British Government there should have had to depend so largely upon the revenue drawn from sales of Indian grown and prepared opium to the people of China. This is true, and yet the difficulties are extreme in the way of putting an end to a detestable trade, fully as great as would present themselves were our teetotalers in this country to try to sweep away all disilleries, breweries, and public-houses throughout the kingdom at one swoop. All manner of interests have arisen in connection with the trade, and chief among them the interests of the innocent Indian cultivator. Were the Simla Government to yield to the demands of the extremists who agitate for a complete stoppage of the sale of the Indian drug to China, many hundreds of thousands of innocent cultivators in India would be plunged into destitution. The best thing to be hoped for is that the traffic will be gradually diminished, as arranged between the Indian and Chinese Government some years ago, but even that hope is not very strong if it be true, as the writer in the *Times* states, that in some parts of the Chinese Empire the cultivation of the opium poppy is extending, and that monopolies are even sought, if not granted, for the production of the drug in China itself. Moreover, and this is a new and most important point, it appears that the supply of morphine preparations of opium imported by the Chinese comes from London, so that if we are to destroy the Indian opium industry, the British manufacturers of morphine must be led by the heels as well. The problem, in other words, is full of difficulties, and altogether incapable of an offhand solution.

(The Investors' Review.)

SON: "Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?"

PA: "It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals, or on equality with him, so that they will have no prejudice against him."

SON: "Then, Pa, I suppose you'd have to be tried by a jury of baldheaded men."



Sir Ali Baba, K. C. B. Twenty-one Days in India.

By GEORGE R. ABERIGH-MACKAY.
(Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.)

THE eighth edition of Aberigh-Mackay's *Twenty-one Days in India* is now issued by Messrs. Thacker, Spink & Co., more than thirty years after the publication of his letters in *Vanity Fair*, yet their humour is as fresh as ever. Ali Baba had selected such typical people for his three weeks' sojourn that interest in their doings could not be easily dissipated in a single generation. But what makes these sketches a joy for ever is the brilliance of the humour, and still more so the truth underlying it. There is not only banter and fooling, but a masterly analysis of human nature as it shows itself in people so far apart as the Political Agent and the Babu, the Secretary to Government and the Eurasian.

These are not merely individuals but institutions, and it seems, like the poor, will always be with us. It is true the Planter and the Old Colonel are practically gone, and as Ali Baba had hoped, the Civil Surgeon has changed, to the great relief of his clients, and is a spick and span scientist smelling of lavender and peppermint rather than the cow-buffalo sort of man of the seventies. The Collector is also changing, and taking the dulshade of grey which is typical of the Secretariat, and the Viceroy, the Great Ornamental, is something more than a Presence to be felt rather than seen, floating loosely, and diffusing the fragrance of smile and pleasantry. But the Political Agent is still the same, a curious product of the Indian bureaucracy meant only for Indian consumption, and incapable of existence beyond Aden. And the Red Chaprassie is just the same sort of Scarlet-runner in the verandahs of the mighty that he ever was, and perhaps the crack of Doom would still find him on a salary of seven rupees living overtly at the rate of a thousand.

Does not the same relationship exist to-day between the Secretary and the Collector, the Government being, like the man of the Bishop of Bombay's definition, an automaton plus the mirror of consciousness, in which the Secretaries provide the consciousness and the Collector acts as the automaton?

Whether changed or the same, the people portrayed by Aberigh-Mackay still afford delight to those that know where to get an intellectual treat. Here's a description of the Viceroy:—

"I never tire of looking at a Viceroy. He is a being so heterogeneous from us! He is the centre of a world with which

he has no affinity. He is a varied prophet. He who is the axis of India, the centre round which the Empire rotates, is absolutely and necessarily withdrawn from all knowledge of India. He knows no syllable of any Indian tongue, no race or caste or mode of Indian life is known to him, all our delightful provinces of the sun that lie off the railway are to him an undiscovered country; Ghebers, Moslems, Hindus blend together in one indistinguishable dark mass before his eye."

How exquisite is the description of the A.D.C., standing in doorways and stroking his moustache, wholly pre-occupied with—himself.

"He tows up rajas and stands in the offing. His attitude towards rajas is one of melancholy reserve. He will perform the prescribed observances, if he cannot approve of them. Indeed generally he disapproves of the Indian people, though he condones their existence."

Again, inimitable are the brilliant flashes of humour in describing the four aspects of the A.D.C., according as he is dressed in "the full summer sunshine and bloom of scarlet and gold," the dark frock-coat and belt, the evening tail-coat turned down with light blue and adorned with the Imperial arms on gold buttons, or "the quiet disguises of private life." The satellite of Jupiter in full-dress, who is but an aerolite from some distant universe, travelling visions of paradise, when in frock-coat, becomes only a fire balloon in the tail-coat, and is no more than the mere stick of a rocket in mufti. Who—but the C-in-C.—has not read with a mirth rare on such occasions the description of the Commander-in-Chief's death:—

"When the Commander-in-Chief dies, the spirits of a thousand Beethovens sob and wail in the air, dull cannon roar slowly out their heavy grief; silly rifles gibber and chatter demoniacally over his grave; and a cocked hat, emptier than ever, rides with the mockery of despair on his coffin."

It is, however, curious to read in the elucidations wisely given at the end of the book a long description of Sir Charles Napier and his work as Commander-in-Chief to prove that the revolver under the pillow of the Government of India is loaded. Surely K. of K. has upset all the old theories about a C-in-C. being the most beautiful article of social upholstery. The prestige of the Army will not suffer, and Mr. Gokhale will not force retrenchment more than he has already done if the amusing scenes of Ali Baba's days when a C-in-C. visited a great Cantonment under a salute of seventeen guns are

republished, without the doings of the Conqueror of Sind as a offset, for the amusement of a very dull world.

The Archdeacon of Aberigh-Mackay, the recognised guardian of public morality, kept busy by the hill-captains and the "semi-detached wives," a man of both worlds, not wholly of "the ecclesiastical sex," the man who can preach a good sermon—and has been heard to preach it many a time—is a portrait in Ali Baba's gallery of which the paint looks as fresh as the perennial sermon.

How cleverly is the Secretary to the Government drawn. "He was the clever man of his year. He was so clever when he first came out that he could never learn to *ride* or speak the language, and had to be translated to the Provincial Secretariat." The Secretary is sinful, but "he has never really graduated in sin at all; he has only sought the degree of sinner *honoris causa*. He never had enough true vitality or enterprise to sin as a man ought to sin, if he does sin." How exquisitely are the functions of the Secretary described. "His mind is one of the many dense and refractive mediums through which the Government of India looks out upon India." If the Hon'ble Mr. Meston is to be believed, the Secretary, in writing minutes and notes, still "feels bound to cover an area of paper proportionate to his own opinion of his own importance," in spite of all the proud boasts of Lord Curzon.

Is the Baboo *thelf* still a subject for tears, or something very different? He has waxen fat with new religions, music, painting, *Comédie Anglaise*, and scientific discoveries as Ali Baba predicted, and is perhaps kicking with those developed legs of his and has ceased to be a joke. It is no more "the patent leather shoes, the silk umbrellas, and the ten thousand power English words and phrases, and the loose shadows of English thought" merely. The Baboos are no more the Aunt Sallics they were in the seventies for all the world to sling a jibe at, and have already passed out of the province of Ali Baba and into the columns of serious reflection. Would it do to cite the case of Caliban, as the elucidator has done, and put into the Baboo's mouth the reproach,

"You taught me language; and my profit on't

"Is, I know how to curse."

This brings us to the reflection that Aberigh-Mackay was more than a society wit. He was also a seer, and had in addition the tenderest of hearts that ever beat in an Anglo-Indian bosom. In "Baby In Partibus" the pathos is as sincere as the laughter in the Political Agent; but the sketch that would most appeal to an Indian is that of the Raja. "Do not turn this beautiful temple of ancient days into a mere mill for decrees and budgets; but sweep it and purify it and render it a fitting shrine for the homage and tribute of antique loyalty."

The Twenty-one Days are such a charming collection that one finds a new delight with each fresh reading. After all, that is the great test of a classic work, and that phrase is not inappropriate for Ali Baba's reflections.

Some selections from later writings have been added as an appendix. The following is a good specimen. It is a description of one of the many persons the writer wishes to avoid.

"She was rather nice-looking once, and I amused myself with fancying that I loved her. She was to me the summer pilot of an empty heart unto the shores of nothing. It was then that I acquired that facility in verbalisation which has since so often helped to bind a book, or line a box, or serves to curl a maiden's locks. She learned rooms of those verses by heart, and still repeats them. Her good looks and my illusions have passed away; but those verses—those thrice accursed verses remain. How they mangle my ears tingle. How they burn my cheeks! Will time, which you, never impair her infernal memory?"

We are sorry we are not much in love with the illustration of Mr. George Dalry of Calcutta. The Indian illustration of Raven-Hill have spent in. But we have seen that the painting Red Chapparde before, and the towers of the Eurasian at half-mast are delightful. The portrait of the Eurasian is indeed worthy of that great Hyphen between the Anglo and the Indian!



Anecdote.

A propos of his travelling experiences, Mr. Moss, the European Emigration Commissioner of the Canadian Northern Railway, relates an amusing story of a crusty old officer who was pacing up and down a railway platform. The train was late.

"How long before the next train arrives?" he queried of a porter.

"Twenty minutes, sir," replied the man.

More pacing. Twenty minutes later the officer approached another station man.

"How long before the next train is expected?" he asked again.

"Twenty minutes, sir," was the reply.

"A porter told me that nearly half-an-hour ago," thundered the officer

"Well," objected the imperturbable one, "how many more times do you want telling?"

THE late Sir Henry Irving did not know the value of money to himself, but knew its value to others—a fact illustrated by a story told by Sir John Hare at the unveiling of a statue to the famous actor. Not long before his death he was playing a three-nights' engagement in an unpretentious Midland town. It was his habit to drive nightly to the theatre (a very short distance from his hotel) in the same dilapidated fly, the fare a shilling. The conveyance was shabby, the driver old, poor, and worn-out. At the conclusion of the engagement, on entering the hotel, Irving said to the landlord, "Have you paid the cabman?" "Yes, Sir Henry." "What did you give him for himself?" "I gave him half a crown, Sir Henry." "Give him a sovereign," was the rejoinder; "he drives very well, and he doesn't drive often."

IT IS, of course, well known that Mr. John Burns, the President of the Local Government Board, spent some weeks in prison in the early days of his career as a result of his prominence in labour wars, and it is in connection with that experience that he recently told the following amusing story. "I was once," he said, "for the benefit of my health, interned in a building somewhat monastic in character, with a celibate population, and with cellular accommodation which enabled me to be alone. There was there one book called the Bible, and I noticed that my predecessor was a great student of it. With a pin which had probably been concealed in his oakum he had picked comments in the margin. Opposite this passage in Jeremiah, 'Mine heart within me is broken; all my bones shake; I am like a drunken man, and like a man whom wine hath overcome,' he had picked, 'Cheer up, Jeremiah!'"

THE House of Commons has had many men of great stature, but the tallest of them all was probably Sir Frederick Milnes, of whom the following story is told. When he and Sir Frank Lockwood once met at a public dinner, the baronet asked his hearers that Sir Frank was going to caricature him. "It is perfectly true," answered Lockwood, himself a man of 6 ft. 6 in., "that I contemplated issuing a portrait of my worthy friend, but owing to his great length, it would have to come out in parts, and I had misgivings as to getting subscribers."

CORRESPONDENCE



Imagination.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

The *Punjabee* of Lahore is evidently very wroth with the Mussalmans. The subject of Hindu-Moslem differences is one which requires careful handling, and no purpose can be served by indicting a whole community and slandering its leaders. You may argue with your opponents and bring them round, but they will not love you if you chide them. The *Punjabee* has taken early steps to destroy the effect, so far as it is concerned at any rate, of the Allahabad rapprochement. How will this do for an overture to Mussalmans, "It was Syed Ahmad Khan who drew away his followers from the Congress with the object of pleasing the authorities." Evidently the *Punjabee* has much to learn about that Dictator of Moslem India and his unbending nature. It is occasionally suggested by Congress politicians that Sir Auckland Colvin captured the Syed and used him for his own purposes against the Congress. Well, they are both dead, but if the late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces were alive, he could tell the Congressmen what a Tartar he had caught in the despot of Aligarh. Lord MacDonnell is, however, still alive and perhaps the Congress has still some faith in him. And if Lord MacDonnell is known for one thing more than another, it is for his masterfulness. The *Punjabee* may ask the ex-Lieutenant-Governor for a character of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, whom he came to consult at Aligarh about certain plague regulations. The reply of Sir Syed Ahmad did not accord well with the character of "Your most obedient and humble servant", which your contemporary believes he was. This is a matter of history. I would also refer the *Punjabee* to some writings of Sir Syed on the subject of the Punjab University which some people wished to make a purely Oriental University. Well, if written to-day, those articles would receive the careful attention of the law officers of the Crown, though no sensible man would attribute seditious motive to them.

The *Punjabee* says that the leaders of Mussalmans "will not allow the Hindus to come into contact with them at any point." What about the desire of the Mussalman leaders to bring Mussalmans into touch with the Hindus in the offices of Government, in the local bodies, and the legislatures? We hope the Lahore paper will see that they are allowed to come into contact with the Hindus in the various branches of the administration and induce Hindus not to object to a larger representation of the Mussalmans in the Councils than their numerical share permits. Having been out of touch for long, there is something in their desire to make up for lost time!

Addressing the Mussalmans, your contemporary says, "You feel it to be beneath your dignity to be bracketed with Hindus over whom you once ruled." Well, it seems there is a little too much of imagination about the *Punjabee's* views.

UNITED INDIA.

Selections.

Oblique Gratitude.

A GREAT deal of indirect gratitude is given in the world, though not so much as is expected. A short time ago the present writer desired to raise the wages of a boy employed in his garden, and spoke of his intention to the gardener, who deprecated it instantly, "I would not do it, Sir," said he. "You raised his wages last year, and he hasn't appreciated me one bit the better for it." The story, though it savours of caricature, is typical of a not uncommon attitude of mind. Gratitude is a thing greatly coveted, and many not otherwise bad people try to steal it. They do not mean to do wrong. They are often led astray by *esprit de corps*. They identify themselves with their employers, and the more generous they are with other people's goods, the more gratitude they expect for themselves. Or in another class of life they identify themselves with their own ancestors, and expect, in investment which was paid off long ago still to yield a dividend. Other people again, identify themselves with all those in whose good work they feel an interest. They admire reformers of all sorts, and they think that they themselves should receive a reformer's reward. They feel warmly towards all those who work among the poor: sometimes they give a very little money to help them, and they are aggrieved that an oblique ray of gratitude does not reach them in return for their indirect goodwill. Even when their sympathy does not go the length of intellectual agreement, far less of any sacrifice, they think in their heart of hearts that it should be acknowledged. "I am sure I sympathise with the poor," they say. "I quite understand any one being a Socialist, although, of course, I am a Conservative; but I must say I do not think the poor in the least realise how truly one wishes them well. Certainly in the neighbourhood of the great towns they are wonderfully independent and ungrateful." This is a common sentiment within a thirty-mile radius of London, and is often heard in suburban trains. The reason, that men so often refuse their gratitude where they should give it, is that they are so vexed and puzzled by false demands upon it. Every one implicated in the conferring of a benefit hopes for a little gratitude, but the benefit, unless it be a very great one, cannot yield so many profits, and the recipient in the end refuses to pay.

Nevertheless there is plenty of indirect gratitude freely given in the world. Many persons enjoy it who have never earned it. "Unearned increment" is a phrase which applies in the moral as well as the physical world. Bread cast upon the waters is found by those who never put it there.

A few very happy and lucky people seem to feel gratitude towards the world at large. They have basked in the full sun, and their hearts are warm through. They are entirely without self-interest, chiefly no doubt because circumstances have removed from them all temptation to it. Good fortune tends to magnanimity, there is no doubt of it. When our grandfathers felt specially thankful they considered the sorrows of other men, and thanked God they were not in like case, though even less deserving. The same expression of feeling is still to be heard among the uneducated. Something of the sort seems instinctive. The cultivated nowadays make merry over such sentiment, but it has some sort of natural and true root. It is right that people who are chosen to be joyful should give thanks. It is right that they should be mindful of those born to adversity. It is right that they should remember that their good luck has nothing to do with merit. But as soon as they begin to harmonise their separate right feelings and to philosophise about them they become pharisaical and ridiculous. There is hardly any one to-day, unless he be incapable of any feeling whatever, who, has not, no matter what his social and political convictions, been stirred to the depths of his nature by a sense of injustice as he considered the fearful inequalities of what we may call man-controlled fate. That one man should be strong and another weak is a fact we have learned to accept, it is an "act of

God." But there are moments when one man's want, in the light of another's superfluity, seems well-nigh unbearable. It is a curious comment upon human nature that the emotion, though apparently as intense as any other, seldom produces sacrifice. The fact is susceptible of many explanations. Reason has probably as much as selfishness to say to the matter. The great majority feel it in early life and forget it. The fruit of the emotion in a few persons is bitterness, in others it is benevolence. Some men never lose the distress of conscience which no reason can allay. Others thankfully accept the situation when once the momentary pain is over, and never try to reason about it; but a glow of kindness towards the worse off arises in their hearts, and an incapacity to feel towards them anything but benevolence, anything indeed but excuse, a sensation of gratitude—they do not know towards whom—which actuates them in their dealings with the world. Every one has a claim on them. They do not ask why; they act upon an inner assurance.

It is strange to what an extent some dominant persons expect gratitude from those whom they rule simply on the ground that they are rulers. Their dominion pleases them; they love authority, they would hate any position but one at the top. What right, then, have they to ask more amenity from life than what has fallen to their share? Why should they receive gratitude for doing as they like? It may be due to them on many other scores, but surely not on that. Again, it is, we think, a weak sign when spokesmen of a dominant race reproach their dark inferiors with want of gratitude. It is too much to expect. No set of people can be grateful for discipline until long after they have outgrown it, and even then their gratitude takes as a rule the form of philosophy, and is felt to be due directly to Providence, Who has led them by dark paths to the light. The slightest suggestion of humiliation kills gratitude. To do away with that suggestion is to give up dominion. A natural pride makes all individuals and all nations desire to govern themselves, even when in their best moments they know that such a freedom would be disastrous

(Spectator.)

The Aga Khan's Scheme.

THE scheme propounded by His Highness the Aga Khan for developing the Anglo-Mahomedan College of Aligarh into a great centre of Moslem Scholarship may have far-reaching consequences if realised. We are too prone to look upon the followers of the Prophet as irretrievably reactionary. Islamic culture was at its zenith when Europe was wallowing in barbarism. Western civilisation owes much to the arts and learning of the Saracen Kingdoms. That the positions have been reversed is not to say that the change is for all time. The East has gone to sleep for centuries, but the progress of the West is slowly permeating it. The example of Japan has made a lasting impression throughout the Oriental world. The Aga Khan is himself a type of what the enlightened Moslem may rise to. Exercising a sacrosanct influence over a vast section of Mahomedans, he has absorbed Occidental ideals and is ready to lead the van in the intellectual emancipation of his followers. Nor need we fear the effects of that emancipation upon Indian Moslems. They are the staunchest supporters of the Raj, and would be found upon our side should serious trouble threaten the Empire

(The Outlook.)

The Weather Instinct.

THE outward signs of the possession of an instinct for weather are plain enough. One is the first action of the day. It is, on getting out of bed, to go at once to the window and see what the wind is. It may not be necessary, indeed, to get out of bed; you can tell the wind if there is a trace to be seen from the window, and there is enough air to turn the leaves; or there may be a chimney within sight and smoke blowing from it; or the observer of winds may even be able, by accident or design, to consult a weathercock without leaving his pillow. A second sign or test of the weather instinct

would be the position in the house assigned to the barometer, if the barometer shrinks into an insignificant corner, if it hides its face when the hall door opens, as do some barometers, the owner of that house dispense little weather wisdom. Barometers deserve, rather, to be admitted from the beginning into the family councils; the morning and evening tapping of the barometer should be, as it were, the shaking of hands with a friend. After the tapping of the barometer, which should probably be hung within reach of the staircase down which the household descends for breakfast, comes the opening of the morning paper. There is only one way for the weatherwise to open a newspaper, he goes straight for the middle and finds out on which page the weather forecast is printed, and then turns immediately to that page without a thought or care for test matches, the German Empire, or General Elections. The final test, the consummation of the activities of the weather instinct, is the consultation of the rain-gauge. Beyond that, mere instinct does not travel. There are other manifestations; but they are acquired rather than instinctive energies. The possessor of a rain-gauge may also own, consult, and chronicle on charts the vagaries of a screened thermometer, dry and wet bulb thermometers, grass thermometers, a sunshine recorder, and an anemometer to measure the force of the winds, but the fortunate owner of these accessories to the leisure of a country house becomes more than merely weather-wise; he attains the dignity of a meteorological expert.

Instinct rightly decides that the first question as regards the day's weather should be of the wind. The wind may decide not only the day's work, but the health and temper of half a household. There are those who can extract a tonic energy from a wind blowing steadily from the East, and it is true, too, that there is a certain brilliance of light which belongs to skies swept clean of clouds as an East wind often sweeps them; but the sunshine has something brassy in its brightness, and the energy inspired can be a little uncertain in temper. Many more minds and bodies wilt and parch in that dry, fierce blast than flourish and work faster in it; it is a wind to fan a flame rather than to cool a fever. It is the hard drought that withers, not the cold only; you get cold with a North wind, but it is a cold in which you can smell the wetness of snow. The North is "dark and true and tender," even if the darkness is of the snow-cloud; but snow on an East wind stings like salt. The wind which has never a hint of a quarrel in it blows from the West. It can be keen and blustering from the North-West, and in these islands it brings most of our rain when it veers to the South, but a wind with any breath of West in it brings with it the needed touch of water.

(Spectator.)



X. X. comes along with an election story which might be useful to candidates. He says that some time ago he attended a political meeting at which the candidate called heaven and earth to witness all the valuable services he had rendered his country. "Gentlemen," he shouted, "I have fought against the Boers. I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the barren veldt till every step has been marked with blood." His story told well till a dried-up looking voter came to the front. "I'll be damned if you hain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

"A—S—, aged thirty-three," we hear, "has escaped from Long Grove Asylum, Epsom." We dare wager we all know which party he voted for.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL was much mistaken if he thought that the release of the Suffragettes would please them. Nearly all, we hear, were angry, but the most aggrieved of them was without doubt the lady who, before attending the court, had let her hair furnished for a month.

Short Story.

The Spell of the Marble Palace.*

I was in the service of His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad and my work had brought me to Barich. It was a lovely spot. The river Shusta went dancing merrily along at the foot of the hills on its way to the forest. On its banks arose a great flight of stone steps more than a hundred in number, which led up to a marble palace, lonely and deserted, standing erect in its loveliness against the green hills. Its domes and turrets of pure white marble gleaming in the sunlight looked like a fairy palace. It had been built more than two hundred years ago by Shah Mahmud the Second for a pleasure-house. No longer did rose-coloured and rose-scented water sparkle from its fountains. No longer did beautiful Persian insidens sit in its cool underground bathing-halls with their feet dipped in its scented baths, their hair unloosened, and the *sitar* in their hands, singing the songs of their grape-laden native vineyards. No more did fairy feet with tinkling music roam over its marble floors, and so it stood, lone and forsaken and, some said, haunted.

The old clerk, Karin Khan, urged me again and again not to stay there, but in the recklessness of youth I laughed at him and resolved to take up my abode in it while my work kept me at Barich. None would however consent to stay there at night, so after my day's work in the village, I walked alone to this marble palace, the scene of love and death, pleasure and suffering, intrigue and folly, in the dead past. The only human being who came near it after dark was one Meher Ali, a mad fakir who walked round and round the palace and through the gardens, uttering the strange cry of "*Tafat jao, tafat jao, jhut hai, jhut hai*" † During the day I worked in the village attended by my munshis and clerks. At sunset and after my night's repast, I came alone to sleep in the palace.

The loneliness of that deserted edifice oppressed me at first, but fatigued by work and a long walk, I slept soundly. Seven nights passed thus. Then a feeling gradually came over me that there was life, living, moving life, in the deserted halls and solitary chambers, and human movement in the cool bathing rooms on the stone steps, and open balconies, and out in the wild grown garden. And this invisible life was drawing me in a mysterious manner towards it.

One evening I seated myself on the lowest of the great flight of steps which was washed by the clear waters of the Shusta. From the opposite bank the wind came sighing, laden with the scent of spices, and played on the waters causing little ripples. As the sun set behind the blue hills in the distance, I heard footsteps above me on the stairs, but on looking up saw no one. Again I heard footsteps; this time as if a number of persons were coming down the steps. I saw nothing, but a spell was on me, and I knew somehow, though my eyes saw not, that a group of merry maidens were running down to the river to bathe. I heard them chasing each other, laughing gaily, as they pushed past me and splashed into its clear waters. I seemed as invisible to them as they were to me. I heard the tinkling of their anklets and bracelets and the sound of water which they threw at each other while sporting in the cool stream. My heart beat wildly, whether with fear, joy, or wonder, I know not. I longed to hear their chatter, to watch their play, but the dark curtain of more than two centuries seemed to hang between me and the unseen dwellers of the place, and I could not lift it. A sudden wind, rippling the waters of the Shusta like a woman's tresses, and rustling through the woods, roused me from my trance. Just then I heard the *fishers* rising from the water, and wringing the ends of their cloths, and then they rushed past me up the stairs laughing merrily. The

wind which had wafted this scene from the past carried all away with it in a long sigh. I was again in the still silence.

The next morning it all seemed a dream or a fancy. I hurried myself to my work, but as the sun set, a restless feeling came over me. Something seemed to call me, to draw me in a strange manner towards the lonely structure by the banks of the Shusta. And before I knew it I had left my office in the village and was on my way back to the palace.

The great flight of steps led to a large hall, upheld by massive pillars inlaid with colored stones and carved in delicate tracery. The floor was of pure white marble with a border of black polished stones. Great arches sculptured in mysterious figures opened out into a beautiful carved balcony. But thick cobwebs hung from wall and ceiling and in the clustered pillars. As I opened the doors of this immense hall, I heard the hum as of a large assemblage breaking up. Men and women seemed to pass hurriedly out of the numerous arched doors.

I gazed in amazement into the apparently empty chamber, and stood rooted to the spot as a faint perfume of *attar* came to me, and the splashing of waters from the fountains reached my ears. The music of the *sitar* and *vina*, the tinkling of anklets, the sound of an unseen crystal chandelier shaken by the breeze, the song of bulbuls from the garden, all made a new world around me. Yet I saw nothing with my human eyes, but only with this new sense, a mysterious power! I lay down and slept. Suddenly I started from my sleep and sat up. The dark Arali hills could be seen through the window, pictured against the moon-lit sky. I felt as if someone was gently pushing me and then beckoning me to follow. Though I could not see, I seemed to know it was a fair hand laden with rings. I rose softly and followed it, going through many secret chambers, long verandahs, spacious halls, tortuous passages, and latticed balconies. I knew somehow my invisible guide was a beautiful Persian woman, and I seemed to see her lovely arms gleaming from the loose sleeves like chiselled white marble. A short sharp dagger was stuck into the belt over the full drawers. A gauze veil hung from her cap over the face through which shone bright coral lips and lovely liquid eyes. It seemed that a night out of the Arabian Nights was being enacted here, and that I was on the way to some perilous adventure.

At last my guide stopped before a dark blue curtain and pointed to the floor. My heart stood still, for there on the bare marble, seated against the curtain, was the huge form of a black Kaffir slave dressed in a rich embroidered robe. His feet were outstretched and a large dagger rested on them. He was dozing. My guide stepped lightly over his legs.

She lifted a corner of the curtain gently. A part of the room covered with a rich Persian carpet was revealed. Two rosy feet encased in gold embroidered slippers, over which a pair of saffron colored drawers fell in loose graceful folds, and which rested on the velvet carpet, could be seen only. In a corner heaped upon a crystal plate were some apples, oranges, pears, and grapes, and by its side two golden cups filled with wine as if awaiting a guest. With my heart beating I too stepped over the feet of the Kaffir slave. He awoke starting up, and a dagger fell with a clang on to the marble floor. A piercing shriek fell on my ears. The scene which I saw not, and yet seemed to see, vanished into the darkness, and I found myself sitting on my camp bed. The dawn had come, and the moon, pale with its night's watching, was ready to depart. Just then I heard Meher Ali's strange words of warning, "*Tafat jao, tafat jao, jhut hai, jhut hai*." It broke the silence and ended my first Arabian Night.

The day brought me into one world and the night took me into another, till I seemed bewitched, and knew not who and where I was. The solitary building held me in its spell till I seemed to belong to it only. I lived only at night; my working, waking days seemed unreal. I changed my costume every night for a Persian nobleman's, robing

* Adapted from the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore with a new ending with the permission of the author of the original story.

† "Let be happy, all is mockery!"

myself in loose flowing robes of embroidered muslin and vests of velvet and brocade. I perfumed myself with *saffron*, and watched and awaited my unseen, unknown visitor. As the night deepened, a fair face looked into mine, or a hand called me away. Sometimes I seemed to see men and women, or hear music or footsteps. But nothing seemed to have an ending. It seemed as if fragments of some wondrous life came floating in with the summer wind, and I saw it acted before me as it fitted through hall and chamber and suddenly vanished into darkness. I wandered about, following its unfinished scenes, for I had a part in each one of them. Sometimes the form of a lovely Persian maiden flitted past, or tender eyes flashed a glance at me and were gone! One night, while standing and completing my gorgeous toilet, the figure of a beautiful maiden was reflected for an instant by my side in the mirror. A pair of large liquid eyes flashed into mine, a look of love and pain and passionate entreaty, the red soft little lips moved faintly, then with a bewitching upward movement of grace and mystery she was gone! A gust of wind coming from the spice-laden woods entered by the window and blew out my two candles. All night a saffron gauze veil fanned my face, a perfumed breath sighed softly around, till exhausted and dazed I fell asleep.

The next morning as I was going out to my office, some one seemed to entreat me not to go. I heeded not and wrapped my scarf round me; a gust of wind coming from the Shusta over the hills blew it away. A mocking laugh mingled with the wind and whirled round and round me till it passed into the silent chambers of the palace. I could not attend office that day.

At night, when I awoke after a short sleep, a low sobbing reached my ears. It seemed to come from below, from under the bed—nay, from under the very foundations of stone. It seemed to sob out to me "Oh thou stranger, rescue me, save me from this cold darkness. Take me on thy swift steed over hill and dale to thy sun-lit fields. Break through this endless dream, this eternal prison, this spell of years, and save me!" In an agony of yearning I answered "Oh thou unknown fair one, how can I rescue thee from fragments of unfinished dreams which come to me night after night! Who art thou, when wast thou, whence camest thou? Who stole thee from thy home under the date trees in the desert? Who rode with thee swiftly, fair one, to the slave market? Who, enamoured of thy charms, oh maid of the desert, brought thee over the seas to this palace of stone, to this wealth in a prison, to this golden captivity? While the Shah sat adorning at thy feet, two Kafir slaves like demons guarded thy chamber—and then, alas! how was thy fair young life cut down in its youth and beauty by a cruel and jealous hand? Oh thou lonely flower of the desert!"

Mad Meher Ali's cry put an end to my ravings, for the night was spent and the spell of the deserted palace gone with it. That day I resolved to quit this palace of witchery and mysterious, living, moving life. I departed with my belongings to my office in the village. As I entered it, a slow smile spread over the features of my old clerk, Karim Khan. But when the evening came the same strange craving came upon me, and before I knew it, I was on my way to the magic palace. With quick eager steps I mounted the stairs and entered. All was dark, silent, and lifeless, and a reproachful sadness seemed to fill the rooms. A great remorse and pity came over me, and I longed to cry out for forgiveness for forsaking it. As I roamed about in silence, two tear drops suddenly fell upon my brow from above!

A storm was rising and the wind rushed into the lone chambers, banging the heavy doors. Standing there in the dark, I suddenly was aware, though I could not see her, that a woman with her face on the carpet was sobbing and tearing her hair. She sat up and tore her bodice and beat her breasts and sobbed.

Oh the agony and pain and misery of her moan! The rain and storm ceased not, the wind howled and moaned, and the woman still sobbed on. I knew not what to do, and roamed about in the darkness in search of the unseen weeping one, longing to comfort

her. But where was she? Wherefore this grief and misery? Suddenly, rising above the rain and storm, Meher Ali's cry "*Tafat jao, tafat jao, jhut hai, jhut hai*" reached my ears. Even in this raging storm, the madman had come to his nightly wanderings round the palace, to utter his mysterious cry of warning.

Then somehow I knew in an instant that Meher Ali had lived in these marble chambers and been under its mysterious spell. He had quitted it bereft of reason, only to return to it night after night, and to wander round it. I rushed out to him in the darkness and storm and cried.

"Where is *jhut*, Meher Ali?"

The madman turned and for a moment peered into my face, then replied in low dreamy tones.

"All within is *jhut*! But once on a time all was real. A Persian maiden, the daughter of a great magician, was brought here to this White Palace and ruled in it as a queen. One night her lord and lover, in a fit of jealous rage, walled her up alive under the foundations of this marble building. Then the magician came and all fell under his wrathful spell. So all who were in it are enchained to its marble halls and chambers."

He ceased for a while, standing erect and motionless in the darkness beside me. With a wild fear at my heart I clutched his arm and said:

"Is there no way to break away from its spell, Meher Ali?"

The madman burst out into a loud maniacal laugh, and pushing me aside, went on his way uttering his strange cry

I turned from this hungering craving palace of marble which seemed to want to devour me in its mysterious grasp. I longed to rush away into the storm and darkness, anywhere from its spell, but I could not. Some strange power drew me back into it. As I entered the hall, I seemed to see even in the pitch darkness the figure of a beautiful woman who knecied at my feet, and with clasped hands looked up into my face in piteous entreaty.

Then she rose and beckoned to me. I followed her silently from chamber to chamber, cut into a balcony, to a little courtyard where stood a little *masjid* built of pure white marble. She stopped at its doorway, and pointing to the floor inside, vanished!

I entered, and saw a large volume of the Koran, white with dust, on a small ebony table. Impelled by the strange power which was moving me, I took it up and opened it. In the black darkness some letters could be seen—luminous—as if written in fire standing out from the page! I fixed my eyes on them, and though a Hindu, chanted forth in an earnest ringing voice the opening verse of the Al-Koran—

"Al Hamdu Lillahi Rabbi Alamin"

(Praised be God, the Creator of the two worlds)

A hundred voices echoed my words from every chamber and hall of that great white palace, till the chant arose above the storm and seemed to rise to the very skies. And wonderful to relate, I felt that the spell which was on me was gone and I was free! I put down the Koran, and with quick steps went back into the palace, through its chambers, down its steps, out into the storm.

Scarcely had I reached the banks of the Shusta, when a blinding flash of lightning caught the domes and turrets of the palace which gleamed for an instant, like pale gold against the Arali hills. A mighty peal of thunder followed it and shook the building to its foundations. Then a terrific noise reached my ears and a flood of darkness blotted out all!

When I awoke to consciousness I was in my office in the village, my limbs bruised and bones broken. They had carried me away in the morning from beside the great white mass of ruin by the banks of the river Shusta.

Thus were the imprisoned spirits set free, and the spell of the marble palace gone forever. Mad Meher Ali was seen no more.

SHIBALATA SEN



The Council.

By THE HON MR. GUP.

"As large a charter as the wind to blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

IMPERIAL Council met on the 24th once more after interval of three weeks. An expectant world anxious to know if it would be a revolution or the greater catastrophe of retrenchment. Honourable Members met in the Council Hall to decide the tremendous issues, the while destinies of the world trembled in the balance. Customary suits of solemn black relieved only by the magenta turban of Mr. Gokhale, scarlet and gold canoe hiding top-knot of Sir Vithaldas, the girlish pink of the headgears of Mud Holkar (as H. E. called him) and Chitnis, and the bright vernal yellow of Maung Bah Too. Curious that the gayest apparel was associated with that part of the Honourable Members' anatomy which should be associated with sobriety, the well-screwed-on heads of the legislators. Only two exceptions to the rule of blackness. Kunwar Sahab looked imposing in a couple of dozen yards of dove-grey silk with gold lace border, and of course the Pandit of Allahabad was in all the innocence of angelic white. The background looked like a flower-bed of large gay-coloured flowers with slender stalks, the flowers being the *Matinee*-um-Council hats of the ladies, the slender stalks the ladies themselves.

After legislators' small talk and scandal, the less important work of Council commenced when A. D. C. announced, in accents of thunder, the advent of H. E. The Hall opened by Wynne of the Railway Board, who with a winking smile, of self-satisfaction laid copy of correspondence on railway rates on table, expectant of applause for the hatching. Next came the questions, and melancholy Madge (not of *Truth*) graciously condescended to withdraw two sent in to the Secretary of Council in a rash moment. Questions and answers went on monotonously, except for the relief afforded by the childish treble of the Raja of Vairi—very difficult name who hailed from Kurupam. And yet, Bhupen Babu says Raja have a preponderating voice in the Council! Sir Guy tired of the dulness and anxious to avoid unlucky question No. 13. When Raja asked of ten-rupee currency notes, Sir Guy, secure in the belief Raja won't know the difference, read out answer to question No. 14 about Proprietary Village Service Cess. Gokhale wound up with No. 23 about cost of sedition, and found it was deuced expensive business.

Questions over, presentations began. Robertson, in the absence of the Administrative Officer, bowed in report of Select Committee on Bill to amend law relating to protection of Inventions and

Designs. Honest people would have thought Inventions already too well protected, and Council would put in a bill for the better suppression of falsehood and perjury. About Designs, funny that Samitis should be closed on the one side, and Government should extend patronage and protection to Designs on the other. Sandow Second, the Strong Man of the Council, ushered report on Bill to amend law relating to registration of Criminal Tribes. The Honourable Cross-Bencher, with his questions on registration of tribes and castes in coming Census, expected to demand inclusion of said Criminal Tribes in pale of Hinduism, and Honourable Moslem Leaguers to protest against the same. But none seemed to be in hurry to claim the irreclaimable. Bootlair Sahab, always with an eye on the cellar, brought in law about Indian port. Wynne, with another smile, not satisfied with the previous mending, wanted the further mending of the Tramways and presented Report of his Select Committee, no member of which had ever condescended to ride in a Tramcar. Sir Robert read out long report on bill to amend law relating to the Government of His Majesty's Indian Forces. Knew the Indian Forces had a short-lived Government. But that was in '57. Now, it seems, Sir Robert, disgusted with Babu Rule, has turned to the Army and formed a Government of his own.

Mud Holkar resolved not to ask the Council to resolve anything just yet about technical instruction, so Chitnis roused himself to send Council to sleep with resolution on C. P. settlements. A democrat in pronunciation, he collected all the accents in his printed speech, and sent them forth without any warrant of precedence. "Secondly," "occured," "MacDonnel," "undeveloped," "economic" and many others, ignored the snobbery of English accent, and the accents following Lady Macbeth's advice, "Stand not upon the order of your going", and hustled and pushed each other for an early exit. Fuller, had he been here, would have again threatened to resign after hearing his name pronounced as Bamfyldee. But it was cruel to play the variation and call him Bamfled. However, Chief Secretary of C. P. was in good company, for Sir Alexander's surname of Mackenzie was made to rhyme with Chimpanzee. Special regard seemed to be shown for the ex-Viceroy, "Lord Curzon my Lord," making it difficult to recognise whether second "Lord" was vocative or case in apposition. Meantime, Advocate-General, with closed eyes, revolved in his mind what epithet to use next for Hon. K. B. Dutt in Midnapur case, and Sir Douglas Haig with a courage meriting a V. C. on the spot, interrupted debate

With something suspiciously like starting, Chinnis evidently anticipated inattention, for before "restraining" his seat begged "to invite Your Excellency's attention in conclusion." He cared not what happened earlier.

Up rose the Note of Interrogation, and complimenting himself on local knowledge "asoomed" many things. With fatal partiality for a pun, talked of the 'wrong notion of right,' and having a *poussant* for higher economics, quoted Ricardo, and defiantly looked at Government benches, as if fully prepared to meet Ricardo if he dared to get up from official ranks to contradict his own economic assertions.

Carlyle, the new Sage of Chelsea, gave Council some Reflections on Indian Land Revenue, and a hopeful remark was appreciated by cheery Chinnis with a loud tap on the table in front of him. The Sage, afraid of the safety of the whole loaf, bribed Chinnis with half of it, and the representative of famine-stricken C. P. grabbed at it with intense avidity and called upon the Sage to accept amended Resolution. Bargain closed with mutual compliments and *pan-supari*.

With the rise of Madge to discourse on Christian principles exodus began. Nobody particularly interested. Only once when in his reply Bootlair Sahib referred to large Corporations, the attention of the Raja of Partabgarh and the sporting Kunwar Sahib was aroused. Madge's eloquence having failed, H. E. asked for a division. The only "Aye" was the I by itself I of Imperialist Madge.

Then came the turn of the white-robed Pandit, whose name proved to have disconcerting accents for H. E. In language of studied moderation, he moaned and wailed about the Regulations. Entrenching himself behind the three lines of his *Torres Vedras*, he denounced separate electorates for Mussalmans, the recognition of their political importance, and their participation in mixed electorates. Coming to Landholders, the Pandit, familiar with the name of Mahmud of Ghazni, turned the Raja of Mahmudabad into Mahomed Ali Mahmud Khan, and tilted with absolute religious impartiality at the lords of Jehangirabad, Partabgarh, and Mahmudabad. Spoke feelingly of dismissed Government servants as highly moral people as a rule, and appealed to Government to give the people a chance of discriminating between good men and blackguards dismissed by Government. People would choose only the good men, and even if a blackguard came in, where was the harm? Must give the fellow a chance of reforming himself in the moral atmosphere of the Councils. Fine idea this, the Legislative Council as a Reformatory for juvenile offenders. Contrasted the exclusion of dismissed Government servants with the inclusion in the United Provinces Council of two Rajas and a Nawab. "Very estimable people against whom I have not a word to say." Oh ye Rajas and Nawabs! organise a deputation and thank the Pandit for the fine character he has given unto you.

After the lunch interval, Nawab of Jaunpur went for the innocent Pandit, and it looked as if the Hindu-Muslim *rapprochement* would end in a Hindu-Muslim *rapprochement*. Talking of Muslim participation in mixed electorates, said Mussalmans did not want them; and turning towards the Muslim Dowager with the widow's eighth share in the Government of India, said "some people in the Council knew very well why the mixed electorates were created." The Dowager smiled guiltily and consoled himself by stroking his moustache. The Nawab pictured the Pandit and Lala Sri Ram fighting for entrance into the Council, the while the astute man from Jaunpur stepped in and slammed the door after him. Council generally amused, and H. E., reclining on the throne with legs and hands outstretched, enjoyed the fun.

The Burly Raja of Burdwan stepped into the breach after the Nawab, and with a look at the wiry Hon. Longfellow of Behar, said the Mussalmans were fully capable of defending themselves. Longfellow, torn between Islamic fanaticism and Indian nationalism, winced a little, and set about making up his mind which side of the fence to climb over that day. Burly Raja thought resolution superfluous when Local Governments determined to re-consider Regulations. Referred to "one Local Government who is moving in the matter."

Well, that Government must be thoroughly alive to the needs of the situation. Condescendingly approved of separate electorates as "the one point that attracted me in an otherwise dull scheme", and then wheeled round towards the Pandit, and in thundering accents demanded whose confidence the Pandit represented in the Council. A simple question, but one calculated to get the Pandit a bit mixed up in his reply. Referred to the useful advice of "rulers who knew how to rule themselves", but did not specify which ruler of a Native State he intended to praise for admirable self-restraint. The Pandit had wept over the hopelessness of getting a majority because one of the Councillors knew no English. The Burly Raja, referring perhaps to wonderful organisation of the Pandit's party, thought that to be a poor objection. Indeed, why should the want of understanding in a follower rob him of a vote.

The Free-Lance of the Tiwanas rushed in where Hon. Longfellow feared to tread, and announced that, if he had had the power, he would have stopped this Resolution. Will not Sir Louis Dane ask the Government of India to give to his representative in Council the plenary powers he badly needs? Ridiculed idea of proportionate representation because that would need in the case of some communities the partition of a member of Council. Now, if that member was a replica of the brave Tiwana, ready to have his head cut off in the service of Government, would he much miss the loss of a superfluous head for the honour of being returned to the Council?

After the "My Lord" and "learned friend" of the Hon. Huda, reminiscent of the High Court of Judicature of the Presidency of Fort William, the mild tone of Madge the Pacifist, and the aristocratic accents of the Taluqdar of Mahmudabad, rose the gentle voice of the Mild Hindu of Poona. In a speech of great earnestness appealed to the Pandit to withdraw the Resolution, and urged the futility of taking away to-day what had been conceded only yesterday. Ended by reassuring Government that if he had the chance of defeating Government he would not do so, and set the mind of the Government at rest!

As the Mild Hindu sat down, there rose the figure of Hon. Longfellow. His is an Eiffel-towering personality in the ranks of the Councillors. Thanked Mr. Gokhale for his speech and characterised the Resolution as a distinct disservice to the country. Called separate representation an unsound principle in the abstract, but considered it a good concrete foundation for the construction of the future Parliament of India. A good rousing speech that, followed by a lengthy postscript about the double-distilled representation of Bengal.

The Madras Nawab followed on the same lines, and then came the turn of Babu Bhupen. With a Sir-Roger-de-Coverleyish "much can be said on both sides of the question," began to talk at length on one side of it, and explained he and the Pandit were only supplying information to H. E. and the Council. (Is not the Informers' role already too common?) Found himself between the Scylla of rich men with the Burly Raja on his right, and the Charybdis of Islam with Longfellow on the left, and bumping against both with great force navigated his stout bark to a Haven of Discontent. With his passions once roused, there floated before the eyes of Bhupen Babu visions of surging crowds in Beadon Square, and, forgetful of the Viceroy in the Chair, addressed the audience with the customary "Gentlemen!" With some spider-to-the-fly reference to Islam and the millennium, pitted the Gate-keeper against the Sikh holder, and in a triumphant mood, utterly oblivious of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, contrasted "my own Council" with "Your Lordship's Council," and ended by asking the Gentlemen of the Jury to give their verdict without prejudice and party bias.

Sandow Second wound up the debate by hopelessly committing the Government to separate electorates, by recommending to the Pandit the virtues of preaching in the Muslim market-places, and suggesting that Longfellow may also join the Sunday Sabha.

The Hon. Cross-Bencher, who represents all tribes and all Provinces, moved the creation of an Executive Council for the U.P. and drew upon himself the wrath of the Tiwanas. This for

his tedious, Tiwana couched his lance and went for the windmill. If the motion could not be rejected, it should be postponed till he had thought fit to recommend a Presidency Government for the Punjab. He was opposed to such luxuries. Finding a Behari recommending changes in the U. P., he thought he would illustrate the fitness of things by making a Punjabi the saviour of Hindustan. His breezy irrelevance led to a question by the Cross-Bencher on point of order. This was the opportunity of Tiwana. Chafing under the restraints of parliamentary decency, and the enthralling chains of decorum, turned to the mover and began to explain his point of view, in the free and easy chit-chat of the Mess-room. H. E., unused to the comic relief provided by the Free-Lance, expostulated, and with unabashed readiness the Tiwana withdrew his direct remarks, apologised, and almost shook hands after the sparring.

Holmes, who represented the home of bureaucracy, explained that the meat of Bengal was the poison of the U. P., and talked about the experiment of Sir Edward Baker in the manufacture of explosives out of Indian and English ingredients. Longfellow came to the assistance of United Behar; and then came the phenomenal oration of Raja Partab Singh, after whom Partabgarh is named. Wonder of wonders, the Raja spoke Urdu, and greater wonder still that, in spite of the reproving look of the Pandit, he not only spoke it but also said it was Urdu. H. E. listened with rapt attention and with difficulty curbed his evident desire of replying in Persian. The debate did not last long, for Sandow Second, "brought up on the Mellin's food of Presidency Government," rose to reply. He said, with an L. G. minus the Council "the source of power was more evident." Well did he know how elaborately it was disguised in Bombay, where people had thought it was Sir George Clarke when in fact it was only the Strong Man of Bombay. Refused to force a Council on Sir John Hewes, but promised a careful consideration when Sir John left the satrapy. Council saw before its mind's eye a well-known print in which

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—Morris.



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Notes.

The Aga Khan came to Calcutta, was seen by the Mussalmans of the Metropolis, and conquered them with his enthusiasm and humanity. This was as we had all along expected. He was not only fitted by all, but was allowed to put his hand into the pockets of his hosts, and, what is more, infected them with his contagious zeal in the cause of education. This was the only answer possible to his appeal, and there was no hesitation at giving it. Nearly fifty thousand has already been announced, and by the time the Highness returns to Calcutta on the 15th instant, a big donation will, we feel sure, be announced by a Punjabi merchant, and the Persian and the Khoja communities will probably have collected enough to make Calcutta's donation to a lakh. The men of spirit whom have yet to offer their mite, and we expect an equally ready response from them. We ourselves are being encouraged by capable young Mussalmans that they are willing to work as hard as any donors. We refer all such suggestions to the Committee of Whistle. And Mr. Sultan Ahmad, who has been at 55, Upper Circle, will give them the necessary information. If this is really Calcutta, why says it is Calcutta? It is Calcutta and nothing else.

The Indian Student in England.

THE nefarious practices of Shyamaji Krishna Varma and his foolish disciples at the India House have deserved and often received the condemnation of Indians. But it is only now that the Indians are reaping in the whirlwind of ostracism the full crop of the wind sown by the refugee of Paris. It was not so long ago that the more the Indians complained of the attitude of Anglo-Indians the more they admired the kindly courtesy of Englishmen and Englishwomen in England. But the English mind was terribly shocked by the tragedy at the Imperial Institute, and since then, we are told, things have been very different, and "Artifex," writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, says that he has himself, in a not very wide experience, met cases where Asiatics of real refinement, culture, and charm have been treated not merely with cutting rudeness, but "what is harder to bear, with chilling neglect and contempt." Nor, says he, is this the attitude merely of young men, "who have not yet learnt from life and a wide experience the duty of courtesy and consideration." He complains that "educated men to whom study, travel, and business training should have taught better manners, have treated young Orientals, their equals in birth and intelligence, and more than their equals in pride of family and delicacy of self-respect, in a way which would discredit an undergraduate in his second year. And women who in every other relation of life claim and deserve the title of ladies too often outdo their male relations in an exclusiveness which is merely parochial and vulgar." If this is so, we have all the more reason to denounce the wickedness of the man who, secure in his "retreat," used for such nefarious purposes the younger men in London, and possibly at the Universities also, whom India had sent not only to learn much from the West but also to teach it something of the East. We shall leave the moral leper to the isolation he has sought and deserves, but cannot withhold from the people to whom "Artifex" refers the suggestion that they are doing nothing more or less than helping the enemy of England and India by their provoking behaviour. The impulses of youth are truly noble if through some freak of heredity or defect of training they are not utterly ignoble. And the youths of no country are so affectionate and responsive to kindness as those of India. Kindness to them will only strengthen the foundation of loyalty, just as exclusiveness and contempt would drive them into the arms of the anarchist. It is the first lesson in life that is best learnt, the first impression that lasts longest. Close the doors of the English Universities to the Indians, and you deny to them access to those fountains of culture and knowledge which satisfy their natural thirst. Refuse them

admittance into the homes of English gentlemen and gentlewomen, those sanctuaries of the men with far-off homes, and you create false desires for an exclusive nationality. But that is not all. These young men have much more to give than to receive. They can teach Englishmen not a little of their great Dependency of which they are so woefully ignorant. In their own interests, therefore, the English should offer hospitality to Indians, and we think there must be something really wrong with them if they cannot teach the receptive Indian youths to respect and admire the English. For, the youths of India may be an easy prey of the anarchist, but we refuse to believe that they incline more towards evil than towards good.

WE NOTED the other day with satisfaction the decision of the Government of India with reference to Dewan Bahadur Narendra Nath, Deputy Commissioner of Multan, who will officiate as Commissioner of Lahore. On casually looking through the Civil List of Bengal for the quarter ending October 1910, we discovered the names of two Statutory Civilians, Mr. Surajya Kumar Agasti, M.A., and Mr. Ahsan-ud-din Ahmad, Bar-at Law, who have an actual service of 23 years and 21 years 9 months respectively, but are still in the grade of Collectors, while several Indian Civilians, who are their juniors in length of service, are posted as Secretaries to the Bengal Government, Commissioners of Divisions, Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation, and Inspector-General of Police, with large acting allowances. In the absence of official reasons, it is hard to believe that our compatriots, who chose to give to the Government the talents which could have conceivably been rewarded with many briefs in the law courts, marked 15 and 20 G. M.'s a day, are so inferior in point of administrative efficiency that their juniors, who get Rs. 2,250 and more as pay, against the Rs. 1,440 of the two Statutory Civilians, should be given acting allowance ranging from Rs. 450 to Rs. 722 a month, and placed in the higher grades of service. Could not the Finance Minister show his undoubted sympathy towards Indians and his desire for economy by suggesting to H.E. the Viceroy the employment of such Statutory Civilians as Commissioners? The Executive Government is best qualified to judge the merits of its own servants and we are loth to air the grievances of individual servants of the Government, assuming that they have any at all. But this is a question which is common to all India, and we have mentioned names only by way of illustration.

WE ARE extremely gratified with the result of the election for nine vacancies on the Board of Trustees of the Aligarh College. Colonel Obaidullah Khan, the second son of H.H. the Begam Sahiba of Bhopal, and Commander of the Imperial Service Troops of that State, who gave to the College Rs. 50,000 a few months ago, is one of the new Trustees; and if his health, which we are sorry to state has been poor during the last year, is as good as his heart, we shall have in the new custodian of the traditions of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan a keen supporter of the University. The Hon. Messrs. Fazalbhoy and Ibrahim Rahim-tallah, C.I.E., are two of the foremost leaders of the Bombay Mussalmans, and their abilities and business talents will now be placed at the disposal of the College, and we feel sure the Trustees' choice will result in a great improvement of the system of accounts and the creation of businesslike methods. Mr. Hasan Imam is as selfless as he is fearless, and if he devotes himself to the work of the College, with his customary zeal, we are confident that the antiquated constitution of the Trustees will be reformed in a few years, and the present stagnation, due to a system of life-trusteeships, will be a thing of the past. Nawab Sarbuland Jung of Hyderabad is one of the first Old Boys of the College, and the son of Maulvi Samkiah Khan Bahadur, C.M.G., to whom Aligarh owed not a little of its early

success. We hope he will redeem the character of Hyderabad by showing that he has sought the work of the community and not an empty honour. The remaining four Trustees are also Old Boys of the College, two being office-bearers of the Old Boys' Association and living at Aligarh, and the other two young Zemindars of considerable importance in the District. We are informed that one of them at least is to begin his tenure of office by a donation of Rs. 25,000, and we are sure that the other too will not be wanting in self-sacrifice at this critical juncture. It is indeed gratifying to learn that five Old Boys are elected by the Trustees themselves. But a system of co-option by the Trustees can never be a good substitute for an election by the Old Boys themselves. Moreover, it is anomalous that the Trustees, who include only some 25 Old Boys, should pick and choose 5 Old Boys in a year for life, and offer to the Old Boys' Association, which includes besides these a thousand other Old Boys paying 1 per cent. of their income to the College, the chance of annually electing only one Old Boy for a term of five years. The Trustees cannot be expected to know the Old Boys so well as they know each other, and we look forward to the five Old Boys elected by the Trustees this year to move other Trustees to concede to the Association the right of electing at least five Trustees every year. The office-bearers of the Association should testify by their subsequent conduct that they desire to see the Association possessing the power and dignity it now fully deserves.

NO OTHER religion in the world has so strongly exhorted its followers to seek knowledge as Islam. A tradition of the Prophet inculcates the search of knowledge "even if it be in China." Another tradition says that "Education is compulsory on all Moslem men and women." The present backwardness in female education in all Islamic countries is, therefore, not due to religion but to social influences and wrong interpretation of the Quranic revelations. In the *Englishwoman* an amusing story is told by a Macedonian lady of a friend, Madame Assim Beg, graduate of the American College at Scutari, where she learnt English in the years preceding the grant of the Constitution. "The Sultan, Abdul Hamid, several times sent inspectors to the college, for he knew Turkish girls were there, and this should not be permitted. On the last occasion G—— had been recommended to fly from room to room, so as never to be found, and at last the inspector, bowing his thanks to the Directress, said, 'Madam, I know you have a Turkish girl here, but I have not seen her anywhere.' 'Sir,' replied the ready American, 'could I, without an order from his Imperial Majesty, allow a Turkish girl to appear before a man?' So the inspector was discomfited, and G—— was the first Turkish graduate; a few years after a second followed, and this year the third graduate has done honour to her teachers. Now, with liberty, there are many girls at the college." But the managers of the American College are not the only people who are interesting themselves in the education of Turkish women. We admire the efforts of Miss Isabel Fry and Mr. Noel Buxton who appeal in the columns of the *Spectator* for the establishment of a bursary for those Turkish girls who are willing to devote four or five years after their education is over to some useful work for their countrywomen. In this way, say the promoters of the proposed bursary, something will be done to stop the vicious circle in which Turkish women's lives revolve, foolish and ignorant mothers bringing up foolish and ignorant children. No education is possible because there are no teachers for the harems, and no teachers are available because there are no institutions for teaching women the sciences and art of pedagogy. The bursary will be a gift to the Turkish nation, and it is hoped to give in this manner some assistance to the Turks that in their endeavours after true reforms there is always a body of Englishmen and women willing to give support and help. The object is most laudable, and the method is far better suited to Turkish conditions than education at the American College. But we do not know any details of the proposed bursary.

and are not in a position to say who would manage it. Before opening schools or bursaries it is necessary to be clear in our own minds what we want our women to be. All Mussalmans who know the true spirit of their religion will agree with the Turkish lady, who is a daughter of the ex-Minister of Justice and gave an interview to this Macedonian lady. "We want to be treated as persons and not as domestic animals, we want a place, and a suitable place, and not a mere cage. But it is not modern feminism that we wish for; we desire to remain in our homes, and seek no part in public life." If this is to be the sphere of the Turkish woman, the education that should be given should aim at cultivating the virtues of the good housewife, the kind mother, and the true companion of her husband, not the muscles that make the professional athlete, the humour that brings his daily bread to the music-hall clown, the husings oratory that attracts the rotten egg, or the contortions and the antics that suit the graces of the odalisque.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING, in spite of its many facilities, has not made the old epigram wholly meaningless, and
A Train of Incidents. *Safar* (journey) still resembles *Sagar* (Jehannum). From time to time the

country is shocked with news of an outrage on some defenceless Indian woman, and it was not till the terrible facts of the murder of Miss Taylor were made known that effective steps were taken to make such outrages very difficult, if not impossible. But the brute in human shape is not the only creature that has to be dealt with by the Railway authorities. We have still to give his deserts to the Ape in the disguise of the gentleman. Not only has many a nobleman of royal ancestry, many a landholder owning half a district, to tremble for the safety of the family honour in the intercourse forced upon him by the Railway authorities with sallow-skinned Ticket-Collectors and Two-Anna-in-the-Rupce Railway Guards, but the most cultured and refined Graduates of the English and Indian Universities, and members of the Bar, are sometimes forced into undignified quarrels with some European whom an inelastic social vocabulary for want of a better phrase dubs "gentleman." Two Hindu and one Mussalman barristers of Bankipore recently had some experience of the temper and treatment of a European Railway official, whose only explanation for his ungentlemanly behaviour was that he had had fever, and that he was the son of a late Military Member of the Viceroy's Council. These countrymen of ours, however, generously accepted the apology of this Railway official in the Magistrate's Court, and the case was compounded. But only a few days later the distinguished Beharce barrister who acted as the legal adviser of the complainants in the case was treated with great rudeness and addressed most insultingly by a Railway guard at Dinapur, and the case is, we believe, still under the consideration of the E.I.R. authorities. Last people should think that it is in eastern India alone that such incidents take place; a young officer in western India has, it is alleged, displayed equal if not greater "Imperialism" to no less a person than a Member of H.E., the Viceroy's Legislative Council. A young officer of the York and Lancaster Regiment is alleged to have entered a first class compartment at the Karachi Cantonment Station, and to have asked the Hon. Mir Allah Buksh Khan Talpur—a descendant of the old Mirs of Sind—to vacate it for him. As the Mir would not do so, this young swashbuckler is alleged to have threatened him with his sword. "To avoid further tension of feeling," as the telegram euphemistically reports, the Mir Sahib travelled by the second class, and left the young hero to gloat over his glory. The matter has been reported to the Commanding Officer at Karachi, and we await the result with great interest. Will it be a reprimand, followed by the consolation of a dinner to the hero in the Mess on which his action has reflected great glory, or would it really be a lesson taught most effectively with a loss of his commission? As Lord Morley but too truly said, bad manners are a terrible social failing everywhere, but in India they are more—they are a crime.

The Comrade.

Public Expenditure.

INDIA and the Government of India owe a debt of gratitude to the Hon. Mr. Gokhale for moving the resolution for an inquiry into increased public expenditure which he did in so lucid and eloquent a manner. Mr. Gokhale has the distinction—unhappily rare—of never criticising the Government unless he knows his subject quite as well as the men whom he criticises. In the case of high finance this is indeed a remarkable accomplishment, for, unlike the poets, the critic of finance is made and not born, and Mr. Gokhale owes his pre-eminence to his own exertions for more than twenty years, and to the discipleship of his *Guru*, the late Mr. Justice Ranade. He has toiled after knowledge, and knowledge of Indian finance is now undoubtedly his.

Without a single note he spoke of the increasing expenditure of the last 35 years for three-quarters of an hour, and never deviated from the line he had chalked out for himself in order to have a needless fling at anybody, or declaim against anything at unnecessary length. But he knew, what the expert, alas, seldom knows, that his audience were not experts and would be bored by statistics strung together without order or particular significance. The Hon. Mr. Weston was therefore only just in comparing him to Mr. Gladstone, whose Budget speeches, in a long career as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were as great a treat for his hearers then as they are for the reader to-day.

Rhetoric appeals to the feelings, but the effect is short-lived. Logic is convincing, but the opponent does not always admit the truth of the premises. It is the statistical argument that is most effective, only the statistics have to be handled like delicate pearls, not like groceries sold wholesale. "Men lie but figures do not," is true enough. But it is also true that figures can prove anything, and we see this well illustrated in the contradictory lessons supposed to be taught by the Trade Returns of England, according as the person who reads the lessons is a Tariff Reformer or a Cobdenite. Mr. Gokhale, therefore, took good care to try to prove nothing more than the figures unmistakably proved, and the evidence he has adduced is sufficient to prove that expenditure has recklessly been incurred in a deluded pursuit of efficiency. He gave the net figures after excluding refunds, drawbacks, assignments and compensations, and the cost of production of Opium, which is really a *shukari* concern rather than a *siradari* head of revenue, and reduced the figures to a common denominator, so that his opponents could not cloud his clear conclusions with the smoke of a criticism of petty differences of detail. His corrections and adjustments were scrupulously carried out, and he gave the figures to us—and perhaps also to the Department of Finance—in a form in which it had previously been impossible to secure them.

And what do they prove? They go to show that in the 9 years, from 1875 to 1884, the normal expenditure of the country increased by $12\frac{1}{4}$ crores, that in the next 10 years the growth was $6\frac{1}{4}$ crores, that in the next 7 years it was 6 crores, and that in the 7 years between 1901-02 and 1908-09 the increase has reached the enormous aggregate of 18 crores. The rate of normal increase in the expenditure in the first period was $\frac{3}{5}$ per cent. per annum, against an expansion of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in the revenue. In the second and third periods the two increases were equally balanced, being $1\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. per annum. But in the last period, when the hobby horse of efficiency was ridden at a terrific speed, against a growth of income of 2 per cent. per annum, the expenditure was recklessly allowed to increase at the merry pace of 5 per cent. These are growths of normal revenue and expenditure; and extra cost for additional troops during war, extra cost on account of Upper Burma, extra cost on account of falling exchange, and the grant of exchange compensation allowance, have all been carefully excluded.

What is the reply of the Government to these remarkable and astounding figures? Not a word is said against any inaccuracy, or want of scrupulous care in making due allowances and adjustment for abnormal growths, and reducing the figures to a common denominator. In fact the Hon. Mr. Meston has borne willing testimony to the accuracy of the figures and the scientific exactitude of Mr. Gokhale. After acknowledging this, Mr. Meston shifts his ground and adopts, what he calls a method less puzzling to plain people, namely, a broad comparison between the expenditure in 1898-99 and the expenditure in 1909-10. Even then there is an increase of £17 millions, from £56 millions in 1898 to £73 millions in 1909. Leaving £3 millions, the increase in military expenditure, to the Hon. Mr. Brunyate, Mr. Meston told the Council how the £14 millions could be accounted for. £4½ millions were due to increase in Commercial Departments, such as Railways, Canals, Post Office, and Telegraphs, and we may take it from Mr. Meston that the development of these Departments has more than paid its way. Even then it is non-proven that the expenditure on Railways, and specially the working expenses, did not grow on the lines of extravagance. It was not so very long ago that Sir Edward Baker, himself an ex-Finance Member, took the Railway Board to task for the rapid increase in the working expenses. There were thus left £9½ millions to explain and justify, and although Mr. Meston explained where the increase had taken place, he failed to justify it, even if he may be said to have attempted a justification.

There has undoubtedly been a rise in prices, but Mr. Meston had no time to explain the exact bearing of this economic factor on the growth of expenditure. The Hon. Mr. Madge had only this one string of the harp to strike, and he struck it with remarkable if misplaced vigour. However, the heads of expenditure in which the growth has taken place have a remote connection with the rise in prices, and the pinch has rather been felt by the Indian employés of Government on small salaries, which have not risen in spite of an increase being long overdue.

But we do not think Mr. Meston had any great desire to defend the indefensible. As a responsible officer of Government, he of us, we should think quite as much as the Hon. Mr. Gokhale, the need of greater economy. He has understood the warning that underlies the statistics, namely, the liability that is hanging over the Government for the moral and industrial development of India at the same time that an important head of Indian Revenue is in grave jeopardy. That this is so is well illustrated by the check exercised on the growth of expenditure during the Viceroyalty of Lord Minto. Whereas the average annual increase from 1898 to 1906 was nearly 2 million sterling, it sank to less than a third of that figure during the years between 1906 and 1910. It is the very admission of the check of to-day that proves the extravagance of yesterday, and in this Mr. Gokhale and the non-officials can seek, and find, a complete justification of their demand for an independent inquiry.

The Hon. Mr. Brunyate accounted for the increase of £3 millions on the Army. But he could not, and did not meet the argument of the Hon. Mr. Dadabhoi that military authorities had themselves expressed the view that the Indian Army had attained "a high standard of efficiency," and that "very considerable reforms and additions had already been undertaken" when Lord Kitchener first set foot on Indian soil. The very name of Lord Kitchener signifies efficiency and vigilance over expenditure, but it was not during his tenure of office alone that Army Expenditure had increased, and the pet excuse of efficiency was even before him allowed to be offered without any official scrutiny into its accuracy. Mr. Brunyate says, "It was well known for some time before 1901-02 that the Army was defective in armament, transport, reserves, and organisation generally." If this is so, we have only to exchange the accused with the true offender. But this cannot defraud the hangman of his well-deserved victim. Nor does it help the Government the least bit if the Council is convinced by Mr. Brunyate that the expenditure was not incurred *ultra vires* by the Army Department, but was the result of "the clearly defined and declared policy of

Government." It only shows that the offence—if spending beyond one's means is an offence—was not one of culpable negligence, but was due to malice aforethought, and that the Commander-in-Chief had willing accomplices in the Civil authorities. Again, it is no justification of extravagance that it is too late to repair early mistakes. Acquaintance with "the difficulty of interfering with the established order of things," and with "obligations permanently incurred in a period of special activity" would only lead the man of ordinary intelligence to be careful how he allows such an order to be established, and such obligations to be permanently incurred.

As regards the necessity of so large an army, we agree with the Hon. Mr. Madge that the needs of the Empire have to be met. But where we differ is in the adjustment of the military charges between India and Great Britain. Mr. Valentine Chirol writes that "it is no secret that the Government of India have also frequently remonstrated in vain when India has been charged full measure and overflowing in respect of military operations in which the part borne by her has been governed less by her own direct interests than by the necessity of making up with the help of Indian contingents the deficiencies of our military organisation at home." It was no Indian politician but the Government of India who expressed the opinion that—

The Imperial Government keeps in India and quarters upon the revenues of that country as large a portion of its army as it thinks can possibly be required to maintain its dominion there; that it habitually treats that army as a reserve force available for Imperial purposes; that it has uniformly detached European regiments from the garrison of India to take part in Imperial wars whenever it has been found necessary or convenient to do so; and more than this, that it has drawn not less freely upon the Native Army of India, towards the maintenance of which it contributes nothing, to aid in contests outside of India with which the Indian Government has had little or no concern.

Although the three Government of India officials who spoke, unlike Mr. Gates, with authority and knowledge, pleaded that care is being taken now to "introduce greater sobriety in our public expenditure," and thereby implied, as we have said, that due care had not been taken before, Mr. Meston never the less sought an extenuation in the growing expenditure of European countries. In answer to this the Hon. Mr. Malaviyya argued that because a rich man's expenses grow, a poor man's expenditure has no business to follow suit. This, we fear, is hardly an adequate reply. If the expenditure of Mr. Malaviyya grows on account of general causes common to the rich and the poor, his syce or bearer's request for increase of pay to meet the increased cost of living cannot be dismissed so lightly. But the proper reply was forthcoming, and Mr. Gokhale pointed out that Europe had no proper analogy to offer to India so long as sanitation and primary education here were in their present condition. His Highness the Gaekwar spends a tenth of the net Revenue of the State on education, and this fraction is likely to be raised in course of time, when compulsion is exercised for older children and still more schools are opened. When the Government of India spends a tenth of the Indian Revenues on education, and raises the Sanitary Budget, it will be time enough to compare the budgets of Europe and India. So far the common denominator does not exist, and even sober journals like our Chowringhee contemporary mistakenly delight in accusing Mr. Gokhale of inconsistency in preaching thrift to-day only to ask more money for "admirable reforms" to-morrow.

The *Statesman* complains of Mr. Gokhale's "inability to suggest definite means of retrenching," and considers this to be the unvariable "defect which renders the modern economist both in the House of Commons and elsewhere a mere voice crying in the wilderness." Mr. Gokhale and those who followed him did suggest generally where economy could be effected, and left the details to the Committee of Inquiry which they demanded. But even if this had not been so, they had ample excuse for failure to construct, or rather failure to suggest where destruction should be resorted to, which the House of Commons cannot plead. Mr. Gokhale, following the trope of Mr. Basu about the darkness of the Departments, could have raised the pathetic wail.

So runs my plaint, but what am I ?

A 'Native' crying in the night.

A 'Native' crying for the light.

And with no language but a cry.

He is, what the Hon. Finance Member styled "an extraneous agency," with little access to the dark penetralia of departmental knowledge. The College of Pontiffs is the repository of pontifical wisdom, and would stoutly fight to the last against all suggestions of an independent Auditor publishing its Twelve Tables. We shall therefore continue to revolve in the vicious circle of asking for economy, only to hear in reply that ours is a request based on ignorance, and asking for knowledge, only to be told that knowledge is not for us.

We all know with what remarkable rapidity Members of the Executive Council, specially such as look forward to the autocratic rule of a Province, adapt themselves to the environments of a Viceroy. Acquiescence in the dictates of the Governor-General, even more than sermons on economy, is what the *Statesman* felicitously calls "the familiar pose of every Finance Minister." A Secretary of State who sacrifices bliss, and is foolish enough to be wise in Indian affairs, is riddled with official shafts about poaching on Anglo-Indian preserves. This being so, it is the duty of the non-official members of the Council to ask for a scrutiny into the expenditure in the past by "an extraneous agency," and for the uplifting of the veil of Isis by an independent Auditor. If the inquiry is refused without any justification of the refusal, no amount of personal compliments to Mr Gokhale will satisfy the curiosity of the public; and if the Audit is not allowed to enlighten the public, the Government must put up with wild and erratic criticism of its financial arrangements.

The discussion, in spite of the withdrawal of the Resolution, was fruitful enough. For, he must be blind who does not read between the lines of the official speeches a sincere desire to give no just cause for such inconvenient financial questions as Lord Curzon only too liberally supplied. We look forward to an early and full redemption of the Financial Member's pledges. In fact, his draft has so far never been dishonoured on presentation, and we can trust him for a year's credit.

While acknowledging the sympathetic attitude of Government, and the moderation and restraint of Mr. Gokhale and his followers, we must confess to a sense of painful disappointment at the blank silence of most of the Mahomedan Members. The correspondent who signs himself *Vor* is entirely justified in his complaint, and we must warn the Moslem representatives that they discredit a courageous community by what looks like lack of courage. It is indeed a libel on the Government of India to suspect that on questions of this character there is no other alternative but sedition or silence.

Mauritius.

Few Indians who use in their daily food and confections the *Mauris* sugar, as it is generally called, have a correct idea of the relation of India to Mauritius. And the French-sounding name of Mauritius leads not a few Englishmen to believe that Mauritius is still *l'Île de France* that it used to be in the eighteenth century, just as the name of Cologne and Lorraine lead people, according to the late Professor Freeman, to believe that they are French territory, and that Charlemagne was a Frenchman. The riots recently reported from the island of Mauritius, with an account of the struggles of Dr. Laurent, M. Nauric, and the *Action Libérale* against the French Oligarchs would, therefore, appear to most Indians, and perhaps Anglo-Indians also, to possess no significance for us in this country. Yet it is a fact that a boycott of *Mauris* sugar, suggested by a writer in the *Hindustan Review*, would deal our own compatriots a terrible blow, and the riots, although our peace-loving fellow-countrymen took no active part in the rowdiness of the meetings, have a great importance for India.

Mauritius is an island about 700 square miles in extent, situated some 500 miles to the east of Madagascar, which is a couple of hundred miles to the east of Africa. The climate is damp and hot, and rather trying to the Europeans, who do not, therefore, till their lands themselves, but depend upon indentured labour from India.

The island was discovered by the Portuguese in the early part of the sixteenth century, but it was left to the enterprising Dutch to populate it in 1644. The Aborigines were little better than savages, but they gave sufficient trouble to the Dutch for more than 60 years of their occupation, and the island was consequently left to them in 1712, when the Dutch despairingly sailed away from this speck of sand in the Indian Ocean.

The French proved equally venturesome and more enterprising, and took possession of the island three years later. In 1735, Mahé de Labourdonnais, whose name is not unfamiliar to the student of the Anglo-French struggles in Southern India, arrived there as its Governor, established law and order, and laid the foundation of a thriving sugar industry. During the political convulsions of the eighteenth century in Europe, the island was often independent of the Mother Country, and it afforded, in the Reign of Terror, an excellent asylum to the aristocratic refugees of France.

Mauritius distinguished itself during this period as a colony of pirates, who harassed British merchants returning happy and heavy-laden with the wealth of India; and the British resolved to capture it, and succeeded in doing so on the 3rd of December 1810. A hundred years ago, when there was no sign of the Suez Canal, Mauritius had a considerable strategic importance as the key to India, which it does not naturally possess to-day.

The British conscience was troubled with the slavery practised by the white population of the island, and Jeremy, the English Procureur-General—an office corresponding to our Advocate-General and Law Member—took a prominent part in the abolition of slavery in 1832. The French planters, who were dependent on coloured and Creole labour, led by D'Épinay, begged the British Government to permit the emigration of Indian labour to the island, as the emancipated negro refused to work the sugarcane plantations. This led to the immigration of Indians, which began in 1834 and is continued to this day. As in Natal and East Africa, the progress of the Colony has been largely due to our fellow-countrymen, and as is the case in Africa so in Mauritius, the existence of free Indians is a thorn in the side of the white population.

Ingratitude would seem to be by no means a peculiarity of the Asiatic, for the treatment meted out to these early Indian labourers was so cruel and inhuman that it has given to Mauritius a picturesque phrase. The Indians had introduced that delicious vegetable, the *karela*, into the Colony; but in the unskilful hands of the Creole cooks it was bitter as poison. So the early period of Indian immigration is known as *Le temps Margos* or "*karela* times."

A royal Commission was appointed in 1874, and in consequence of its Report, a new labour ordinance was passed in 1878 in order to protect the immigrant. But in course of time the ordinance came to be abused by the magistracy, which is white and closely allied to the planters. Even so recently as July last a letter was addressed to the Editor of *India* by 17 Indian labourers, who had agreed to work for an Indian planter. A few months later, the Indian planter sold his land to Messrs Leclezio, Koenig, and another. But in spite of the alleged express agreement to the contrary, the indenture did not actually come to an end, and though these men paid back the advances to the Indian planter, Messrs. Leclezio and Koenig are alleged to be applying pressure to enforce the indenture, as if the labourers passed with the land like live stock. So after all, in spite of Jeremy in Mauritius, and Franklin and Wilberforce in England, a form of slavery exists in the island, and perhaps unconsciously the Government of India is being made a party to contracts for the sale of the Indian labourers' freedom.

To-day, out of a population of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs, no less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs or about 72 per cent. are Indians. Out of this Indian population only 40,000 are indentured labourers. But the "free" Indian population is not without its grievances. The French law of succession is applied to Indians simply because a hundred years ago, when every Mafitian was a Frenchman, or a Creole, or one of the aborigines, the English captors of the island had accepted the terms of French capitulation, namely, the application of their laws to the vanquished. The uneconomic character of the French law of succession is being felt with a daily increasing force by the small Indian planters, upon whose "progress and prosperity," says the Report of the recent Royal Commission of 1909, "the future of the colony must largely depend." The French marriage law recognises neither the Hindu marriage sacrament nor the Moslem civil contract, and branding the progeny of respectable Indians with bastardy, subjects it to all the disabilities of illegitimacy. Islamic *wakf* law is not recognised, and the only suggestion which the French lawyers can offer for the management of the mosque property in Port Louis is that the mosque should be turned into a joint stock company. The representation in the Council of Indians, who are not deprived of a franchise as in South Africa, is still very inadequate, considering that out of every four persons three are Indians, that Indians cultivate 92 thousand acres for white planters and 40 thousand on their own account, that $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the total sugarcane grown in the island belongs to Indians, and that they own nearly 2 lakhs worth of land under sugarcane, besides land on which fruits, vegetables, and foodstuffs are grown. The education of Indian lads is sadly neglected, and the study of Indian languages is greatly discouraged, while the Civil Service is declared by Mr. D. C. Cameron, a former Colonial Secretary of the Mauritius Government, to be so "rotten from top to bottom" that no confidence is felt in the judgments of French Magistrates.

These are not grievances ventilated by irresponsible Indians alone, but fully substantiated by the Royal Commission, which sat under the presidency of Sir Frank Sweetenham. That Commission has indeed done a great service to the Indians settled in Mauritius, and our present Secretary of State showed his sympathy towards India when he refused to grant a loan to Mauritius after a period of great industrial depression unless the colony consented to a public enquiry into Indian grievances. The Report says:—

For about three quarters of a century, it has been found possible for [the Colonial Government to regard the Indian as a stranger among a people of European civilisation—a stranger who must indeed be protected from imposition and ill treatment, and secured in the exercise of his legal rights, but who has no real claim to a voice in the ordering of the affairs of the Colony. From what we have learnt during our enquiry, we very much doubt whether it will be possible to continue to maintain this attitude. The Indian population of the Colony is easily governed and has, we believe, no natural inclination to assert itself in political matters so long as reasonable regard is paid to its desires on a few questions to which it not unreasonably attaches importance. In our opinion, the fact that the first settlers in Mauritius were of French and African origin, and that as a consequence of the history of the Island, the legal and social system of the Colony is mainly French in character, ought not to preclude the Government from taking steps to relieve the Indian population from the provisions of a system which press heavily upon them, and are regarded by them as a real grievance. It is no sufficient answer to their representations to say that they, or their ancestors, came to Mauritius of their own free will, and must accept the conditions in force there. Such an argument might be convincing in the case of a small section of the community—such, for example, as the Chinese—but it loses its force when it is urged against the aspirations of British Indian subjects who outnumber the rest of the inhabitants by more than 2 to 1 and who play so important a part in the industrial life of the community.

The Report of the Royal Commission has naturally caused a flutter in Mauritian dovescotes, and the Oligarchs, who correspond to our own "Damn Nigger" school, are teaching the law-abiding Indians how the laws of their own creation should be honoured more

in the breach than in the observance. Because the Indian electors voted for the *Action Libérale*, the Liberal party in the Colony which is sympathetic to the Indians, Dr. Laurent and M. Naurice, the two leaders of that party who succeeded in the elections at Port Louis, were attacked with revolvers. The rumour of their murder led to reprisals, and M. Ducasse, the defeated candidate, has won undying glory by shooting down nine men. It is gratifying to note that "*Vive les Anglais!*" was the cry as often heard as "*Vive Laurent!*"; but the opposite feelings are excited when we find that an Englishman, Sir W. Newton, has associated himself with the narrow racial bigotry of the Oligarchs.

One thing is certain. The treatment of Indians in the British Colonies is not due to their shortcomings but to their virtues, and the whole problem of Indian immigration is at the bottom one and the same, whether in Natal or the Transvaal, in Australia or Mauritius. If the British Empire is a reality and not a fiction, the first question that the coming Imperial Conference should consider should be the relation of India to the Colonies; and India must be adequately represented at that Conference by Indians themselves.

Poetry.

Sunset.

THE sun was setting and Earth held her breath,
You, watching, said the mountain hush was Death:
Blue hills, snow-crowned, in mystic evening light:
But Death—Is Death the certain gift of night?

And as we watched, a gateway in the sky
Showed us the Home of Time; his soundless cry
Came through that stillness, and our ignorance taught
Out of Time's wisdom and eternal thought.

And then we knew that rose and golden Hope—
Light, but not shadow, on the mountain slope—
And Promise silvery blue, and Trust sublime,
Come at this hour from out the Home of Time.

His sunset blessing and his living breath
Is life and all our joy in life—not Death;
And clouds and mist, the restful gifts of night,
Shall lift at dawn and leave us in the light.

F. E. H.

Selection.

Indians in South Africa.

EVERY writer on Indian affairs, from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to Mr. Chirol, has insisted on the great part which the insulting and oppressive policy of the South African Colonies toward Indian immigrants had played in creating the present unrest. Mahomedans feel this slur cast upon the race as sharply as the Hindus. Natal has been quite as reckless as the Transvaal in its harsh treatment of the Indians; but it differs in this vital particular from the Transvaal, that it needs and desires the free import of cheap Asiatic labour. The stoppage of the supply will injure the staple trades of Natal, and may conceivably bring the Union Parliament, under the spur of self-interest, to "think Imperially" and act humanely. (Nation.)



Heine and Ghalib.

THE memoirs of Heinrich Heine, recently published by Gustav Karpeles, reveal to us Heine as he was: Heine, with all his peculiarities and eccentricities; Heine with a load of insufferable sorrow; Heine love-sick, Heine stricken with an incurable malady. Here we have Heine, face to face, telling us in his usual, light, humorous, mocking vein, his views of the world and his impressions of men. Here we have Heine drawing the curtain from his heart and showing it as it was; a bruised, battered, suffering, bleeding heart.

A true child of the eighteenth century, he remained so to the last. On December 13th, 1799, at Dusseldorf was Heine born. He was born, therefore, just as the eighteenth century was drawing its last breath. Yet was the stamp of the eighteenth century ineffably fixed upon him. But that is not all. His mother was a pupil of Rousseau, had read his "Emile," suckled her children herself, and education was her hobby. And Rousseau was the true representative of his age. Heine, therefore, partly imbibed and partly received by heredity the striking characteristics of the expiring century. The eighteenth century was noted for its political speculations and for its professed contempt for religion. It was an age when everything was put to the test of criticism. It was an age of feverish excitement, unceasing toil,—literary, philosophic, political, scientific. Implicit obedience to tradition was rudely shaken; unquestioning acceptance of religious beliefs was violently denounced; superiority of blood was no longer credited; the doctrine of divine right was no longer believed. A new basis was sought for establishing society; a more stable foundation was needed for political allegiance. When the European world was passing through the throes of intellectual and political revolution, was this Semite born. He was accordingly a child, a true and not a foster child, of the revolution. What Rousseau has done in the world of politics, Heine has done in the domain of intellect. While Rousseau protested, in wild frenzy, against the chains that encircled men who were born free, while Rousseau struck and struck hard at the political servitude in which he found the world writhing in despair, Heine took up the sword to strike off the fetters that shackled the mind.

He began to write early. He began at the age of 16. Henceforward he wrote, and wrote in abundance. His mother would have a rich, thriving banker; a successful money-hoarding advocate; anything, to be sure, but not, what fate had ordained him to be, a poet. He joined a banking firm, but his career there was of a very short duration; only three weeks, indeed. He was not destined to

shine in the commercial world. He knew his powers. He knew his limitations. He knew full well that his laurels and his crown were to be won in the republic of letters, and there he won them, to his own everlasting glory and the everlasting glory of his countrymen.

He, however, took to the study of law, but it was thoroughly distasteful, uncongenial to him. "When I entered my name with Hugo (at Göttingen) in order to become *Doctor juris* under his deaconate, I handed him at the same time the twenty-one louis-d'or degree fee. Old Hugo did not wish to accept the money, and said to me: 'We must first put you to the test.' I answered him: Put everything to the test, but keep the best."

A doctor of law, an advocate he did become, but not from the scale of Themis did he ever receive his daily bread. Like all prophets and seers and men of genius, he had no love for society and its prejudices; no sympathy with its narrow ways and its cherished traditions. When at the age of 16 or thereabout he kissed the ruby lips of the fair Josepha—the executioner's daughter—he tells us that he kissed her not so much out of tender regard for his own feelings as in scorn of society and its dark prejudices. Here we have the key to his feelings against the existing régime. Throughout his life he remained a girdled knight, sword in hand, ready to fight the battle of freedom; freedom from social servitude, freedom from the intellectual bondage of the past.

The love of fair women and the love of the French Revolution, he tells us, were the two passions that always swayed his heart. And what man of genius—soldier or statesman, philosopher or man of letters—was not a lover of fair women! Cæsar and Goethe, Khalid and Avicenna—did they not worship at the shrine of Venus? But possibly Heine's love of fair women was accentuated and intensified by the sympathy which he felt for their hard and cruel lot. The cause of the weak was the cause he championed; therefore the cause of women was one of the items on the programme of freedom for which he fought.

From an early age a favourite of our *Lady of Poverty* it was not long before he became a victim of our *Lady of Inroads*. Is there not a fine touch of pathos in the passage where he describes himself as not the first of his family to eat up jewels and gobble down pearls at the university; or when he talks of his watch as being more familiar than himself with the Hebrew ways and the Hebrew language, owing to its frequent contact with the pawnbrokers?

of Jewish fraternity. These are not mere witticisms, but ugly truths which the poet deeply felt but only lightly expressed.

Throughout life poverty and ill-health continued to inflict their choicest miseries on him. Was it not in sheer desperation that he cried out, "Would I were dead! Deep, deep Sorrow, thy name is Heinrich Heine."

In his writings—prose and poetry—it is always his own sorrows, mingled with the *weltschmerz*, that find their deepest, profoundest expression. Even in his fierce raillery and mocking sentimentality there runs an undercurrent of a soft, refining melancholy. It is the *weltschmerz* over and over again that we encounter in his writings, now in silent whispers, now in full organ-like peal.

Heine, unlike Rousseau, was not a constructive but a destructive force. He has not bequeathed to us a system which could even, by a long way, be called a constructive system. His mission was simply to secure the emancipation of the intellect by freeing it from the hampering traditions of the past. There was something in common between him and Napoleon. Hence Napoleon was the god of his idolatry. Napoleon, because, I presume, he was the god of destruction. Hence also the French Revolution—the fondest object of his passion—because the French Revolution, I presume, swept away the old landmarks to make the path easier for the gospel of liberty, fraternity, and equality.

In this light alone can be explained his savage attacks on religion. Religion has always put a premium upon conservatism. Religion has always resisted the progressive march of ideas. Religion, therefore, Heine must attack, because it is religion that stands as an insuperable barrier between the old easy-going world of the past, and the new regenerate world of wider thoughts and larger activities.

Not the holiest sanctuary of religion was a forbidden ground to him to rifle and to attack. He tears religion to pieces by direct criticism and by gentle insinuations. He ridicules it in his poetry. He laughs it to scorn in his "*Germany*." He summarily dismisses the whole cycle of miracles by saying that God does not like now His works to be carefully scrutinised by modern scientists. Hence no miracles now. Hence no miracles ever more.

It is indeed possible that his anti-religious tendencies were considerably accentuated by the fierce *anti-Semitic* movement raging in full swing in Germany in his days. But whatever else may be the cause of it, Heine is always at his best when he is dismantling God's church and God's cathedral, raised by pious devotion and pious love. Listen to his justification. "I have been upbraided in many quarters for having torn the curtain from German Heaven, and revealed the fact that all the gods of the old faith are gone from it, and that only an old spinster, with heavy hands and sorrowful heart, sits there. Necessity. Ah! I have only given a forewarning of what every man must learn for himself, and what sounded so strange there is now cried out from the housetops on the other side of the Rhine. And in what fanatical tones these anti-religious sermons are delivered. We have monks of atheism who would fain burn M. de Voltaire alive, because he is a deist in disguise!" What a bitter vein of irony! What a savage humour does this justification contain?

Not only religion, indeed, but the entire social system he attacks, and attacks with poisoned arrows. From the king to the lackey, from the lord to the serf, from the philosopher to the fool, from the care-worn councillor to the man in the street, all get their share equally distributed; all reel under his shattering blows. The world is out of gear, out of joint, and Heine brings home this truth repeatedly and with ever-growing emphasis.

But is it, that in despair of mending, he wanted to see the world ended? No! Such was not his creed. He dreamt dreams, happy

dreams of the future. He dreamt, like others before and after him have dreamt; and dreamt of the "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." Here is a passage quite characteristic of Heine. But it is, after all, an echo, only a feeble echo, of the glowing, powerful, ardent love for humanity that he carried within his bosom.

"Many a spring has blossomed forth; but always they lacked their mightiest charm, for I, alas, believe no more in the sweet lies of the nightingale, spring's flatterer. I know how quickly her splendour slips away, and when I see the young rosebuds I have a vision of them blooming red with sorrow, then growing pale and being blown away by the wind. Everywhere I see winter in disguise. But in my breast there blows yet that flaming love, that rises in longing over all the earth, boldly rushes through the wide, gaping space of the sky, there to be hurled back by the cold stars, and to sink once more upon the little earth, where, amid sighing and glad shouts, it must tell that in all creation there is nothing better or more lovely than the heart of man. This love is the spirit which acts ever in god-like fashion, whether in wise or foolish affairs. And so the little boy by no means shed his tears in vain over the sorrows of the foolish knight, any more than the youth who, on many a night in later days, wept in his little room over the death of the most blessed heroes of freedom—King Vegis of Sparta, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, Jesus of Jerusalem, and Robespierre and St. Just of Paris."

In life there is a constant process of construction and destruction, and we need the builder as much as we do the iconoclast. Both have their respective spheres of work, useful, necessary work. There are moments in the history of every nation when the work of destruction has to be done, and done effectively, uncompromisingly. It is only by destroying error and falsehood that we can enthrone in our heart truth in all its splendour and majesty. And, here, in this sphere, Heine has rendered eternal service to humanity. No half-truths, no hypocrisy, no falsehood—no! none of these find quarter or shelter with him. Truth and justice were the words inscribed on his flag and this flag he bore heroically throughout life in scorn of consequences and in defiance of public opinion.

This suffering Heine, the intrepid warrior, the whole-hearted soldier in the war of human liberation could not have become, what he eventually did become, if he had been as solicitous of his material interests as his kind, gentle father had been solicitous of his commercial prosperity. Let us hear the homily preached to the young philosopher by his more worldly father. "My dear son! Your mother makes you study philosophy with Rector Schalkmeyer. That is her affair. For my part I have no liking for philosophy, for it is sheer superstition, and I am a merchant and need my brains for my business. You can be as much a philosopher as you please, but I ask you not to say in public what you think, for it would injure me in my business if my customers were to hear that I have a son who does not believe in God—the Jews especially would buy no velvet of me, and they are honourable people, and pay promptly, and do quite rightly cling to their religion."

But this advice fell on unwilling ears. Heine spoke out his mind, and spoke out with the utmost candour and frankness. No consideration, however tempting, could keep him back from carrying out his mission in this world; and that mission was no other than to expose fraud and to condemn imposture.

We must not, however, omit here to mention that the soldier of freedom was also the founder of the German prose. German literature can scarcely point to another man who wrote such crisp, telling, simple, forcible language as did Heinrich Heine. He stands without a rival. What sacrifice would not one make to kiss the hand which wrote the memoirs, the travels in the Harz Mountains, the "*Germany*," the lyrics, and the English sketches!

I have not attempted to give even the barest outline of that unhappy life, punctuated by disappointments and scarred by sorrows,

which ended on the 16th of February 1856. What that life was the reader can well imagine from the following lines written by the poet:—

"See that a bier be furnished
Of stout and seasoned pine;
Let it be longer than the bridge
At Mainz that spans the Rhine.

And summon me twelve giants,
Men of a mightier mould
Than Christopher the Sainted,
In Köln's Cathedral old.

Let these bear forth the coffin
And drown it in the sea;
For to so huge a coffin
The grave as huge must be.

Wouldst know wherefore the coffin
Must be so strong and vast?
*There all my love and anguish
I'll lay to rest at last!"*

I drew, some time ago, a comparison between Ghalib and Heine. It was not a mere fanciful conceit but the result of deep consideration. The publication of the memoirs brings the comparison nearer home. They further show the affinity of the soul and the kinship of the spirit between these two intellectual giants. Read the letters of Ghalib, and read side by side the letters of Heine. You will see how great is the intellectual connexion between the two. They are not striving at effect. They are not concealing or dissembling. They are merely lifting up the veil to show themselves as they are. You see them at home talking to you comfortably and unreservedly; you get a glimpse of their inward self. You hear of their woes and troubles, their hopes and aspirations, their failures and disappointments. You feel in their company a sense of the sublime and beautiful. You notice their longing for the infinite, their strivings after the ideal. They diffuse light and warmth, and awake in us noble thoughts and finer feelings. Supreme masters of their art, who would not learn at their feet deep and abiding lessons of life? They are sad, but who would not feel sad at the doubtful doom of humankind. They are sad, but they are majestic in their sadness.

In Urdu Literature Ghalib holds the very same position as does Heine in German Literature. To him Urdu prose might legitimately trace its descent. He wrote as none else wrote before him. He gave to it beauty, simplicity, harmony, rhythm, cadence, ease, and elegance. He opened for it the path of improvement, a path which the Urdu Literature has followed since with unwavering loyalty. But the comparison between Heine and Ghalib does not begin and end here. It goes still further. They were both poets of a transitional age. Dissatisfied with the present they fondly loved to dwell in the Utopia of their own creation. Their pathos and bitterness, their laughter and tears are wrung from a weary heart, and hence the irresistible fascination, the supreme charm of their writings. They both wrote poetry of the heart, and therefore wrote what will never cease to interest humanity.

Because they are so real, and because they are so human, they attract, inspire, and enthral us as few writers do. They hold us awestruck and spell-bound in their presence. They create sympathy and inspire love which not the most callous heart would deny them. They voice the permanent feelings of man. They clothe with flesh and blood his hopes even when in the grip of despair; his optimism in moments of most cheerless gloom; his pitiful longings for that which is not and cannot be; his struggles, only too often unavailing, alas, with destiny. They bring consolation to him when he most needs consolation; they bring comfort in moments of drooping energy. They bring the message of hope to him when he most requires that message, in his upward, uphill march towards a distant goal—the goal of a re-born, regenerate, perfect humanity.

They both bring to us the gospel of peace and perfection. They are both, therefore, at war with all that stands in the way of that consummation devoutly to be wished. Ghalib's attacks on religion are as deep and piercing and subtle as are Heine's are bitter and humorous. Neither of them has any patience or sympathy with a religion that lies on the lip and not in the heart. Neither of them looked for reward to their contemporaries but awaited the final judgment of posterity. Both of them suffered, and suffered grievously at the hands of fate. Both of them wrote, and wrote from the fullness of heart.

If Heine fought in the war of human literature, so did Ghalib. He fought for sweetness and light, for love and humanity, for intellectual emancipation and freedom from traditional restraints, and fought with as much force and as great fervour as did his German brother and Semite kinsman—Heinrich Heine.

Their writings are the product of love, burning love for humanity, frail, suffering humanity. Their work, therefore, is an immortal work, "an eternal lamp in God's Cathedral, not a flickering light in the theatre."

S. KHUDA BUKHSH.



Anecdote.

TALKING of Disraeli, Lord Granville told John Bright one day: "After all you must admire a self-made man." Bright was not at a loss for reply. Pat came the retort. "Yes, and Disraeli addresses his Creator."

BARON DE MACKAU, one of the most intimate friends of Napoleon III, was entrusted after the battle of Solferino with the duty of presenting Niel with his Marshal's epaulettes. The Baron says:—"The Emperor did not wish for war. It is only just to him to say that he submitted to it. It would be equitable to seek for the reasons of the defeat of France in the refusal of Parliament to contribute, during the years preceding the war, to the work of national defence proposed by Marshal Niel. In 1867, after the Italian war, Niel, as Minister of War, demanded the modification of the military law and the creation of reservists. He was not allowed to finish his speech. The Maguins, the Favores, the Simons, and all those who formed the Opposition at that date prevented the vote. They said to the Marshal: 'You want to make France a vast entrenched camp.' I heard the Marshal reply, with a gravity well calculated to move those who were present: 'May you, gentlemen, not make it a huge cemetery.'"

MANY literary men have refused to be raised above the rank of commoners for one reason or another. Charles Dickens was compelled to refuse a knighthood for lack of means, and the late George Meredith was content with the Order of Merit, though a baronetcy was offered him. It is well known, too, that when Thomas Carlyle received a letter offering to make him "Sir Thomas," he threw it contemptuously into the wastepaper basket with the remark, "I would much prefer being given a pound of good tobacco."

A RATHER amusing incident once happened to Prince Max of Saxony. A brother of the King of Saxony, he began life, as all young Germans do, with a period of service in the army; but the pomp and glory of a military career were not in harmony with his bent of mind, which inclined more to study and meditation. He therefore threw up his commission, sacrificed a future of ease and luxury, and entered the Church. When Princess Marie of Bourbon was married to Prince John George of Saxony at Cannes, a young priest appeared at the church door so poorly clad that the verger refused to admit him. The priest was none other than Prince Max, brother of the bridegroom, and great was the confusion when he disclosed his identity.

CORRESPONDENCE



Mum!

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE"

SIR,

To any one who has keenly followed the proceedings of the meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council, held on the 25th of the last month, the silence of the Mahomedan representatives will appear rather ominous. It is possible to hold only two opinions about Mr. Gokhale's resolution: either the Government was really not spending too much, and there was absolutely no necessity of an inquiry as suggested by Mr. Gokhale, or the expenditure had really gone beyond the means of the poor tax-payer and some means had to be found to curtail it. If the Mahomedan members thought that the inquiry was uncalled for they should have said so and given their reasons; on the other hand, if they thought that Mr. Gokhale was right they ought to have come forward boldly and courageously to support him.

The question of the increase of expenditure in the governance of the country affects everybody, and Mr. Gokhale's resolution can in no sense be brought into the arena of Hindu Moslem controversial subjects. It is a matter that touches the pockets of Mussalmans as well as Hindus. This being so, the complete silence of the Mussalman members becomes all the more inexplicable. They were not there as persons responsible to none but themselves. They were representatives of a large body of taxpayers directly affected by the extravagance or the thrift of the Government, and affected to a larger extent owing to their comparative poverty. Their community either approves or disapproves of the increased expenditure, but their silence means that it holds absolutely no opinion on a matter of such vital importance to itself and the country at large, or that their representatives, through some mistaken notions of loyalty and duty, do not wish to bring to the ears of the Government the real state of Mahomedan feelings on this question. They are either mutes by nature, or for the sake of expediency.

I have alluded above to this silence as complete, because barring the Hon. Mr. Mazharul Haque no other Mahomedan spoke, and Mr. Mazharul Haque represents a very advanced wing of Mahomedan opinion, and his action does not absolve others.

To me there appears to be only one reason for this silence, namely, that perhaps the Mahomedan gentlemen in the Council did not think it advisable to tender their advice to Government on such a delicate subject. I should like to bring to the notice of these worthies that the Government itself is trying to keep down expenditure, and that there is not a single man in the Legislative Council or outside it who can surpass Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson in his desire for economy. Even Mr. Madge supported the resolution if only to justify the expenditure. I am sure the Government would not have labelled the Mahomedan members as seditious, if they had spoken on the motion before the Council. The Mahomedan point of view ought to have been placed before the Council, and in not doing this the Mahomedan members neglected a public duty, and were not true to their electors when they listened to the full discussion in sublime silence.

Vox.

Short Story.

Kismet.

A LITTLE figure stole with noiseless footsteps to a latticed window, and raising the shutters looked down into the street below. It was a hot languorous afternoon in May, throbbing with the heat the plains of India alone possess. The dusty street was almost empty, for this was the hour of siesta. A trap with a single European in it drove past, and as the rattle of the wheels died, the shuttle dropped silently and the graceful figure sank down on the floor regretfully. She was very fair, the fairness of Cashmere; her eyes were a deep soft brown; and her mouth worth a king's ransom. She was one of the wives of a Mahomedan zemindar, married in childhood for her dowry. Her husband, who had hardly seen her, married again soon after. So that when she came to his house she was from the first a chattel of no importance.

She was quaint and proud, and she would not, or could not, take her proper place in the household. The women of this zenana began by looking on her as merely queer and conceited. They ended by disliking her. Her husband seemed almost unaware of her existence. Continually scoffed at, with no one to whom she could talk, her life had been for five years all shadow. But that had changed. A fairy tale, fantastically woven round the sunburnt face, blue eyes, and stalwart figure of an Englishman, held her in thrall. He was the Assistant Superintendent of Police, and quite unconscious of his part as a Fairy Prince.

She had first seen him, when eager and excited he had directed a Mohurrum procession, which passed down that street, below her latticed window. She found out who he was, and that he passed every day on his way to and from his office. So day by day the story folded its mystic veils of romance around her, till the Prince became the Lover, and she believed her own dreams. An incentive to live was what she had lacked, and someone to love. She blossomed under this new influence like a flower. The bud unfolded its petals hour by hour and became a rose. The women were astonished at her sudden burst into a delicate beauty that silenced their scoffing tongues, and sent a twinge to the heart of the favourite wife. No need to fear, she sought nothing outside her dream.

One day chance—Kismet, she called it—stopped him just below her little window. Opening the shutters, regardless of consequences were she to be seen, she flung out a small packet. It was a handkerchief beautifully embroidered by her own slim fingers. She had never imagined that fate would let her give it to him, though the Fairy Lover had long possessed it. It had been hid in her bosom wrapped carefully in paper with "Chhota Police Sahib" clearly written in Urdu outside.

Breathless she watched; he picked it up, and seeing it addressed to him slipped it in his pocket. As he glanced up curiously, she put her hand through the shutters, to show it came from her. The next moment he was gone. The romance had gained by one fact, for he looked up at the window nearly every day for the sight of a little hand, pink-tipped. "Curiosity" said reason, "Love" said the weaver of fairy tales, who is always right.

The hours sang by through golden days. * * *

Kismet! Is it Kismet? Who knows how things happen? A riot occurred in that street. A very unimportant row, easily quelled by the arrival of the superior European police officer and his assistant. As the ringleaders were being arrested one of them picked up a stone and in fierce fury throw it at the older man; it just missed him, but hitting the boy on the temple killed him outright. He fell with a sickening thud, and for a moment no one moved from the sheer surprise. An agonized scream broke the silence, coming as it seemed from nowhere, and followed by a low sob, like the breaking of a violin string.

Some hurried words, a rush of feet, and in a few minutes the street was clear.

It was a cold misty morning when they carried him to his grave. Many prayers were said, and many tears fell. But his real grave was a girl's broken heart.

A.T.O.

The Greatest Gift.

IN A BEAUTIFUL modern city there lived a strong and able man. He had wealth and a great position; he was good at his work and took delight in it; he enjoyed his life and had many friends who envied him his luck and his glowing health and cheerful spirits.

There was also in the city a young and lovely girl, fresh come from school, with a great desire to enjoy to the full all the good things life had in store for her. Knowing nothing really of life nor of the difference between that which is good and that which only seems so, she mistook all that the Man offered her for the truly great things in life and accepted them joyfully. The Man built a beautiful palace for her and filled it with wonderful works of art; work men had done with the sweat of their brows for the glory of their art he bought with his wealth that her youth and loveliness might have a fitting place to dwell in. Her feet must tread the softest carpets, but of the story men had woven painfully she cared nothing, of the pride with which they had finished their work she knew nothing—only that her feet must tread on soft carpets.

In one of the city's great churches they were united according to the rites in which both thought that they believed. Boys sang with the voices of angels, and a grand organ pealed forth the music of a master singer in praise of the greatest thing in life the love that is given to men and women that they may re-create it. But neither the singing nor the prayers of the priestly dignitaries were pleasing to the God of Love in His Heaven, and in wrath He said. "They mock me." For the Woman only thought of all that she would do with the wealth that was to be hers, and of how it would enable her to enjoy life of rich and wonderful clothing, of jewels and laces, of thoroughbred horses, and luxurious motor cars, of travel in far lands, and of the comforts of her magnificent house. And she said "I shall have all that I need." The Man thought only of the girl's youth and beauty, and of all that his wealth would give her of his jewels adorning her, of the admiration his friends would lavish on her as mistress of his splendid new home. But the Angels of Pity watching them wept and said "They know not the meaning of life." So they went into the presence of God and asked Him not to withhold from the Man and the Woman His greatest gift. But the God of Love answered in wrath "They have said they have no need of love, let them suffer." But the Angels of Pity pleaded: "Let them at least learn by suffering."

Still the God of Love was angered and would not promise, but answered only "They have mocked me."

So the Angels of Pity went forth sorrowing to watch

One day as the Man and the Woman drove in their motor car, they met by the merest coincidence another man and woman who were not of their world. The car came to a sudden stop and needed a few minutes' repairs, so the Man and Woman walked along a country road together for a short distance, and came upon that other man and woman sitting humbly by the wayside; the man waiting contentedly while the woman nursed their child. They had neither wealth nor beauty, but they had that which is infinitely greater than both. And seeing them, the rich man knew how mean a thing was his life by comparison.

"I have no child," he told the man whom the world would count poor.

"We have no need of a child," said his wife, and passed on. But the Father and Mother knew, and were sorry

At the end of the first year the Woman in her beautiful house rested for a moment from the pleasures that occupied her by day and night. Her beauty was less, for her eyes had no light in

them, and the laughter that came from her smiling lips had no joy in it; her wondrously clothed body was weary, her strong young arms lay idly empty at her side. But she said "Life is good, I'm having a splendid time."

The Man at his work made more and more money to give her; bought rarer jewels and ever made the house more costly, for he had begun to fear that she would tire of it; and he said "I am afraid of that which I have done." For the God of Love to punish him had awakened in his heart every longing that a man may know for the greatest thing in life but withheld the gift. And the Man thought often of those others whom he had met by the roadside and envied them

At the end of the second year the Woman again rested in her house from the pleasures that were sapping her beauty away, and this time she said frankly "I am weary."

And the Man who was wealthier than ever knew that what he had always feared had come to pass his gifts no longer sufficed. And the Angels of Pity watching said "Surely it is enough." So once more they sought the Presence of the God of Love and pleaded for the Man and Woman; and God remembered still that they had mocked Him.

"Through suffering they have learnt," the Angels pleaded. "They have learnt something, but not all." He replied; "they have only realised that for the sake of which they mocked God is worthless they do not know the meaning of life."

Then came forward She who is the Mother of the God of Love to plead also for them "There is but one way by which to teach them," said She who knew

So the God of Love relented "Let them learn by that way." He decreed.

That night the Angels of Pity rejoicing carried God's greatest gift to the Man and the Woman, and at last they understood the meaning of their life, for the child of their love taught them.

F. E. H.

Selections.

The Powers and the Bagdad Railway.

THE plain man, we suspect, has read in his daily paper the too ample news about the pending Russo German negotiations with a mixture of impatience and indifference. So far as the news is certain it is not at a first glance interesting, and so far as it is interesting it is mere speculation. Germany has recognised Northern Persia as an exclusive Russian sphere of influence, a fact which robs the unlucky Persians of their last wild hope that she might for her own ends have decided to make trouble in the Middle East, on the Moroccan model. She has secured certain concessions for her own trading interests which, at the best, are trivial. Finally, and this is the only point of importance, she has induced Russia to take a friendly interest in the Bagdad Railway by consenting to its eventual linking-up with the Russo-Persian system, which will one day be built. There is nothing in this simple business transaction which would seem to warrant the excited questionings of the French Press, the triumphant self-congratulations of the German papers, and the nervous commentaries and denials at cross-purposes which have chased each other in successive issues of the *Novoe Vremya*. We in Europe know the habits of German diplomacy, and it was only the distracted Persians who ever supposed that it would break a lance for the independence of their country. It has followed the consecrated practice of all Great Powers in levying a modest toll upon the illicit acquisition of its neighbours. The gain which Germany has won as the price of

averting her eyes from the partition of Persia is intangible, but not inconsiderable. It is presumably this, that Russia has henceforth a motive which will lead her to desire the completion of the Bagdad line. When next the Powers of the Triple Entente consider whether, and on what terms, they will allow their financiers to assist in building this highly political railway, the voice of Russia must speak in its council for a relatively prompt and easy accommodation. For a Power engaged in what it calls a "realistic" world-policy, this is an appreciable success. It would be folly to track the devious speculations by which the newspapers of all nations seek to explore this transaction. We have no difficulty in believing that the two great European groups subsist intact. But, unquestionably this approach of Russia to Germany does imply some slackening of the tension in one quarter at least. It is even possible that Russia has pledged herself not to share in any combination against Germany. It means that the two groups are, to some extent, what M. Deschanel hoped they would not be—"interpenetrable." The Chauvinists who wish to see in the Triple Entente a league which may be used to further active rivalry, if not aggression, have suffered a check.

This diplomatic episode is a perfect illustration of the game which is being played around that mysterious abstraction, "the balance of power." The use of that dignified historic term is apt to mislead us in our interpretations of contemporary happenings. It stirs in us ancestral memories of Marlborough and Wellington. It suggests the days when the map of Europe was a thing with which diplomats played like a child's toy puzzle. We are apt to conceive of the vast armaments which all the Powers accumulate, as weapons designed primarily to defend their own territory or to seize the provinces of their weaker neighbors. We delude ourselves into supposing that the equilibrium, which is preserved at so vast a cost, is the *status quo* of Europe.

The real fact is something much less vital and rather more subtle. The days of territorial aggrandisement are ended in Europe. Its map is fixed. Its frontiers are determined. The struggle that is in progress is for expansion in other continents at the expense of dying empires. It is no longer a restless feudal caste or a rapidly expanding population which supplies the motive for conquest. It is the quest of capital for new fields to exploit that makes for the unrest. The game is played in Europe, but the stake invariably lies elsewhere—in Morocco, in Persia, in Turkey, or in China. To be weak in Europe is to be impotent beyond it. To be strong in Europe is to clear the road to some "place in the sun." When our Jingo's talk of maintaining the balance of power in Europe against Germany, they mean that they are winning for themselves and their friends the right to have or to hold in Morocco, in Egypt, or in Persia. When the Germans talk of breaking the "pen" that holds them in, they mean primarily that they have improved their chances of dominating Turkey, and are completing the peaceful penetration that is to follow the iron road to Bagdad. In the whole process European hearths and homes were never in danger. What was at stake was the right to settle down in some rich mining area, in a land destined to be one of the world's great roads, or along a river whose waters contain the potentiality of great harvests of cotton and wheat. It gives us all a sense of engaging in some reasonable and domestic duty when we talk of preserving the European balance. We are busied in reality over Moroccan iron-ore, Persian railway, and the problematic crops of Mesopotamia.

The latest phases of the conflict date from the rough intervention of Germany in the Bosnian controversy. We had talked at large and forced an unreal issue very near the limits of actual warfare. The plain utterance of a German threat at St. Petersburg reduced the dispute to reality. We have no means of assisting a Continental ally in a Continental quarrel. Russia had perforce to yield, and from that day onward the Triple Entente has paid for its diminished prestige. German influence is once more paramount in Turkey. Russia, having dismissed M. Isvolsky, as France dismissed

M. Delcasse, is exhibiting that neighborly discretion which is the better part of valor. The arrangement over Persia is one symptom of the new situation. It means that the balance has slightly shifted to Germany's advantage, in so far as it has brought her a little nearer to her gold at Bagdad. As a military combination, the Triple Entente is no match for the Triple Alliance. It is formidable only at sea and in the money market.

If this summary diagnosis of a conflict that is only in appearance European be at all accurate, the key to a permanent understanding lies at Bagdad, and this Russo-German arrangement has already forced the first ward of the lock. There are three ways in which our Foreign Office can hamper German progress. It can, in concert with France, pursue the policy which Mr. Balfour reluctantly adopted, of discouraging the participation of British and French capital in this great enterprise. Secondly, it can veto the increase of Turkish customs to furnish the kilometric guarantee for the construction of the line. Lastly, by maintaining its hold upon Koweit, the natural terminus of the line, and by insisting that the last section of the road from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf shall be under our own control, it can convert what ought to be an economic, into a very dangerous political, question. It is here that the real crux of the dispute lies concealed. The Turks have watched with growing alarm the obstinacy of our interest in Mesopotamia. The recognition of what is in effect a British monopoly of the river navigation caused the fall of Hilmi Pasha. Our claims on Koweit caused trouble even under Abdul Hamid. Sir William Willcocks is planning the irrigation of Mesopotamia on a scale which may make it a richer Egypt. With the scheme of irrigation he combines a more speculative project for a rival trunk railway over the deserts to the Syrian coast. If these schemes were even partially realised, Mesopotamia must become a sphere of economic interest as indisputably British as Northern Persia is Russian. Where capital goes on such a scale, political influence inevitably follows. If Turkey is destined to live and grow strong, there is here a source of jealousy and discord. If German influence dominates her destinies, here again is an unending dispute. If Turkey fails in the long run to consolidate her position, we should find that we had acquired in Mesopotamia an Imperial commitment more anxious and more difficult to defend than Egypt. It is a grave matter that our Indian frontier is now, for practical purposes, a vague line across the Persian deserts, which a Russian railway will presently traverse. To add to our responsibilities the control of a railway in Mesopotamia, with a vast irrigated area, watered by English gold as well as the floods of the Euphrates, is a venture that must end by transforming all our problems of defence.

The solution of the question of Bagdad is not to be sought on these lines. Any arrangement which partakes, however remotely, of the nature of a partition into British and German spheres of influence is a menace to Turkish independence, and a burden laid on our own shoulders. The only solution that is tolerable is to internationalise the line over its whole extent. To keep an open door to British trade in Mesopotamia is emphatically our interest and our right. That end can be achieved by any arrangement which secures to us a share in the management of the line. It is a sound policy to resist a German monopoly. It is a suicidal policy to insist on a British monopoly. To prevent the settlement of any other Power, be it Russia or Germany, on the coast of the Persian Gulf may be a necessary consequence of our position in India. But to achieve this end, we are not compelled to establish our own predominance around it. A free Persia and a prosperous and progressive Turkey are the best safeguards which we could desire. The conversion of the Bagdad line into an international enterprise, and its extension, on the same terms, to the Persian Gulf, would remove the rivalry which is the source of half the unrest in Europe from the political plain, and canalize into economic channels the ambitions and energies of German enterprise. An arrangement on these lines is possible. It would make us the partner of Germany where we are

to-day a sullen and obstructive rival. It would ease the anxieties of the Turks, which are driving them headlong into the excesses of militarism. Above all, it would produce in Europe itself a sense of confidence which would ere long translate itself into a bargain for the reduction of armaments. (Nation.)

The Untouchables.

ONE irremovable difficulty of Indian administration is forcibly illustrated by a copy of a memorial to the Secretary of State which has been sent to me from the conference of Deccan Mahars, Poona. It is a plea for their release from the disabilities imposed by Hindu caste customs, and not the least interesting passage of the document is a reference to the encouragement they derive from the fact that the House of Commons is now composed to some extent of "representatives of the lower strata of English society, the working men who but a quarter of a century ago were regarded as but Mahars and Paryas by the more educated and affluent classes of their nation." The Deccan Mahars are, however, careful to explain that their own aspirations are more modest than those of our Labour M.P.s—

We do not aspire to high political privileges and positions, since we are not educationally qualified for them, but humbly seek employment in the lowest grades of the public service, in the ranks of police sepoy and of soldiers in the Indian army.

It is one of the ironies of political life that Mr. Keir Hardie is the supporter of Hindus of the higher castes who treat the Mahars as "untouchables."

Caste prejudice is the difficulty in the way of the employment of the Mahars, and they assert that the result of changes made by Lord Kitchener has been to cut them off from places they formerly filled "in the very lowest departments of the military service—in the baggage train, the supply and transport, the mule corps, and similar branches in the capacity of hamals, drivers, etc." So far as their advancement outside the army is concerned, the Mahars point out that some of them who have become converts to Christianity fill positions as pleaders, doctors, professors, magistrates and judges, while quite a number are ordained priests of the Indian Christian Church. When they give up Hinduism the higher castes no longer regard their touch as pollution or refuse to recognise any authority they may exercise. As the memorial puts the matter:—

The kindly touch of the Christian religion elevates the Mahar at once and for ever socially as well as politically, and shall not the magic power of British law and British justice produce the same effect upon us, even as followers of our ancestral faith?

This is one of the posers Lord Crew must be left to answer.

(Truth.)

Turkey and Arabia.

It is well known that the Government of Abdul Hamid left nothing but the legacy of shame and sorrow to its successors. One of the most intolerable abominations of unbridled autocracy is the jealousy with which the transactions of the State are kept away from the penetration of public criticism, and the late autocrat of the Yildiz possessed this as well as other attendant evils of despotism to their extreme degree of perfection, so that he carried out a national affair of such colossal importance as the negotiations of the Bagdad Railway concessions with the Germans without consulting the public even in the preliminary stages of the project.

But perhaps nowhere was the policy of Abdul Hamid more thoroughly his own than in Arabia. The sum total of his Arabian policy seems to have been *Divide and Rule*. He tried to turn the jealous feuds of the tribes to the advantage of the Government by employing the Sheikhs in the punishment of the lawless and hostile tribes. This only contributed to prolong and intensify the chronic warfare of the desert, and worst of all, the unfriendly tribes in Mesopotamia and elsewhere, in order to meet more evenly their enemies—the tribes aided by the Turkish arms and ammunition—sought the help of the foreign powers, which spared no pains in extending secretly the hand of friendship. No wonder the European Consulates, under these circumstances, enjoyed opportunities of action somewhat in excess of their legitimate political sphere of responsibilities. In order to have a fair idea of the doings

of the apparently harmless explorers and tourists, who, under the protection of their respective legations, penetrated into the very heart of the country, one has only to open the pages of Mr. Palmer's diary.

In order to cover the disasters that were the logical outcome of an undefined policy that was being pursued unabatingly for the last forty years, Abdul Hamid bribed the tribes. The recent disturbances in the Kerak district have followed as the result of stopping the subsidiary allowance to the nomads, who infest the Hedjaz route. For a responsible Government, whose items of expenditure are subject to the minutest public enquiry, it was impossible to let the money flow through the channels of Abdul Hamid's engineering, and so far as the principle of stopping the allowance is concerned, there is no room for criticism. But the manner in which this consummation was effected certainly admits of a serious objection. Unfortunately it is becoming too prominent a feature of the present "Yeni Turkler Ki" Government to be overlooked, that an administrative policy that emanates from a ministry irreproachably true to its parliamentary principles, seldom finds among the provincial officials corresponding political perception and ability to carry it out to its ultimate end.

The general rising of Yahya, the Imam of Zedis, and Saiyed Al Idris, the Mehdi of Assy, opens a new chapter in the history of the modern Yemenites, for in olden times the land of Yemen was richer than any Semitic country in the production of false Mehdis. From the days of Abdul Hamid, these scions of Musulama are pressing the Turkish Government to accede to their demands, which aim at snatching autonomy from it, and the ex-Sultan, who could evade anything, kept them quiet with fair words. But while it temporarily saved the Government the expenses of an expedition, it only tended to fan the flame of high hopes, the non-fulfilment of which was rankling in their breasts as a piece of injustice.

It is a matter for rejoicing that the Imams have forced war upon the reluctant Government, for if the Ottomans succeed in stamping out the chronic warfare and the tribal systems in the province of Yemen, not only will it be a gain to Turkey, but to the world at large. Yemen, unlike most parts of Arabia, is one of the most fertile countries in the world. There are inexhaustible mines, which if worked will change the face of the whole of the Turkish Arabia. Even at this time, when the hands of the Ministers are full, they cannot allow the affairs of Arabia to drift in any direction. No Ottoman worthy of the name can assert that the Arabian Question should not be the first and foremost in the programme of the Government. But if the Ottoman Government regards Arabia as the brightest gem in the hilt of the sword of Ottoman, it must at once bid farewell to the policy of indecision and fluctuation. A firm policy and administrative boldness alone can save it.

Now that the flame of battle is kindled from one end of the country to the other, the Commission to investigate into the causes of the outbreak and the massacre of the unsuspecting troops will prove a dangerous resort to secure peace in the land. The nomads have committed the worst crimes of treachery, slaughter, and looting. They have insulted the Ottoman flag. The Government must administer to them a lesson which they may not forget for years to come.

In the large volumes of information that are being incessantly poured by European writers on Eastern affairs, a few at least deserve a careful study; and it is impossible to find a truer criticism in the whole mass than this, that the great defect of Turkish Generals is that they do not know how to reap the advantage of victory and pursue the defeated enemy. This is due, perhaps, to the too charitable character of the officers, but now that the Turks are determined to remove all defects in the conduct of their affairs, which they or their friends find out, they must also rebuke this charge and adopt a more rigid standard of public duty. In the last Greco-Turkish War of 1897, notwithstanding great and admirable manifestations of Ottoman bravery and military tactics Turkish Generals were not entirely beyond reproach on this score. But let us hope that in connection with the Yemenite rising they will repudiate this charge by following the precedents of other powers, but without violating the cardinal virtue of Islamic humanity.

FAZL-I-AMIN FARUQUI.



The Council.

BY THE HON. MR. GUP.

"As large a charter as the wind to blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

COUNCIL met again on 25th. Honourable Cross-Bencher cross-examined Bootlair Sahab after three weeks' cogitations over replies of the defendant to questions in examination-in-chief. Cross-Bencher exceedingly cross with Bootlair Sahab. Asked who was so venturesome that did not "ordinarily regard" Mahars, Pariabs, Chamars, Dheds, Kalipais, and other beloved brethren as Hindus. Does Government recognise that Social Conference composed of amiable week-end reformers was dissatisfied with *communiqués* wherein Government had almost described a circle in returning to the *status quo ante* and had left the number of untouchable brethren to the unknowable knowledge of their Maker? Are Government aware that a learned doctor had written three hundred and thirty-seven articles proving that the whole world was Hindu, and that *Bengales, Patrisks, Punjabes*, and other pro-Government journals, had for once gone agin' the Government? Finally, would Government postpone such silly inquiries for the Greek kalends or till they got a blue moon from Lord Morley? After this question, which ran into four volumes of folio size, Honourable Cross-Bencher fell to his seat exhausted with righteous indignation.

After this Bootlair Sahab, fresh from the Hospital after surgical operation in which backbone had to be taken out, neatly doubled himself backwards and touched his heels with the back of his head, and displayed remarkable skill in the contortions of his reply. Deftly eluded No. 1, and with regard to Nos. 2 and 3, said if Honourable Cross-Bencher had a following outside, so had he. As regards No. 4, pleaded that enumeration of Untouchables was personal fad of Gait, just as measuring heads had been the fad of Bahu Risley. Surely Honourable Members of Council would permit a harmless fancy. Who on earth could take Gait seriously? His opinions were not binding—even on himself. Honourable Cross-Bencher at liberty to turn Census Report inside out, and deal with statistics as children deal with a house of cards, up one moment, down the next. Figures could prove anything. On occasions he himself had tried them both ways.

Cross-Bencher, fortified with this assurance, meted out even-handed justice to another Department, and drew attention to the confusion of V.P.P.'s. Administrative Orphan still absent and crying at home for Winston and Lloyd George and generally sulking. So

Robertson tardily confessed that recent simplification of V.P. system had according to all expectations confused both public and the Department, and after a "general post" for three years, Director-General, who had thoroughly enjoyed the game all this time, was going to revert to old simplicity in the course of this century.

After this curtain-raiser began the real play. Mild Hindu, like Whistler's Hope, harped on the one string of economy to the evident disgust of liberal and open-handed bureaucrats. Contrasted sordid poverty and miserly methods of Lawrence, Mayo, and Northbrook with the rich splendours and bountiful generosity of Sultan Curzon Shah. Present real income 53 millions, but one million went as interest on unproductive debt. Paradoxical this. A debt producing a million is called unproductive! Could Mild Hindu have this very unproductive debt placed to the credit of my account, I think I could be happy in spite of its sterility. One million was the premium paid for famine, and yet people wondered there were famines in India. What else could be expected when famines commanded a premium? Of the balance, 30 millions was the civil expenditure, and the rest represented incivilities, Tommy-rot, enlarged spleens, etc., etc. In 26 years from 1875, increased expenditure was 24½ crores. But this too low for the fifty-thousand horse power Viceroy, with American aspirations of breaking all records. So next seven years saw further increase of 18 crores. Well, the Efficiency Birds had now come home to roost, and the pagoda tree was heavy laden—not with pagodas but with the Efficiency Birds. Mild Hindu, enjoying single-blessedness, opposed to large establishments. Lloyd George fond of Church Disestablishment, so Gokhale had only State Disestablishment left to choose, and did so very willingly. Concluded by adding another to the long list of crimes, "the crime," as Lord Mayo called it, "of spending unnecessarily a shilling on the army." Advocate-General wishing to get up to defend the Government on the plea that it was not a shilling that was being spent unnecessarily on the army, but some million sterling. Knew well the plea of the Old Man of Lyme,

Who had three wives at a time,
And when asked why the third,
Said one was absurd.
And bigamy, sir, was a crime.

Telephoned to his legs preparatory to getting up. But owing to delay at the Exchange, could not get up in time; so contented himself with customary silence, and sent the legs back on their long journey to the steps of the Viceregal throne.

Mud Holkar was in a sartorial mood, and asked the army to cut its coat according to the length of the cloth. Sir Douglas Haig, with a look of injured innocence, whispered that the mess jacket was a model of economy in clothing, and that he wondered if Mud Holkar expected soldiers to march in battle array in the "altogether." But where's the harm in the transformation of *Miles* into *La Milo*? Had only to shuffle off the sartorial coil for King, Country—and Council.

Madge, as morose as ever, got up to talk of his singular principles. Did not think a single soldier was too many in India, because there were riots in Calcutta, and—Madge was fearful. He was quite satisfied if Finance Department held an enquiry with closed doors to keep out light, air, and non-official members. But chewing the cud of the previous day's singularity, cast his vote on the side of an enquiry and his arms round the blushing neck of the Mild Hindu, and said, although an Imperialist, he would never desert his non-official Micawber.

When he sat down, Burma opened up the floodgates of its sarcastic oratory. Gates was indeed refreshing in a dreary debate. Pointed to "the spirit of the Jacobin behind the persuasive accents" of the Mild Hindu, and Gokhale uneasily moved in his seat, turned round, saw no ghost of Robespierre behind him, but only the cheerful smile of Chitnis. Gates on the Sins of Commissions was a preacher worth listening to. But the only sin he named was a sin of omission. Burma was never included in a Commission! Cheer up, Burma! Next time when Government commits anything—even the blunder of a Commission—you will get your *dasturi* all right. Jealous of Chesterton, Gates perpetrated another paradox and advised the Government to "retrench by borrowing more." He was "entirely in favour of economy where necessary." So far he agreed. But where the difference came was this. It was never necessary. Said witnesses, at Commissions were inaudible, meaning they were never heard. But it was difficult to believe this, for, as he was never on a Commission, he was not an eye-witness, and as they were inaudible, he could not even rely on hearsay.

After the Pandit, Sobraon talked of "Bud-jets" and "Govern-amentas", defended the existence of Punkha coolies and the Chuprassies against the retrenching tendencies of Gates, and declared "a committee of three with one Indian will do so far as I am concerned" meaning 'so long as I am included.'

Debate terribly dull again, so the Dowager began drawing lines on the scribbling pad in front of him, and explained to Bootlair Sahab that they were only new lines of economy. Bootlair Sahab was, however, too busy to attend to these, and went on drawing sketches for his Menu cards. Both roused suddenly by the thundering eloquence of Bhupen Babu. Following the *Bengalee* and Burke, talked of "the common fallacy of logic", and preferred the Grand Trunk Road of popular concessions to the short-cuts of efficiency. This time instead of dreaming of Beardon Square, saw visions of himself in St. Stephens, pulverising an extravagant Chancellor of the Exchequer, and called Sir Guy "the genial Finance Minister." In excellent alliterative jingle, deeply deplored the darkness of departments, and blasphemed against "the entire cost of keeping the India Office in *India*." Was this with reference to the controversy between Anglo-Indians and Chitral on the one side, and single-handed Morley on the other, about "agency" "control" and "initiative", in which it is alleged by Anglo-India that a branch of the India Office is lodged in the Indian Secretariat? Referred to the Simla exodus, and talked of "the modern appliances for comfort in hot days", regretfully looking up at the motionless fans above, which a retrenching Finance Member would not start in January, though it was hot enough to be *Jehannum*. The only ventilation available was the ventilation of the Pandit's grievances, and the breezy inanity of the *Free Lance*. Perhaps Government gave itself such airs that none could be spared for the Council; or perhaps His Excellency was afraid of fanning the flames of controversy, and prevented the revolution—of the punkhas.

Hon. Longfellow, sick of the silence of Islam, stoned for his co-religionists with the lofty threat that "we shall take good care to deal next March with the P.W.D. rather severely."

This gave some courage to the Burly Raja to favour economy. Traced his lineage to ancient military heroes, and in deference to his ancestry, said he could not suggest any economy in the Army, but would do so "in the Finance Department." Sir Guy, Orator Meston, and lisping Brunyate hugely perturbed about reduction of their salaries.

This too much for Sir Guy, who stood up immediately, in spite of being the 13th speaker. Praised the Mild Hindu for the remarkable manner "in which he had presented his heads." Must be remarkable, for Gokhale still had one head left on his shoulders. Perhaps Sir Guy only referred with suave sarcasm to the many heads of the demagogic Hydra. Thought Government needed no expert consultation to discover the obvious causes of growing expenditure, but only lacked "commonsense and the economic instinct." As regards the employment of Indians, said he was waiting for his breakfast egg which Sobraon was hatching in the incubating heat of equatorial Madras; by the time he gets it, it will perhaps be a meat breakfast after all. As regards independent audit, assured the Council that he was cutting off the chains of slavery gradually, and would soon find his auditors patting him familiarly on the back and referring jocosely to a certain date in the month of November. In conclusion, thought it was absolutely essential to introduce "greater sobriety in our public expenditure," and immediately signed the pledge himself as a move towards temperance. Announced that all Members of the Executive Council "will subject the expenditure for which they are individually responsible to close scrutiny." This has now caused a consternation among the cooks and the bearers of Honourable Members owing to the ambiguity of the phrase "individually responsible." Appealed to the Mild Hindu in the name of an infant viceroyalty. Assured him that the assurance he now gave was not lightly given. He knew what a terrible struggle had taken place in the privacy of the Council Chamber. Finally, described the process of bureaucratic evolution from Sympathy to Support, and from Support to Salvation.

The Mild Hindu rose to reply, and in the retort courteous displayed new powers hitherto unsuspected. Good-tempered raillery and scathing sarcasm, coupled with a mastery of figures raised him in the eyes of Madge and Gates to "the bad eminence" of Milton's Great Hero. Declared that Orator Meston had failed to convince him, and had not perhaps succeeded even in convincing himself. Cast longing eyes on the notes which the Secretary had been writing in the departmental darkness. Referring to the noble tale of 9½ millions, thought he saw in the skeleton of the Secretariat pigeonholes a ghost that, like Hamlet's luckless parent, said to him,

"But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of the Secretariat,
I could a tale unfold whose smallest item
Has fried our soles, has frozen the champagne
That makes our lassies' eyes like liquid stars;
Millions for truffles and for mayonnaise,
And billions for their mill'ners little bills.
'T would make the top-knots of the Councillors
Stand like the flag-staff on Viceregal Lodge,
Make each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful Babu's desk.
But blazing indiscretions must not be
Reported to the non-official ears.
(See section twelve, Officials' Secrets Act)
So you must list, list, list, to the long list
Of figures excellently cooked by me—
A dish not so unworthy of a King."

Honourable Meston, believing in the wisdom of catching an opponent by the forelock and not the tail, did not permit any speaker to step in between himself and the Mild Hindu. Flattery has as many sweet uses as adversity, and sees jewels in every stone even if flung at you and good in everything. So Honourable Meston, in an alliterative mood, compared Gokhale to Gladstone, and complimented him on "the rare and happy knack of making figures attractive." Poor Gokhale terribly embarrassed, when many ladies in visitors' gallery promptly sent chits through the A.-D.-C. on duty, asking what his corsets were called in the market, and would he send some on approval. Kunwar Sahab, dreaming of old days some centuries ago, when he could steeplechase on anything less cumbersome than an elephant, whispered to the Tiwana whether Gokhale was really what Meston said of him, and could he make Kunwar Sahab's figure attractive?

Having exhausted all the kind words in the *Quiknis*' vocabulary, Meston, always anxious for the proper balance of Dr. and Cr., began to reflect on the physiognomy of Councillors. Said Gokhale's method of giving figures "rather puzzling to *plain* people" and went on to give his own, although admitted the Mild Hindu had "scrupulously carried out necessary corrections and adjustments" in figures presented to Council. This a very tardy recognition of honesty in a Congressman, but none the less pleasing. Left Brunyate to account for the increase of 3 millions in army expenditure as he had greater "intimacy of knowledge" Himself just civil to military men. Following lawyers, asked Council "to take it from him" that increase in earnings of commercial Departments more than increased expense, and Council generously spared him a full throated oath or two to establish his point. Said a million of increase due to increase in land revenue establishment. Normal condition of revenue staff was overwork. Because poor Dipties had to work twenty-two hours a day, he had condoned the increase in cadre of Collectors.

Apologized for the prevalence of Penninguomania in the Secretariat where, in spite of the Lord Sahab's orders of 10 years ago, Secretaries still went on writing and printing reams and reams per minute.

In a tone suggestive of the desire to amalgamate the two, explained that a million of increase due to jails and courts of law. Constant demand for improvements in jails. Electric lights and electric fans were necessities of life, and the jail drawing-rooms had to be re-furnished in the interests of humanity. Commenced reading from Sir Ali Baha a description of the modern jail:—

"Thus is indeed a quiet refuge for world-weary men, a sanctuary undisturbed by the fears of the weak, or the passions of the strong. The poor burglar burdened with unsaleable 'grab' and the reproaches of a venal world sorrowfully seeks an asylum here. Look at this prisoner slumbering peacefully besides his *hugga*. He is a covenanted servant here, having passed an examination in gang robbery accompanied by violence and prevarication. Uncovenanted pilferers, in for a week, regard him with respect and envy. Famine and the depreciation of silver are nothing to him. Rain or sunshine he lives in plenty. In the long heats of summer he whiles away the time with carpet-making, between the showers of autumn he digs, like our first parents, in the Doctor's garden, and in winter, as there is no billiard table, he takes his turn on the treadmill with his mates. The Doctor has a specific—a brief incantation that allays every species of inflammatory discontent. 'Look here my man? If I hear any more of this infernal nonsense, I'll turn you out of the jail neck and crop.' This is a threat that never fails to produce the desired effect. To be expelled from jail and driven, like Cain, into the rude and wicked world, a wanderer, an outcast—this would indeed be a cruel ban. Before such a presentiment the well ordered mind of the criminal recoils with horror."

So effective was the quotation that Council would have voted against economy if Meston had called for a division on the spot. The Raja of Mahmudabad was visibly affected. Large tears

rolled down the curving cheeks of Bhupen Babu, and Sir Guy sighed, and manufactured a neat phrase for the jail "where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary have some rest."

Meston, however, failed to take advantage of this effect and went heedlessly on to explain that "two more millions had gone into raising the standard of expenditure on Civil Works." As if standard of extravagance was not already high in the P.W.D. A magnificent elevation all the same, and creditable to the best architect in the world. Provinces had swallowed up increase of 3 millions, and Meston said "those Hon'ble Members who represent the Provinces will be able to say whether the increase of expenditure on these munificent services is in any way comparable with what they desire." Then turning to his own little morsel, said, "I have now accounted for seven millions." Bravo Meston! An excellent and dainty *bon bouche* for only a Secretary to Government. Finally explained that a million had provided Sanatogen and Plasmon for "strengthening the machinery of control at the headquarters of Government," and proudly looked at the biceps and triceps of Sandow Second.

Summing up with the triumphant consciousness of a lawyer who had proved that the offender in the prisoner's dock deserved to exchange places with the judge on the bench, said "such is the tale of the 9½ millions by which our civil charges have increased since Lord Elgin laid down office." Passing his hand affectionately over the appendage, said it was "not an ignoble tale." Noble or ignoble, but a deuced long one in all conscience.

Added he had no time to show in detail the generic causes of increase, such as "the demand from all classes of State employees for a higher standard of comfort," including the recent request of Junts for the erection of three motor garages for each, and of the Stunt Commissioner Sahabs for adding Ball Rooms and Banqueting Halls to their bungalows, and the raising of their salaries to the low figure of the honorarium paid to the Advocate-General. Talked of "the liability that is hanging over us for the further development of the country," wholly ignoring that it was the assets in the bureaucracy that deserved suspension. But before committing *hari-kari*, asked leave to add one word more, and pathetically appealed to H.E. that "it will be my last." In that one last word went for late lamentable Viceroy Curzon Bahadur in whose reign the average increase of expenditure was £1,900,000 whereas poor Lord Minto was satisfied with an excess of £600,000 a year.

Up rose the Note of Interrogation, the picture of self-sufficiency, with a glow of conscious pride on his otherwise morose face, and began to give the Council his "humble opinion." Won a tremendous victory for the civilians by using Morley as a camp follower against the army. Quoted late Secretary of State that after all civilians had to decide these questions, provided they were armed with the expert knowledge of military authorities, and promptly armed himself *cap à ple* with Sir Edwin Ache Ache Collen, and almost took K. of K. out of the sheath to brandish over the subdued heads of No-More-Kay and the Scarlet Secretary. Said army was undeniably too large. Lord Curzon had sent 11,000 troops to South Africa at a time when a recognition of his own talents as the *Agent-provocateur* of Bellona would have suggested the maintenance of the maximum force in India. Quoted the Lord of India, giving exact second and minute of oration. "A storm had taken place in the tea-cup, the commotion caused by which will be felt thousands of miles in every milk jug and sugar-basin." After pressing for a "shifting enquiry"—excellent epithet for a roving Commission—felt inclined to be liberal, and conceded "that the security of the Indian Empire was a matter of paramount importance to me as much as to the Government."

Then came the Laureate Brunyate. Delightfully lisped in numbers, after the fashion of born Poets and Financiers. Said the accelerated rate of expenditure of Curzon's time "went rather to show the attention which had been given to financial considerations." True, quite true. While the Finance Member was on the "Attention!", the two Military Members were "standing at ease!"

Mild Hindu went on with Orator Meston's figures, and said Honourable Secretary had tried to show that not a stiver of the 9½ millions of the increase went to swell the revenue side of his personal budget, and had conclusively proved it by turning his coat and trouser pockets inside out. Turning to Baby Brunyate of the lisp, said he never questioned that Government did not get its money's worth in the army, but it could do with a little less of the luxury of spurs and scarlet uniforms. Caught H.E. on the horns of a dilemma, and demanded disbandment of part of the army if the Anglo-Russian Convention manufactured by His Excellency was an instrument of peace.

Madge blushed khaki when the Mild Hindu sent some shots home to him. "It was difficult to take such an argument seriously." But how else could it be taken? Madge was ready to swear before a goodly number of J.P.'s and Commissioners of Oaths that he had no more strayed into the realms of humour than deviated into the domain of sense. But the one that tasted the greatest part of the feast of humour and the flow of joke was poor Gates. "We are asked to go to the Provincial Councils rather than move this Resolution here" Really? Oh, my mistake! Dear Gates comes from *Burma*—sentence punctuated by loud laughter. Are Commissions always as slow as Gates? Beg pardon, I had forgot. The suggestion came from—*Burma*—sentence closed with another guffaw. Bloating budget of Bombay? Who said it was bloated? Anyway, we did not live on other people's charity. But what's the use. Who talks of the Bombay budget? Is it not beggarly—*Burma*—another peal of laughter. Council looked like a whole ward that had been given the laughing gas. Kunwar Sahab had to be carted away with a side completely split. Why, even Madge smiled again! Gates shut up, altogether *durwasa bund*. Mild Hindu strangely transformed into the Wild Mahratta, had thrown *Burma*,

the whole of it, Upper and Lower, from Bhamo to Tenasserim, into the teeth of Mister Gates.

After this turned sweetly towards Sir Guy, who was trembling for fear of being blown up in a similar gunpowder plot. But gently let off for once with the remark that Sir Guy could be safely trusted to kill, only because he was kind

Business done:—the sword of Damocles hung up for a year H.E. announced that Council would adjourn till 31st when there would be only a formal sitting that could be left to himself and the empty benches. It is rumoured that ladies did not attend, as Members assembled in pink pyjamas, relieved by several days' growth on legislative chins, and that the oratory partook of the smoking room humour, mostly contraband



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N.B.—The Manager requests such gentlemen as have hitherto been supplied with copies of "The Comrade," but have not informed the Manager of their intention to become subscribers of the Paper, to do so on receipt of this issue. If, however, they wish the paper to be discontinued—which it is presumed very few will wish—they should write to the Manager to that effect. Silence will be construed into consent, and the next issue of "The Comrade" will reach those who fail to write to the contrary per V.P. Post, for the amount of the annual subscription.

Notes.

Though none is now alive who saw Oudh in all its morning glory when it gave asylum to the poets and painters of ruined Delhi, there are not a few who cherish the old memories of the munificence of the latter day Court at Lucknow and the generosity of the grandees in the neighbouring Taluqas. But the princely benefactions of those days did not often fall to the lot of the deserving. And in the pages of Ratan Nath, that mimitable humourist who treated *Khojese* and the *Revenue Ages*, *Surayya Begum* and *Salaru*, and the patrons of *Safaiyan*, the magnates of Oudh of 20 years ago are sketched with a ruthless realism that becomes tragic in spite of the richness of its humour. But the response to the clarion call of H. H. the Aga Khan from the province of ancient Ajuddhiya has

been such as to redeem its sunset gloom. The *Sham-i-Awadh* is indeed not without its twilight, and old memories of declining sunlight are revived by the munificence of the Taluqdars. Three lakhs and a quarter is not indeed such an enormous sum, and the Taluqdars can multiply it several times without feeling the pinch of want, or even missing it greatly. But the response was the readiest, and no agitation was needed. As the telegram from Lucknow says, two or three lakhs more may confidently be expected from some of the Taluqdars that have not yet contributed, and from the poor people in Oudh, who are perhaps the most hospitable people on earth. We trust, from the white heat of enthusiasm of which we have heard from our correspondents, that before His Highness the Aga Khan leaves for Europe, Oudh with its barons and its humbler folks would be able to hand him half the sum named by the Moslem leader as sufficient for a start. The Rajas of Jahangirabad and Mahmudabad deserve the best thanks of their co-religionists for the welcome they accorded to the Deputation. If Calcutta and Bengal maintain the same zeal as was shown ten days ago, and the rest of India responds equally liberally, the confident prediction of H. E. Sir George Clarke that the Aga Khan will get his University will be fully justified.

As we go to Press, we hear by wire from Rampur that His Highness the Nawab Sahib has given the Princely donation of a lakh and a half, the largest that has yet been announced. Rampur has always been the first in the field, and since the help given to Aligarh in its infancy, the Nawabs of Rampur have been the Vice-Patrons of the College. The present Chief was the first to give a donation of half a lakh to the College when it sorely needed help after the death of its founder. But all this has not touched the high-water mark of Rampur generosity, and we shall not be content with anything less than a Hamid College at Aligarh. His Highness has now definitely announced his intention of going abegging for his people, and we may confidently say that the University is now signalled "in sight."

If a historian of to-day chronicles not only the facts of Indian politics but also political tendencies he would leave our posterity greatly puzzled with the changes in the ideals of the Indian people and their rulers. Only a few years ago the Anglo-Indians looked askance at the higher education of Indians and recommended that the masses rather than the classes should be educated at public expense, and that for higher education the upper and the middle class should provide themselves. Now that various communities in India such as the Mussalmans, the Sikhs, the Kayasths, and the Rajputs, and in the Hindu Colleges at Benares and Poona the general body of Hindus, are coming

"Sham-i-Awadh."

forward to provide for and control higher education more largely than before, and the upper and middle classes are clamouring for the education of the masses, one misses the old enthusiasm for the ideal of ten years ago. Again, when the Government began to encourage technical education and the industrial movement generally, educated India was suspicious that this was meant as a blow to political development and liberal education. But now the Hon. Mr. Mudholkar perhaps finds the Government less zealous than himself in the cause of industrial expansion, and the Swadeshists not unoften accuse it of hostility to their movement. Be that as it may, in Bombay the Government as well as the people have proved that honest Swadeshi has still ardent supporters and warm adherents, and Sir George Clarke may well claim that the 'Tata Hydro-Electric Scheme is an object lesson to the whole of India. It owes its inception to that valiant captain of industry and practical pioneer of the Swadeshi movement, the late Jamsetji Nusserwanji Tata, and its fruition to the persevering zeal of his sons, Sir Dorab and Mr. Ratanji, and his cousin Mr. R. D. Tata. For years and years the scheme was thought over and matured, and much money was spent in investigating its practicability and possibilities with the help of experts from all parts of the world. His Excellency Sir George Clarke laid the foundation-stone a few days ago, and in the course of his speech explained the character and magnitude of the scheme. There is a head of 1,734 feet, ten times as great as that of the Niagara, and four times as great as the one at Cauvery. The scheme was sufficient to supply 30,000 E.H.P. estimated on the basis of 3,600 working hours per annum, but provision had been made for the enlargement of the scheme to 50,000 E.H.P. The Lancashire Mill-owner pays about 7/6 per ton for his coal, and is still perfectly ready to instal electricity at a ha'penny to three farthings per unit. His competitor in Bombay pays £1-0-9 per ton of 10 per cent less calorific value, and must bless the Tatas for providing him with power at the extremely low rate of 55 annas per unit, free of all charges for machinery and its upkeep. Two Railway Companies, the S. M. and the G. I. P., had estimated the cost per H.P. at one anna. But the new scheme would supply it at about 1/2 anna. This spells larger profits to the Bombay Mills, some of which have had unfortunately to suspend work, and we hope it will also mean smaller hours of work for the factory hands. The smaller works of the Cauvery give a return of 14 1/2 per cent., and at this rate we are confident that the shareholders of the new enterprise have skilfully combined profits with patriotism. While Bengal gull hankers after a destructive boycott, Bombay has launched a magnificent constructive scheme of true Swadeshi. Bravo, Bombay!

WE HAVE great pleasure in publishing in our correspondence columns the letter of Mrs. Sakhawati Hosain, whose husband, cut off prematurely, has left Rs. 10,000 for the education of Moslem girls, and who is supplementing that legacy by the still more valuable gift of her own services in the cause of her more ignorant sisters. We are informed that Mrs. Sakhawati Hosain is an exceedingly well educated lady, and that besides being an excellent writer of Urdu and Bengali, she knows a fair amount of English also. The price of such a worker among Moslem women is indeed above rubies, and it will be most deplorable if the community is deprived of her valuable services for want of a fitting response to her appeal. The Moslem University could not have drained the whole of Bengal and left it dry, and we trust the few thousands that would enable Mrs. Sakhawati Hosain to commence work would not be denied to her. It is not very convenient, nor perhaps expedient, to have Girls' Schools for the Mussalmans; for the Mahomedan girl has not to compete like boys in the world outside the zenana. As has been customary in the best periods of Islamic history, her education should be imparted to her in a household. Her place is at her mother's knee. We would therefore suggest that Mrs. Sakhawati Hosain should organise a teaching school for *Ayats* and *Ustas*, who could be employed in the households of such people as could afford

to have a small *maktab* for the girls not only of their own family but also of the poorer people in the *mohalla*. This will provide a source of income to many needy widows for whom Mrs. Sakhawati Hosain herself must have a keen sympathy, and also supply Girls' Schools of a type that suit Moslem social conditions with the teachers that they now woefully lack. We wish the noble lady, who is so self-sacrificingly devoting herself to the cause of her sisters, every success, and assure her that the *Comrade* will ever give her the support she may need unasked.

H.E. SIR GEORGE CLARKE, who is doing more for the education of the Bombay Presidency than perhaps any previous Governor, has not neglected the Mussalmans. On the 2nd instant, His Excellency presided at the annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the four schools under the management of the Anjuman-i-Islam of Bombay and Her Excellency Lady Clarke gave away the prizes. Sir George pleaded for raising the teaching in the Vernacular Schools to the 4th standard and for the starting of a Girls' School. He advocated the cause of the many bright Mahomedan boys who need help in attaining the education which would enable them to enter upon walks of life which poverty denies to them, and encouraged the hope of the Mussalmans that Bombay will ere long have a Mahomedan College of its own. His Excellency was confident of the success of the Aligarh University Movement and brushed away the usual objection that such movements were likely to accentuate religious differences. A Moslem educational institution, besides providing special teaching of the general doctrines of Islam, can, according to Sir George, also handle effectively the language question which is the great stumblingblock in the Western Presidency, and His Excellency was confident that "it need not follow that Moslem young men will develop separatist tendencies which it is most desirable in the true interests of India to avoid." We heartily share His Excellency's views and his confidence in the non-separatist tendencies of such institutions.

WE LEARNED from a telegram of Reuter, dated Teheran the 2nd instant, that Mu'tamid Khan, the Governor of Ispahan, and his nephew were shot by the ex-Chief of Police, who is a Russian subject and had taken refuge in the Russian Consulate, and that it was understood that he will not be surrendered. A day later we learnt that the Governor is progressing favourably, his nephew is dead, and that money matters were the cause of the murder. Two days after the wire announcing the first outrage, Reuter wired again and announced a still greater outrage. Sanu-ud-daulah, the Finance Minister, while returning from the majlis was shot by two Armenians and subsequently died. The assassins had again the proud privilege of being Russian subjects, and the Russian Legation, while refusing to surrender the man who attempted to murder the Governor of Ispahan and succeeded in murdering his nephew, demanded the surrender of the two assassins of the Minister from the Persian authorities. We wonder at the silence of the Anglo-Indian Press on the subject of these outrages; but perhaps nothing more could be expected when the English Press itself is speechless—we prefer to believe—with horror. This is in remarkable contrast to the protests of the British Press and public against what is called the misplaced leniency of Lord Gladstone in South Africa, and we fear the difference is too glaring to pass unnoticed in India and the East generally. The Persians who had been ground down by the despotism of centuries had, at the sacrifice of thousands of lives of brave men and braver women, worked for the introduction of constitutional Government, and had at last succeeded. But the very powers that had sympathised with them in their heroic efforts for freedom now set up such a high standard of efficiency for an infant Government that the Persians and those who were interested in their ultimate destiny feared and trembled for the safety and

integrity of Persia. The Government nevertheless strove for the establishment of peace and order, and succeeded in a fair measure. Things were distinctly improving, as the Speech from the Throne fully testified, and the Ministers of the Crown very rightly decided to await further developments before pressing their hard terms for instant reform. But now the "further developments" of Persian politics have taken a turn which nobody will deplore more than the friends of Persia in India and elsewhere. A series of brutal murders takes place, and it is the officials most repugnant to Russia that are the victims. Russian subjects are the culprits, and the Russian Legation, while refusing to surrender the criminal that has sought refuge in that sanctuary of desperadoes, has the hardihood to demand the surrender of the other two also, whose persons would presumably be regarded just as sacred. To top it all, a delightful joke is cabled to us by Reuter—that the motive of the crimes was connected with money matters. Well, there is little to be surprised at in all this. Have we not known the Muscovite long enough, and that through our British teachers? But that was in the days when every morning we expected Russia at Peshawar. Things have changed since then, and that wonderful instrument of peace, the Convention, has changed nothing more radically than the character of the Slav. He is now a perfectly peaceful person, and all these murders are nothing but *maya* or illusion. The Potsdam interview may, however, be equally fertile in changes, and we are following the advice of Mr. Asquith to Mr. Balfour and sedulously cultivating the attitude of patient expectancy.

The drift of diplomacy is dark, an Isis hid by the veil,

Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?

Shall we weep if a Persia fall? Shall we shriek if a Turkey fall?

Or an infant Constitution be ruled with rod or with knout?

We have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

INDIA, as Lord Morley said, is perhaps the only Empire of Great Britain. It is India with a sixth of the world's population and a vast stretch of territory that gives the title of Emperor to His Majesty. Yet we learn, in the Speech from the Throne, that in May next the Imperial Conference will meet, at which only the Chief Ministers of the Self-governing Dominions and of the Mother Country will unite in counsel regarding matters of importance submitted by the respective Governments. This means that India is to be left out and no settlement can be arrived at of the thorny question of Indian immigration into the Colonies. This is indeed deplorable, and we do not know how Lord Crewe can justify the omission of India from such a conference in the coronation year. We would strongly urge on the attention of the Government of India the absolute necessity of a full and frank discussion at the Imperial Conference of this, perhaps the most important problem which British statesmanship is called upon to solve. As Burke said, little minds and great Empires seldom go together, and if the minds of our statesmen remain as little as they now appear to be, Burke may be true after all, and the Empire may shrink to the size of the present-day Imperial conceptions. *Adieu Omen!*



Et Cetera.

THE FIGURE OF EIGHT. THE SOCIALISTS' HEAVEN.

- Eight hours to work,
- Eight hours to play,
- Eight hours to sleep,
- Eight bob a day.

THE Calcutta Dog Show has been remarkably successful. Many gentlemen entered.

The Comrade.

The Untouchables.

TO CHRISTIANS and Jews, Mussalmans and Parsees who would attempt to define it, Hinduism offers the greatest of puzzles. They are familiar with the idea of a revealed book, and even the most revolutionary reformers among them can only display a rebellious originality in justifying the latest social practices and philosophical theories by reference to an ancient but obscure text, or interpreting it in a novel manner. There is thus a certain rigidity about Christianity and Judaism, Islam and Zoroastrianism which is only compensated for by a certain definiteness and precision. But Hinduism is progressive in a sense that no other religion in the world appears to be, and it is conceivable that in a few years ardent reformers may claim for the words of a Ranade or Sayajirao Gaekwar the same sanctity that attaches to the Vedas and the Purans. M. Augustin Filon, writing in the *Revue de deux Mondes*, said, "Brahminism is of a unique tolerance: it authorises all creeds, or rather it annexes them, and more singular still, it conserves them all. India has not up to the present time acquired the historic sense. She is not conscious of her religious evolution. Her past appeared to her in a simultaneous vision, which makes her never of the present. What she believed at one time in her history, she thinks she still believes, and she does not dare to disavow it. Brahminism is a religion into which everything has entered and from which nothing has come out." It is this which baffles those who on the analogy of other faiths attempt to demarcate Hindus and Hinduism. The Hindu scriptures are a palimpsest on which successive generations have inscribed their thoughts and creeds, and from which not a line or dot has been erased in the process. The followers of other faiths seem to discover contradictory texts, but to the Hindu himself the contradiction does not exist. As M. Filon says, "no heterodoxy is possible in a place where there is no well-defined orthodoxy."

Need we then be surprised if in Islam or Christianity there always goes on a struggle between schisms, each of which calls the other heretic or infidel, and tries to exclude it from the pale of the faith, while Hinduism goes on absorbing every new creed to which a quondam Hindu gives his allegiance in preference to the faith of his forefathers? Need we wonder that in the Convention of Religions at Allahabad, Islam should have been classed as a faith distinct from Christianity and Judaism, though Moslems believe in the Old and New Testaments; while the faiths of the Jains and the Sikhs, the Aryas and the Brahmos, should have been classed as so many branches of Hinduism? "The more the blooms in the parterre," says the Hindu, "the better and more beautiful the garden will look."

But when once we are outside the beautiful garden of philosophy and step into the land of social polity, the variety of the blooms has a different effect on our impressions of the parterre. Contrast the moral hierarchy of Brahmins, in which the humblest is superior to the man of many millions, and holds his head higher than the greatest plutocrat, with the Panchama, or the man of the fifth caste, whose wealth and position, if he succeeds in spite of a million obstacles in attaining them, will not entitle him even to standing room in an assembly of the other four castes, nor admit him as a humble worshipper into the temples of their gods. It is conceivable for a non-Hindu like Sir Herbert Risley, Sir Bamfylde Fuller and Mr. Valentine Chirol to lay undue stress on the disparity between the two classes. Let us therefore hear Mr. Sube Lal, who delivered a lecture some time ago in Bombay on the Depressed Classes. He said that "the book of knowledge was closed to them. Society had no repose for them. Aspirations and ideals they had none. Their degrading position was sanctioned by the ancient law, and sanctified by what was known as religion, and their exclusion from society was complete. Their name was held in abomination and their very touch was held to pollute."

There is no doubt that the condition of these helots has attracted the notice and sympathy of Hindus educated on Western lines. The Social Conference has dealt with this question from time to

time, and the sad plight of the Untouchables has been the theme of many an eloquent appeal on the platform and in the Press. But it does not seem that in spite of such eloquent recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, in spite of the glorious visions of the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World, and all the glib talk of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, there is any amelioration in the condition of the bonded serfs of India which could be traced to the active efforts of educated Indians. They are still what they appear to have been before the dawn of history. For them at least the day has not yet dawned; and the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Madras may well ask, "Well, what are you going to do?"

It appears to us that in order to help the depressed and the downtrodden, we must have a social survey, just as we have pressed the Government for an industrial survey of the country. We must know where to find such people; we must discover their various disabilities as well as their present potentialities; and we must ascertain their exact number. This is the only scientific way to begin an organised movement. But this—unhappily for us and for the classes we are understood to desire to benefit—is exactly what we do not wish to do.

Mr. Gait, the Census Commissioner, consulted Provincial Census Superintendents as to the feasibility of framing an accurate estimate of the numbers of these classes and the standards which should be adopted for the purpose. It was not unnatural to hope that, in spite of the clamours of those who were responsible for the sad condition of the Depressed Classes, the social reformers of India would welcome such an enumeration, and help in selecting suitable standards. But in India at least the unexpected is sure to happen, and the Social Reform Conference unanimously passed a resolution, that "no attempts should be made in the Census records to introduce artificial distinction among the classes, and that in this connection, it views with great concern the recent circular issued by Mr. Gait, regarding the Depressed Classes." How appropriate such a resolution is for those who profess to work for the Depressed Classes may be judged if one compares this action of theirs, say, to a reprimand of its consulates in India administered by the German Government for preparing a list of localities where the sale of German goods could be pushed, or to a protest from the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to the Government of India against its undertaking a survey of lands on which cotton could be grown. A fitting distinction, indeed! Did it strike these ardent and passionate lovers of their depressed fellow-beings that the artificial distinctions of which they complain is a legacy to the Government from those dim and distant days, when the aborigines were being exterminated, pushed into the least congenial climates, or converted into the bond slaves of an advancing Aryan civilization? The gentleman who framed the Resolution of the Social Conference must be congratulated on his sense of humour, for it is not often that enthusiastic reformers permit themselves the liberty of a joke. To Mr. Gait we offer our heartfelt sympathy as the victim of the latest patriotic jest.

The question has, however, another noteworthy aspect. We do not think that the Census enumeration is undertaken with any philosophic or religious motive, or even with a view to help the social reformer directly. The very name suggests that it is an administrative measure, and far from religion being concerned in its inception, it has exercised a hostile and obstructive influence in former times. We may, therefore, take it that an expenditure of some thirty lakhs of public money and the employment of about 25 lakhs of men, are intended to serve a useful purpose in the administration of the country. If this is so, we venture to ask why Government has been at such pains to satisfy the Hon. Mr. S. Sinha, who has strenuously opposed the Gait Circular, that the angels are not all on his side.

On the 3rd January Mr. Sinha informed the Government that "public feeling" still showed "intense dissatisfaction" caused by the Gait Circular. It is not permitted to the Government to pillory

the cross-examiner in the witness-box. But it may be permitted to us to venture to ask him what he exactly meant by "public feeling," and whether he included in his "public" the voiceless millions who are too depressed to show "intense dissatisfaction" even when caused by greater wrongs than the issue of a Circular. He does not certainly forget "the classes proposed to be classified on the new lines." He asked the Government whether it had a mandate from the dumb constituency of the depressed. But he ignores the fact that he himself was no better than an ambassador without his credentials. Had he the warrant he sought to see? Again, was it the "public" that had laid down "the lines adopted at the last census" to which he now demanded a "strict conformity?"

Not content with the apology offered by the Government for daring to throw light on statistics, for the compilation of which it alone was responsible, and for which it alone laid down the lines, Mr. Sinha riddled a defenceless Government with some more interrogatories on the 25th of January. "Who dares to define Hinduism for purposes of the Census? Is it the non-Hindus, or still that old offender, the Government?"

The spectacle of the Supreme Government taking cover behind blades of grass and making trenches no bigger than those which an average baby may dig in the sands at the seaside, is not a very edifying one indeed. Now, we have heard of sportsmen whose marksmanship is such that the bystander would find the target to be the safest place within a mile radius. We would not accuse the Hon. Mr. Sinha of such random shooting. His questions were, in fact, well directed and he secured a bull's-eye each time. But we still hold that the safest place for the Government was at the target. It could have said without any offence that it regrets if intense dissatisfaction has been caused to the higher castes by the Gait Circular, but that the dissatisfaction was unreasonable and perhaps discreditable to educated men, that in consulting the Census Superintendents about suitable standards for ascertaining the numbers of the Depressed Classes, the Government intended to serve an administrative purpose, and that for this purpose the standards of a religion which, according to the *Mutabar*, "is comprehensive enough to embrace within its fold the existing religions of the world," were not useful, nor could they be always relied upon to have been fixed with absolute disinterestedness; that it was neither necessary nor desirable to be content with a far from accurate classification, which the Government had itself adopted in the earlier decades when the ethnological and social knowledge of the country and its people was very defective, and that the improvement could not be deferred for an indefinite period during which Mr. Sinha could convert "the public" he represented to the view of the Government.

We do not know what the Government intends to do. In another month the actual enumeration will be over and the work of tabulation and throwing light on the statistics and explaining their precise bearing and significance will begin. The replies of the Census Superintendents must by this time have come, and there is barely sufficient time to issue instructions to lakhs of enumerators of all shades of density and ignorance, and to make sure that the obstinate and the unruly do not disobey them. If a Press *communiqué* was necessary to allay the dissatisfaction of Mr. Sinha's public, one is necessary to clear the doubts of a larger public which the replies of the Hon. Mr. Butler have created in great abundance.

We are not, perhaps, far wrong in reading between the questions of the Hon. Mr. Sinha a reply to the representation of the All-India Moslem League on the subject of the Census. We do not think it is desirable that the followers of one religion should be permitted to have a voice in settling who is to be excluded from the pale of another religion, and if the All-India Moslem League has done so, it has exceeded the well-defined limits of its activities, and has given to the Hindus needless offence. But when the principle of numbers is the ruling principle in the administration of the country, and when Hindu politicians insist, in season and out of season, on the test of numbers in representation,

and in the public service it is clearly within the competence of the Mussalmans to ask that a more rigid system of classification should be adopted than the philosophic system of an all-embracing creed. The Sikhs and the Jains may be Hindus in religion or race, but in politics they refused to be classified as such, and the address of the Sikh Sabha to Lord Minto and the memorial of the Jains to H.E. Sir George Clarke, give the lie direct to such an assumption. Similarly the action of the Namasudras of Bengal and the petitions from other low caste communities, published in the Blue-books on the reforms, imploring Government not to commit the defence of their interests to the higher castes, go far enough to show that the time has come to define Hinduism on reasonable lines. If these classes are excluded for political purposes from the pale of Hinduism, the proportion of Mussalmans to high caste Hindus, which alone are now practically represented in the Councils and on the local bodies, would be 1 to 2 and not 1 to 3, as it now appears to be. Under these circumstances, it will not be fair to blame the League for having raised this question before the next elections to the Councils take place, perhaps under regulations more after the heart of the Hon. Mr. Malaviya than the present regulations seem to be.

But the gain of the Moslem League or the loss of the Hon. Mr. Sinha's clients does not improve the condition of the Depressed Classes. They remain just as untouchable as ever, and it is with them that we are for the moment chiefly concerned. No less a personage than His Highness the Gaekwar, whose practical sympathy with these unfortunate classes is in glaring contrast to the cheap sentimentality of platform reformers, said that :—

The same principles which impel us to ask for political justice for ourselves should actuate us to show social justice to each other. . . . By the sincerity of our efforts to uplift the Depressed Classes we shall be judged fit to achieve the object of our national desire. The system which divides us into innumerable castes claiming to rise by minutely graduated steps from the Pariah to the Brahman is a whole tissue of injustice. . . . A Government within easy reach of the latest thought, with unlimited moral and material resources, such as there is in India, should not remain content with simply asserting the equality of men under the common law and maintaining order. . . . Many of the Indian States, where they are at all true to the true function of Government, owing to less elevating surroundings or out of nervousness, fear to strike out a new path, and find it less troublesome to follow the policy of *laissez faire*, and to walk in the footsteps of the highest Government in India, whose declared policy is to let the social and religious matters of the people alone except where questions of grave importance are involved. When one-sixth of the people are in a chronically depressed and ignorant condition, no Government can afford to ignore the urgent necessity of doing what it can for their elevation.

Can the Government of India afford to disregard so earnest and remarkable an appeal? As Mr. Valentine Chirol says, the question is not merely a social or moral question, but also a political one. Mr. Chirol has predilections in favour of Christian Missions; but he would be the first to recognise the injustice as well as inexpediency of the State support of Missionaries. As private enterprise, we would not only welcome but urge the use of Missionary efforts, whether Christian, Arya, or Moslem, which tend to elevate the Depressed Classes and make them touchable. But we hold that the recognition by the Government of existing facts in politics, leading to a distinction—even if it be within the pale of Hinduism—would be the best lever in uplifting 70 millions of down-trodden human beings. It was the political necessity of augmenting the numbers of Swadeshists, that forced the Brahmans in Bengal to have their heads shaved by Namasudra barbers, "an act which, however trivial it may seem to us, constituted an absolutely revolutionary breach with a 3,000-year-old past." The fear of losing the chance of representing a third of the population now classed as Hindu would convert the Brahmin far more speedily than all the social conferences, speeches, and newspaper articles in the world. The Government owes this to its own liberal traditions as well as to the Depressed Classes that are still the weakest spot in its administration. Without this provision, the grant of higher political privileges to the educated and higher classes would be to confer upon them the giant's strength, with the full knowledge that they would use it as tyrannously as the giant.

The yawning gulf, between theory and practice in Indian politics, has had an excellent illustration in the recent debate on the Depressed Classes in the Legislative Council of Bombay. Whenever the Mussalmans talk of their political importance they are told in lofty accents of the equality of all British subjects in such matters; and our Poona contemporary, the *Mahratta*, characterized our remarks of a recent date as "tall talk of International Law, and the equality of nations and powers," and referring to some further demands of the Mussalmans only known to our contemporary, said, "if this is not rapaciousness, then we wonder what is!" Well, we have only to refer the *Brahmin*, sailing under the *Bhagva* of the *Mahratta*, to the attitude of the majority of Hindu members of the Bombay Council in the recent debate. Nobody is a keener advocate of Indian Nationalism than H.E. Sir George Clarke, and if he is of opinion, that these helpless classes, whose number perhaps exceeds that of the Mahomedans, "have not secured their birthright as men," no "Nationalist" can hold up his head, unless he sincerely and zealously supports the efforts of the Hon. Mr. Garud and Mr. Rodda, to secure a recognition of their common humanity. So long as this is not done, we have sufficient reason to show up the cant of unity and the humbug of free competition, and are fully entitled to wonder that the Government is so exceedingly valiant when dealing with minorities seeking necessary protection, and is yet so philosophically tolerant of the opinions of a rapacious and monopolising majority.

The Moslem University and the Ulama.

ANGLICAN journals have been without a single exception ardent supporters of the Aligarh Movement, and this sympathy has not been confined to a single Province. Our Hare Street contemporary recently showed its keen interest in the movement for a Moslem University by sending a representative to buttonhole His Highness the Aga Khan the moment he arrived in Calcutta, and not only the metropolis but the whole of India learnt from its columns at first hand the views of the Mahomedan leader on the need and aims of the proposed centre of Moslem learning. The interesting interview published on the 24th January was soon after followed by a leading article in which the *Alumni* of Aligarh came in for a good deal of praise. Our contemporary also supported the proposal of the Aga Khan, and was of opinion that India presented a unique opportunity for the Moslems, inasmuch as it possessed the inestimable advantages of the necessary peace and a strong government.

This is but an echo of the memorable words of Lord MacDonnell who 25 years ago visited Aligarh as the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province and the official Patron of the College. He said that "it is not too much to hope that this College will grow into the Mahomedan University of the future, that the place will become the Cordova of the East; and that in these cloisters Mahomedan genius will discover, and under the protection of the British Crown, work out the social, religious, and political regeneration of which neither Stamboul nor Mecca afford a prospect."

But the *Englishman* thinks that "there is one grave difficulty to be removed before Aligarh or any other place can be made a centre of real learning." While acknowledging, as Lord Lytton had done on laying the foundation-stone of the College 34 years ago, that the greatest and most enduring conquests of the Mahomedans have all been achieved in the fields of science, literature and art, and that in an age when the Christian societies of Europe had barely emerged out of intellectual darkness and social barbarism, they covered Asia and the Iberian peninsula in Europe with schools and academies where the teaching was far in advance of contemporary science, the *Englishman* deems it necessary "to insist at the very outset, if the University is to make its mark, that the study of the commentators is not to exclude modern culture and thought, and that unless this is done, the University will be ruled by the class of Moulvis and Ulama who have already hindered Mahomedan education in India."

We entirely agree with our contemporary's remarks about keeping the Moslem University abreast of modern developments, whether of moral or natural philosophy, but we would assure it that the whole history of Aligarh, as well as its present character, are a sufficient security on this score. So great has been the success of the educational efforts of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, and so excellent has been the result of his political attitude, that people are apt to forget that he was also the father of Urdu prose, the founder of a Scientific Institute at Aligarh which made Northern India, both Hindu and Moslem, familiar with modern science in excellent Urdu translations, and particularly that he was the greatest rationalist in Islam. His biographer, the Poet Hall, has made it abundantly clear that it was in order to save Islam from the narrowness of the glossators, traditionists, and jurists whose "orthodoxy" was destined to be swept away by the flood of Western sciences that Sir Syed Ahmad devised his great educational scheme, and in the end founded the College at Aligarh. Although many Moslem youths and even older men who came in contact with Sir Syed and the Aligarh Movement may be unconscious of the sources of their religious views, it is undoubted that their ideas of Islam are greatly influenced by the rationalism of the founder of Aligarh. But forty or even twenty years ago, the name of Syed Ahmad was anathema maranatha to the narrow and ignorant divines of Moslem India, and although a stupendous change has taken place in religious ideas and social ideals, there are still nooks and corners of India where the name of *Naturee*, as Sir Syed's disciples were called, would be sufficient to attract hatred and opprobrium. Aligarh is, therefore, in no danger of falling under the sway of such Moulvis and Ulama as hindered the progress of Moslem education.

In fact, the Aligarh School is no more on the defensive, and it is the Moulvi that is in danger. Fortunately, however, Aligarh has not retaliated by abusing the misguided guides of Islam, and is working hard to reclaim the Mullah. It was not so long ago that the Hon. Sahibzada Altaf Ahmad Khan, a zealous Trustee, Syndic, and Old Boy of the College, went to that centre of conservatism, Deoband, and we have reason to believe that his appeal to the Ulama to break through their isolation bore good fruit. The new School of Divinity at Cawnpore invited him to preside over its annual gathering, and we saw the tenth wonder of the world—a beardless young *Naturee* discoursing, by request, to grey-haired and wrinkled Ulama on the spirituality and ethics of Islam.

As regards the curriculum, although the study of the literature and philosophy of the Saracens would be specially encouraged, there is no danger that Mussalmans would study at the Aligarh University nothing but what the world owes to their ancestors. It would be against the example of early Islamites just as it would be against the spirit of Islam. The Prophet said that learning was the birthright of the Moslem and he was to take it wherever he found it. No Mussalman can, therefore, be true to Islam and still regard any branch of knowledge, no matter what its source, as alien to him. It would be blindness to ignore the progress which the world has made since the time of the last of the Moslem doctors; and madness alone would approve of the failure to avail itself of the treasure trove discovered by others. As Lord Lytton had said in 1877, Modern culture of the West is now in a position to repay the great debt owed by it to the early wisdom of the East. It is to the activity of Western science that we have now to look for the social and political progress of India, and it is in the assimilation of those ideas and the mastery of that science that Mussalmans should seek and find new fields of conquest and fresh opportunities for the achievement of a noble ambition.

That Aligarh has grasped the full significance of Western progress is evident from the fact that when Lord Curzon offered to Aligarh a Chair of Arabic, and Sir Theodore Morrison, the then Principal, and a young Professor of the College, launched a scheme of post-graduate study of Orientalia, the students of the College

strenuously opposed the scheme, and the Trustees very nearly refused the offer—because they preferred to create a Chair of Western Science! It is indeed a good omen for the future that it was the British Government which created the Chair of Arabic, and that it was the Mussalmans who commemorated the visit of our King and Emperor to Aligarh in 1905 by founding a Memorial School of Science—one of the best gifts of Great Britain to India. Even now the genesis of the University movement is the scheme of an Old Boy, who is a Trustee and Syndic of his *Alma Mater*, to raise the School of Science to the status of a separate College, to be called the Royal Moslem Academy of Science. It is this combination of Islam and the West which is an earnest of the future progress of Aligarh. Long may it flourish!

Charitable Endowments.

THE Government, as we have said elsewhere, is in mortal terror of Indian religions, and the last thing it will ever feel inclined to do would be to interfere with established religious usage. The motive is partly supplied by the instinct of self-preservation, partly by ignorance of Eastern religious conceptions, and perhaps partly by the indifference of the English towards their own religion. No one will quarrel with the first, so long as the instinct of self-preservation does not lead to a morbid fear which indirectly affects the progress and existence of others. With the last the theologian of the British Churches are more qualified to deal. But the ignorance of the Oriental conception of religion not unoften leads the Government to acts and measures, and oftener still to omissions, which border on the ridiculous. In dealing with family endowments in Islam, for instance, the Privy Council not only failed to grasp the Islamic idea of charity, but seems to have ignored even the trite English proverb that "Charity begins at home."

The recent reply of the Government of India to the Hon. Mr. Shamsul Huda on the subject of charitable endowments illustrates the culpable ignorance as well as the morbid fear of the Government. "They are not prepared," said the Hon. Mr. Jenkins, "to agree to so material a departure from the policy of non-interference in religious matters consistently followed since 1863." Even if one cannot congratulate the Government on its political sagacity, it is something to be able to acknowledge that it possesses the doubtful virtue of consistency. But when will Government learn that it is impossible in the East to label one thing religious and another temporal without clear laceration? Cow-killing, Mohurrum processions, the sale of meat, music in the streets, and many other familiar features of Indian life illustrate every day that no hard and fast line can be drawn between religious and political matters.

Let us take the question of endowments for what the Hon. Mr. Jenkins would call a religious purpose, *viz.*, the maintenance of mosques. Now, as the *Times of India* recently showed, almost every village has a mosque, and practically every mosque has been endowed, either by the Moghal Emperors and their Governors and grandees, or by the philanthropic or the childless residents of the village itself. What is, however, seldom remembered is that to the Mussalman the mosque is a place of worship and it is many things more. It is the Hall of the Corporation where public meetings take place. In the early days of the Caliphate, before the aristocratic tendencies of the Omayyids, and contact with the luxurious life of the Romans and Persians, changed the simple habits of the Moslems, the mosque was also the Council Chamber and Hall of Audience of the Commander of the Faithful. To the "Son of the Road," the mosque is also the best and the cheapest of hotels. "But above all," said our Bombay contemporary, "the mosque has always been the only School-house known to the True Believer. To this day the largest University in the world is Al-Azhar the Jami' of Cairo. And as Islam does not recognise any divisions of human concerns such as spiritual and temporal, the instruction imparted in these seminaries has been both religious and secular. The scepticism and materialism of Greek philosophy were taught in the same mosque in which the God

of Islam was being worshipped five times a day. To this hour Yunani or Greek medicine is taught in the mosques of India. Is it fitting that Government should pay the salary of the Professor of Arabic at Aligarh, or give a scholarship for the continuation of his Oriental studies in Germany to an Aligarh graduate out of the revenues of the State, when the endowments of mosques for the use of both scholar and teacher are being diverted to unprofitable purposes? And if such endowments were used and were always meant to be used in teaching, among other things, the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, and the medicine of Galen, what is there wrong in utilizing them for teaching to-day the philosophy, say, of Mill or Herbert Spencer, or the science of Davies and Faraday?

The only question is how this can be done. The Government is not willing to press the matter. But the educated public is fully prepared to do so by invoking the powers which the Courts possess to enforce the proper administration of charitable endowments. Mr. Jenkins, however, complains "that practically no attempt has been made to utilize the remedies which the law already provides." We wish he had looked more carefully into the matter. Had he done so, an explanation of this apparent paradox would have been easily discovered. The fact is that the educated public does not know where and what the endowments are. As the *Times of India* said, "there are gold mines under our very feet but before digging them up, the Mussalmans have to do not a little prospecting." What is needed is a survey of all such endowments, and the preparation and maintenance, as a public record, of a statement giving the particulars for which the Hon. Mr. Shamsul Huda and the *Times of India* forcibly plead.

The Government acknowledges that "a considerable body of opinion existed which held that the administration of such endowments was not satisfactory and which was therefore in favor of the measure (Dr. Rashbehari Ghose's private Bill)." Is it then necessary to wait till such time as "the persons interested," presumably the very trustees of these endowments whose honesty and aptitude are so often impugned, are converted to the view of the "considerable body of opinion in favour of the measure?" The Government did not defer the Factory Bill, which directly fixes the hours of adult labour, till the capitalists shared the views of the voiceless labourers--and vocal Lancashire. Why, then, should the beneficiaries of charitable endowments be made to wait for the coming of the millennium? E. T. Reed, the inevitable companion of Toby M. P. in *Punch*, has been supplying the necessary comic relief to jaded British politicians, vieing with each other in revolutionary conservatism, in the shape of some imaginary Conferences, such as those of Mistresses and Domestic Servants, the Police and the Anarchists. But we, alas! have to sigh for the man with the humorous pencil, who could sketch the Conferences which our Government would favour. Had we one at our elbow, we could suggest at least two such Conferences for a sketch, one between the Depressed Classes and their depressors, and the other between needy and ignorant beneficiaries and the pampered and equally ignorant Trustees of our Charitable Endowments. We guarantee that the hatching would have been as creditable to our fowls as it was to those that hatched the Veto egg in England.

Mr. Shamsul Huda followed the lines of the All-India Moslem League, and asked for an enquiry regarding endowments with special reference to (a) the annual profit of such endowments, (b) the amount available out of such profits for public purposes and (c) the institutions of a public nature actually maintained out of such profits. He also asked if the Government intended to undertake legislation (a) for the maintenance in every district of a public record containing particulars of all endowments containing provisions for public purposes of a religious or charitable nature and (b) to compel trustees to exhibit periodical accounts either before the Collector or the Judge of each district.

In its reply to his question, the Government alluded to the Bill of Dr. Rashbehari Ghose, which aimed at conferring on any

Court, having jurisdiction to try a suit under section 92 of the Code of Civil Procedure 1908, in respect of such a trust, the power to order a trustee, on the application of two or more beneficiaries, to cause to be prepared and filed in the Court a detailed account of receipts and disbursements for a period not exceeding three years next preceding the date of the application. These accounts were to be open to the inspection of the public, and failure without sufficient reason to comply with the Court's order was to be made punishable with the removal of the trustee. It will be seen that no new duty was to be imposed by Dr. Ghose or Mr. Shamsul Huda on the trustees of public charities. Dr. Ghose confined himself to an enforcement of the clear duty of all such trustees, viz., to keep proper accounts, by allowing the members of the public, who are interested in the charity concerned, the means of calling for and inspecting accounts without undertaking the burden of a suit. But Mr. Shamsul Huda would not wait--and we think rightly--for an application of two or more beneficiaries, but would prefer that the trustees should submit such accounts periodically as a matter of ordinary routine. We fear an application is by itself of the nature of a slur on the honesty or business aptitude of a trustee, and we prefer the suggestion of Mr. Shamsul Huda in the interests of trustees themselves, who are after all entitled to a good deal of consideration in administering other people's charities, not unoften without the least personal gain.

In another matter of the utmost importance Mr. Shamsul Huda goes beyond the Bill of Dr. Ghose. Unless a public record is maintained of all such trusts it is not possible to know who is a beneficiary, and is such entitled to make an application under the proposed Public Charities Accounts Act. We know of a case in Rander, the rich Moslem suburb of Surat, in which a philanthropic Moslem trader of Mauritius and Rangoon left a third of his property to public charity for the benefit of his co-religionists. For nearly 10 years the Bombay Secretariat and the District authorities of Surat were ignorant of a public bequest which is believed to amount to 33 lakhs. Few people in Surat itself knew of it, and even in Rander only the haziest notions prevailed as to the character and the extent of the bequest, and the persons who were appointed trustees. Those who have followed the career of Sir George Clarke in India know well enough what a marvellous power he has for attracting educational gifts. Had he been aware of the existence of such a gold mine so near Bombay, we do not doubt that he would have successfully persuaded the trustees of the Dohat Endowment to contribute liberally for the education of the Mussalman boys and girls of Gupat. Even now the most conflicting estimates are made of the extent of the bequest, and it may take another decade or two for the public to know even the broadest details. It is, therefore, necessary to institute an enquiry into, and prepare and maintain a public record of all such endowments. There is a Minister of Endowments in Turkey, and we do not think the Educational Member would be overburdened with work if a Department of Endowments was joined to the other departments which he supervises and controls.

While the Government of India was giving a disappointing reply to Mr. Shamsul Huda, the Hon. Mr. Ibrahim Rahimtoolla was given permission by the Bombay Government to introduce a private bill for the registration of charities. It aims at compelling every trustee of a property held in trust for a charitable purpose, to submit for registration to a Registrar of Charitable Trusts, to be appointed by the Local Government, (a) the instrument of trust or a necessary certified extract therefrom and (b) a statement of trust property, together with the terms and conditions of the trust. The Bill also provides for making out and annually filing with the Registrar of such trusts a statement of accounts, which are to be audited by paid auditors indicated by the Government either by name or by qualifications. These accounts are to be open to inspection by any person on payment of a fee of Rs. 1, and copies are to be permitted to be taken on payment of fees to be prescribed by the Local Government. Wilful default is to be punished with a fine not exceeding Rs. 50, and

a daily fine within the same limits for every subsequent default. Offences under the proposed Act are to be made cognisable by a Presidency Magistrate in Bombay, and the District Magistrate in the Mofussil, and the Registrar or any other person residing within the jurisdiction of such a Magistrate is to be entitled to make a complaint.

The Draft Bill is framed, it is clear, on the lines suggested in Mr. Shamsul Huda's question. But two important departures are noteworthy. The term "charitable purpose" is to include relief of the poor, education, medical relief, and the advancement of any other object of general utility; but does not include a purpose which relates exclusively to religious teaching, observances, or worship. In the second place the provisions of the Bill are made inapplicable to smaller endowments in which the property affected does not amount in aggregate value to Rs. 10,000, or which yields an annual income short of Rs. 500.

The Bill of Mr. Ibrahim Rahimtoollah, therefore, is more limited in scope than the Bill of Dr. Ghose, as exclusively religious endowments and smaller bequests are excluded. At the same time it aims even more at enlightening the public as to the terms and conditions of charitable endowments from which it may benefit than at merely checking malpractices. Though Mr. Ibrahim does not specify why "it is not considered desirable to apply the provisions of this Bill to charities of an exclusively religious character," we may guess that he has "learned wisdom from the eyes of the wolf," and would court the least resistance of the Government and its hughai, the famous theologian. As a first step in the right direction, we welcome it, and trust that the Bombay Government will not only be a "passive assenter," but give it active official support. We await a pronouncement of the Government of India on this modified proposal with considerable interest. The Government is not asked by the Bombay Councillor to depart from its policy of non-interference in religious matters followed with praiseworthy consistency since 1863, but only to deviate into a consistency in mundane affairs as well. A man who forgets the inconvenient distinction between *deum* and *terrum* and piffes another to the extent of a few pice is sure to be held up by the Police, the Magistracy, and the Jail authorities. But another who robs the dead as well as the living of thousands and lakhs in spite of his fiduciary position is not to be interfered with by the Government, nor allowed to be watched by the beneficiaries interested in his aptitude and honesty. If this is consistency, may we not pray to the Lord to be delivered from it through the wayward agency of our legislatures?



Poetry.

To——

BETWEEN our lives a yawning gulf is fixed,

Not to be crossed,

Like to the sea which for these years betwixt

Us two has tossed

Yet as the jewel treasures in its heart

The Sun's bright ray,

So memory, though life and space its part,

Fades not away.

And sometimes o'er the gulf of Time and Space

My dreams take wing,

And back from your sweet presence just a trace

Of you they bring.

R. C. B

A Visit to the Tombs.

WE REACHED the cemetery a good deal later than we had intended, and found the kind, erudite little gentleman, who had devoted a spare afternoon to showing us round, on the point of giving us up.

But we had only this one day in Calcutta, and so decided to go in and "do" as many of the interesting old tombs as possible, before the light had quite gone. He said something apologetic as to having invited a few more people, who were interested in the place, to join us. But I did not quite catch if they had already come and gone, or not, and, as no one appeared at the entrance, I concluded that they had left, or failed to put in an appearance, at which I rejoiced, as I far preferred to go round quietly with my husband and the extremely interesting member of council who was responsible for the expedition.

Most people, I take it, who live in Calcutta, have made the round of those pathetic memorials of a hundred years ago, and read the well-known names and spelt out the queer old verses.

We had just made out the quaint lines in the little Greek-looking, pillared temple which commemorates a storm-tossed sailor, and were stepping down from the low plinth, when, somewhat to my annoyance, I saw that our party had increased. Our guide did not take any notice of the newcomer and no introductions were made, but presently I rather wished we were on speaking terms, as I should have liked to have told the stranger that a loathsome speckled spider was clinging to the lapel of his coat.

But partly from shyness, partly from a cowardly dread that if he swept the beast off it might attach itself to me, I walked ahead and said nothing.

We stopped before grave after grave, and entered several of the really beautiful little mausoleums, and each time we came out of one of these, I noticed that our numbers had increased, and now, instead of keeping modestly behind, like the first addition to our party, they pressed forward, not speaking, and making no perceptible sound, as they walked beside us, but giving me an uncomfortable, oppressed feeling, as if somehow their presence had affected the cool evening air and a curiously lifeless, choking sensation, similar to what one experiences in the underground passages at Sakhará near the pyramids, seemed to pervade the place.

I tried to get ahead again and join my companions who were now standing before the monument dedicated to "Rose Aylmer," but the crowd had thickened between us, and though none of them actually touched me or impeded my progress, I did not like to force my way through them, and felt an unaccountable reluctance to speaking to any of them.

So I looked between and saw yet another figure join the group in front of the tomb, and this time a last ray of evening light must have found a path through the massive monuments, as I saw distinctly that it was a girl, quite young, with such a lovely face that for a moment it did not strike me how curiously she was dressed, in a high-waisted, short-sleeved figured muslin, her delicate throat and bare shoulders protected only by a lace scarf, while her golden hair waved in elaborately charming, but most unfashionable ringlets.

I was too much astonished to move; the ray of light faded; and the girlish figure melted into the group around me, at which I now looked attentively for the first time.

But either it had suddenly become much darker, as it does in these southern climes, or the number of figures confused me, for I could not succeed in distinguishing quite clearly any face or form. I had an impression of various coloured, long-skirted coats, and buckled shoes, and one or two seemed dressed in much the same fashion as the girl I had first noticed distinctly; but I could not feel certain of anything, and was summoning up my courage to make my way to my own party, when the long drawn howl of a jackal sounded at my feet. Terror broke the spell, and I rushed

forward, regardless of the throng. My husband noticed how white I was, and the guide called up one of the cemetery myrmidons, and sent him for a lantern; and this time I clung to a stalwart conjugal arm, and was thankful when he suggested that we had seen enough, and would come again earlier the next time we happened to be in India.

As we wandered back, lingering again before some of the more famous tombs, I thought the crowd behind us seemed to be thinning, though I dared not look directly at them to make sure.

When we were safely outside the walls, on the friendly pavement, I glanced back through the iron gates. No one had followed us out, but the light of the lantern was reflected in several pairs of bright eyes which were furtively watching us from the shelter of the nearest shrubs; and as we drove away, once more the howl of a jackal disturbed the peaceful graveyard we had left.

H. M. C.



Short Story.

The Gift of a Life.

UNDER a mango tree, by the banks of the Ganges a Sannyasi sat on the soft green grass, with two youths by his side. He looked a Rishi of old in his yellow loin cloth, his fine features, snowy beard, and matted locks. A small village nestled in a mango grove at a distance, low green hills rose on one side, and the river flowed with gentle rippling music before them. In the pale light of the dawn, the scene made a perfect picture of peace and holiness. The sage discoursed thus—

"Men and beasts, plants and flowers, all things that are, are filled with the great Breath of Life. Man alone has a soul, and this life is subject to his soul. In some the light of the soul shines bright and pure, in others it is faint and dimmed. As the light of the lamp is bright or dim according to the oil which nourishes it, even so the soul shines according to the nature and deeds of a man. He whose nature is perfect and whose deeds are true, whose light shines forth pure and bright, can control the Breath of Life if he wills." The Sannyasi ceased, for the shrill lamentation of a woman was heard, piercing the stillness of the dawn. She wandered along the banks morning and crying. The sage continued—

"Two days ago this woman's child was drowned in this river. Maya! all is Maya! (Illusion.) It is the sorrows and joys of this world that delay and obstruct the path of the soul to freedom from its earthly prison, to the attainment of Mukti (Salvation)"

For a while he was silent, and then he went on, as if with the fervour of inspiration—"But even without passing through the gate of death can the immortal soul free itself of its earthly prison. He, whose light is bright and strong, may so will it that the Breath shall pass into another earthly abode, leaving the soul free to wander to its Eternal Abode. Wonder not, my sons. What I say is true and possible. If thou wilt with firm mind and unswerving purpose, thy breath will obey thy will, and pass even into a body whose breath is departing. The Breath of Life will enter into another by the power of thy unconquerable will, and by this great Renunciation thou shalt free thy soul for Mukti. This voluntary passing of the life wave by the will of the soul can give 'Life to Death and Death to Life.'" He ceased.

The Sannyasi then rose, and gathering up the deerskin on which he was seated, turned to the youths who were bending low at his feet in salutation. He laid his hands on their heads in blessing, and walked away towards the hills, and was soon lost to sight.

The two youths walked to a tree to which their horses were tied. Unloosening the reins, they mounted on the rich embroidered saddles and rode slowly. The sun had risen, and touched river, hill, and wood with a rosy hue.

One of the riders was tall and dark, with a noble brow and strong well-knit frame. The other, dressed like an Indian Prince, was of slight build, with large dark eyes and a pale thin face, soft and delicate as a girl's. He was Prince Shukumar, the son of the Raja whose territories extended beyond the hills. He had hardly recovered yet from a severe attack of fever that had confined him to his bed for some months, and had more the hectic flush of the consumptive on his face than the glow of youth and health. His companion, a soldier in his father's army, was named Pratap, and had been his friend and playmate since childhood. A great love existed between the two lads, and they were more like two brothers.

Philosophy and mystic love have always a charm for the Indian mind, and the two young men rode on slowly thinking on the mysterious words of the Sannyasi. They neared the village, and reined in their horses in front of a thatched hut on the outskirts of the wood. A neat little garden lay around it, and green creepers almost covered the brown thatch. As they dismounted a young girl came out on the verandah. She appeared to be on the threshold of womanhood: there was a smile in her soft eyes, and a slight blush on her brow. Robed in a simple white muslin *saree*, which clung in graceful folds around her slim form, she looked like a golden lotus bathed in the morning sunlight. Her delicate features had singular softness and charm, and her eyes, deep and dark, betrayed a child's candour and a woman's thought. And the dark coils of her hair contrasted well with her bright fair complexion.

Mohini—for that was her name—spread a mat on the clean floor, and the young men seated themselves on it. Mohini's mother, clad in the plain white cloth of a Hindu widow, entered, and the young men touched her feet in greeting, as is the custom in the East. "Let me bring thee a cup of hot milk, Prince Shukumar," said the widow, "and one for Pratap too, for ye need refreshment after your long ride." So saying she left them, and soon returned with some milk, which both the young men accepted with thanks. After a while they rose, and the Prince said: "Mother bid me ask you to come to her this evening, aunt." "I will come," said the lady. "Will you come too, Mohini?" "Yes," answered the girl softly, as a faint blush overspread her face. The young men then took leave of the mother and daughter and departed.

The next morning Pratap wended his way to Mohini's cottage with a book in his hand. Mohini's mother met him at the door and said—

"Thou hast come just in time, Pratap. I want thy advice." "What is it, aunt?" (Pratap and Shukumar were both wont to call her aunt since childhood.) "It is about Mohini," she replied. "People talk and blame me that a grown-up girl like her should yet remain unwed. A Hindu girl must be wed and it is my duty to delay no longer."

Mohini wedded! Pratap seemed stunned for a moment at the very thought. He only knew the girl was his light and all that made life beautiful and sweet. A great hope filled his heart. He had seen the girl day after day blossoming into sweet pure womanhood, and the time for the fulfilment of his hopes seemed to have come. "I shall return directly, aunt, and talk it over." So saying, with a beating heart he walked away in search of Mohini. As he came near the well under a large tree, he heard voices. He was behind the trunk and invisible. It was Mohini's voice, sweet as the *vim*, soft and low as the south wind. "No, Usha, I shall never marry." Usha was a girl of the village, Mohini's friend and companion. "Why not, Mohini?" "I have no secrets from you, Usha. He whom I love is not for this world's love and happiness." "Tell me why ye cannot wed." "Because death claims him as her bridegroom, and no earthly bride may be his." For a while Usha was silent, and then in a low sad voice she asked,

"Is it Prince Shukumar?"

"Yes" was the only reply.

"But why may not you wed him? Savitri wedded her lord, knowing he was fated to die. You are as beautiful as any Princess, and of the same caste."

"No, Usha, that is a dream not to be fulfilled in this life. He is a Prince, and I—" Mohini's voice trembled and she was silent.

"Mohini, it breaks my heart to see tears in your eyes. Oh why do you love one who is for the gods?"

"I am content and proud to love him only, and though he may be gone from us in a year, I shall live in the memory of him till I die."

"How can that be Mohini? You know a Hindu girl may not remain unwed all her life."

"But you know too, Usha, that it would be a sin for a Hindu girl to love one and wed another."

A silence fell between the two girls. Pratap, who had stood rooted to the spot, turned back. "I might have known who can see and know Shukumar and not love him?" he thought. "But Mohini's and his happiness is mine."

He returned with slow steps to the cottage, and going to Mohini's mother said: "Aunt, what do you say to Shukumar for Mohini's bridegroom?" "Shukumar! he is a Prince, and we are poor. But though my child is beautiful as Lakshmi and worthy of a Prince, knowest thou not, my son, that he is very ill, and perhaps next summer may be gone from us?" "But aunt, physicians are more hopeful and he may yet recover, he is young," answered Pratap.

Just then Mohini came in from the garden. Pratap noted with pain the sadness and quiet despair in her eyes. "Here is a book, Mohini, I have brought for you. It is the Bengalee of Shakuntala," he said, putting it into her hands. The girl's eyes brightened as she took it from him. She was one of the few who had been taught to read and write, and loved it. She took it from him and said, "How good of you to get it for me, Pratap. You promised to bring me the story of Savitri. I long to read it."

"Yes, I will, another day." So saying Pratap took leave of them.

By the end of the rains Shukumar was worse.

His end was not far off. The only son of the old Raja lay dying. The old man would have given all his territories for the young life ebbing away.

One evening as he lay with his hands clasped in Pratap's, he called softly, "Pratap." Pratap came nearer. "Pratap, the end is very near. I do not dread it, but mourn only for my parents. Be as a son to them, as you have been a brother to me. There is one other wish of mine, Pratap. Wed Mohini. A look of great love and longing came into his large dark eyes. "Pratap, I dreamt a dream of great happiness once, but cast it out of my heart long ago. She may not be mine, but I shall be happy to know before I die that she will be yours." Pratap tried to speak but could not. His heart was breaking within him.

Three days after this all hope was given up. The shadow of death had fallen on the royal home, and all awaited its approach in silence. The mother, pale with watching, nursed her only son with tearless eyes in silence. Shukumar no longer spoke, nor saw, but lay unconscious. As Pratap sat and looked his last on the dear comrade he had loved since childhood, and the thought of Mohini's sad sweet face rose before him, he cried out in agony "Oh, why does death come to those who are loved and not to one like me who has none to mourn him." Then as if in a dream, he beheld the tall form of the *Sannyasi* standing in the dark shadows of the room, and words, which he had heard before, reached his ears again.

"If thou wilt with a firm mind and unswerving purpose thy breath will obey thy will and pass even into a body whose breath is departing for ever."

Pratap rose silently and left the palace. He walked on till the village was left behind, and the low hills and the flowing Ganga came into sight. He stopped under a large mango tree on its banks. Then he seated himself on the soft green grass leaning against its trunk. He murmured in low earnest tones, "O Guru, come thou to my aid." Then with folded arms and closed eyes, he sat silent and still like a Rishi Kumar of old. The moon waned, and the dawn came, and still Pratap remained motionless under the tree.

Prince Shukumar lay cold and seemingly lifeless on his bed. With a heartrending cry of "Where art thou gone, my treasure!" his mother flung herself beside him in an agony of grief, and clasped him to her breast. When they took the cold form from the unconscious mother, a deep breath, like a sigh, came from the lips of the Prince. His body quivered and shook, and he opened his eyes. He whom they thought dead, was alive! Could joy be greater than this!

But where was Pratap in this hour of gladness and hope? Shukumar looked around for him but saw him not.

At last they went to seek him, and found him seated under the tree. The sun, like a young god, had leaped into the sky to greet the world. Its rays fell in a golden shower on his calm face and noble brow, and on his erect motionless form. He looked like a young Rishi lost in meditation. They called to him, but he answered not. They touched him, and his cold lifeless form fell silently to the ground.

He had given up the great breath of life as a gift to his loved friend. He had attained *Mukti*! He had given "Life to Death and Death to Life!"

SNEHALATA SEN.

The Story of the Eucharis Lily.

"CALL me not Rabboni, John my beloved, but suffer me to be as thy brother. Go thou and search, and bring me some fair flower for I have somewhat to show thee." The disciple did as Jesus bade him and sought among the hills for a flower. But the hills were bare. So John descended to the wayside and went towards the fields and gardens which lay around the little village of Bethany.

It was scarcely morning, and as he neared a field of poppies, John saw an old man standing near the fence with a basket of freshly cut flowers at his feet. Saluting him, the disciple said, "My Master hath need of a flower, give me, I pray thee, one that I may give it Him."

"Who art thou, and who is thy Master?" asked the man. The disciple answered him saying, "I am John, and a disciple of Him whom ye call Jesus of Nazareth." "Then," said the other, "I am King Herod's gardener; and I shall give thee the fairest flower of Bethany to take to thy Master. We call it 'Herod's guilt.'" From among the blossoms in the basket, he took a white lily with a crimson stain in its deep chalice, and gave it unto John.

"Why callest thou this fair flower 'Herod's guilt'?"

The old gardener answered John, saying, "Herod Antipas, our king, once gave a feast in honour of Eunice, a Jewish maiden, whose love he had long sought to win. While the feast was proceeding, the king took one of these flowers and gave it unto her. 'Eunice, let this lily of Bethany, with its ivory chalice and crimson heart, be an emblem of thy purity and my love for thee.' The maid took the flower and gazed into its scarlet depths. Then turning to the king she exclaimed, 'Herod Antipas, I can never love thee as thou desirest, for I see in this flower, not the token of thy love, but a testimony of thy father's guilt. Its pure white chalice is stained with the blood of innocent babes.' So the lily of Bethany is called 'Herod's guilt.'"

John took the flower to Jesus, and said "Rabboni, I bring Thee 'Herod's guilt.'"

Then Jesus taking the flower arose and went with His disciple to where a spring of water gushed from the hill side. He filled the flower-cup and gave it unto John, saying, "Drink of this cup."

John took the flower, and lo! it was filled with red wine. He drank and lo! another wonder: the scarlet stain was washed away, and the lily of Bethany was as white as snow.

Then said John: "Lord, Thou hast washed away Herod's guilt from this flower." Jesus answered John: "In years to come, when men shall behold this fair flower, they shall not remember Herod's guilt, but my love for Herod. And as the stain of Herod's sin is washed away from the lily of Bethany, so when men shall drink of the cup of My Communion, no scarlet mark of guilt shall be left upon their hearts."

EDMUND R. OTTO



Selections.

Indian Indentured Labour.

IN MARCH of 1909 a Committee, with Lord Sanderson as Chairman, was appointed to consider and report upon emigration from India to the Crown Colonies and Protectorates. The report, which was issued some time ago, gives qualified sanction to the system of indentured labour. The essential portion of it is that, subject to certain recommendations, the system of indentured emigration as actually worked is not open to serious objection in the interests of the Indian labourer, that Indian emigration is of the greatest assistance in developing the resources of some of our tropical colonies and in increasing their prosperity, and that in the present condition of India indentured emigration is the only practicable form of emigration to distant colonies on any considerable scale. But the Committee qualifies these three expressions of opinion as follows: Firstly, that emigration under indenture for private employers should be permitted only to such colonies as offer an opportunity to the time-expired immigrant to settle in an independent capacity on the land; secondly, that emigration of this nature should only be permitted to such colonies as have spare land capable of development; and, thirdly, that, it being obviously to the advantage of a colony to develop its spare land, there is no objection to the Government of such colony assisting the employers of labour in bringing in immigrants who are at first at the disposal of the employers, but subsequently contribute independently to the development of the resources of the colony. It will be seen from this that the approval given to the system is very qualified. For instance, indentured labour for Natal is ruled out, for Natal refuses to allow the indentured immigrant when his time service expires to settle in the colony. Similarly, Indian immigrants would be shut out from many other colonies. In fact, if the report is acted upon, Indian indentured emigration will be very restricted. Furthermore, it will be seen that the Committee, while stating that in general terms there is no strong objection to be made to the system in the interest of the Indian labourer, yet adds that certain recommendations which it makes later on should be carried into force. As a matter of fact, the Committee admits firstly, that the system of engaging Indian labourers for private service in the Crown Colonies is open to much abuse, and occasionally, no doubt, is abused; secondly, that Indian labourers very often do not understand the work for which they are intended or the conditions of their employment; and, thirdly, the Committee admits that in some at least of the Crown Colonies the system does not work well, since there are a revoltingly large number of prosecutions of indentured labourers. In some of the colonies, in fact, the prosecutions amount to 20 per cent. of the coolies employed. It may be, as some of the witnesses state, and as the Committee is charitably inclined to conclude, that not a few of the Indian coolies have been induced to engage themselves without thoroughly understanding what they were

under taking to do, and that by nature many of these are not qualified for steady and regular work. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is that there is a revoltingly large number of prosecutions of indentured labourers, showing that the system certainly does not work smoothly. Upon the whole, then, we find it very difficult to accept the report of the Committee as conclusive.

That Indian labour is beneficial to employers in the Crown Colonies we are quite prepared to believe. The system grew up shortly after the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. The emancipated slaves preferred to settle upon the land rather than to work for their old masters, and the sugar-producing colonies, therefore, fell into great distress. That imported Indian labour has been of immense benefit to the employer in such colonies it is not difficult to believe. But whether it has been beneficial to the colonies taken altogether is open to doubt. As a matter of fact, the Committee does not enter into the question whether the colonies have been benefited. It seems to take for granted that if it can be shown that the owners of the sugar estates have benefited the whole community must likewise have benefited. But clearly the inference does not follow. For example, the emancipated slaves refused in large numbers to work on the sugar estates, preferring to settle upon unoccupied land. Now, is it not possible that the introduction of Indian labour contributed to an evil from which the tropical colonies undoubtedly are suffering, namely, the laziness of the negro population? Is it not possible that the negroes would have had to work, at all events would have been tempted to work by high wages, if cheap labour from India had not been imported? Again, is it not possible that the competition of cheap Indian labour kept down wages, and, therefore, injured not only the emancipated slaves, but the native population of all kinds, say in such a place as either Ceylon or Mauritius? It is true the Committee states that it finds no evidence that Indian competition did keep down wages. But then it is to be remembered that the Committee was appointed in March 1909 and that it reported in June 1910. Thus it spent only fifteen months in inquiring into the advantages and disadvantages of a system which is found to exist in the West Indies, in the Mauritius, in Fiji, in the Straits Settlements, and in the Federated Malay States, to mention only some of the colonies, showing over what a vast extent of the earth's surface it prevails. Is it not clear that the Committee did not visit the islands, did not take evidence on the spot, did not examine with their own eyes the working of the system? Is it not also evident that the Committee did not even visit India to inquire for themselves how India is affected by the system? The Committee admit that there is a prejudice in India against the whole system, that respectable people condemn it, and that very many of the coolies engaged are wastrels. Lastly, the Committee is apparently prepossessed in favour of the system because it has convinced itself that, if emigration on any considerable scale from India is to be carried on, it must be in the form of indentured labour. We are not prepared to accept this dictum of the Committee. Even if we were prepared we should be inclined to say that it is better emigration should cease than that it should be carried on in a form which is liable to so much abuse, and which, to put it mildly, bears such resemblance to forced labour. The Committee strongly repudiates the allegation that it is forced labour. But we have just pointed out that the Committee did not take the pains to fully inform itself, and, therefore, we are afraid that the report leaves the whole question where it found it.

There is another matter which is even more important. Whether a few hundreds, or even a few thousands, of Indian labourers emigrate every year out of a population of over 300 millions appears to us a matter hardly worth the trouble that has been taken about it. If India is to be benefited by emigration, the emigration must be on a scale to affect the rate of wages. It is perfectly evident that a few hundred, or even a few thousand, emigrants leaving India every year will not affect the rate of wages. What we should like to see is inquiry by a very strong Commission into the best means that can be employed for stimulating emigration from India upon a consider-

able scale, and the directions in which the emigration is likely to prove successful. In the meantime the proceedings of the reformed Viceroy's Council during its very first session have taken the value out of the report of this Committee. The reformed Council, and especially the native members of it, declared so strongly against indentured labour in colonies which will not permit Indians to settle that the Indian Government was compelled to pledge itself that it will not sanction such emigration in the future. Therefore, before this Committee reported that part of the question was emphatically decided. Furthermore, it is perfectly evident that the native members of the reformed Councils of all kinds will assert the interests of India in a stronger fashion in future sessions. They have only just begun to feel their feet. As they realise the scope of usefulness that is open to them and the great opportunity that is offered them to assert the rights of India, it is as certain as anything can be that they will plead the rights of their fellow-countrymen in an emphatic manner. That being so, we doubt very much whether indentured labour will be allowed to go on very long. A purely British Committee may report in its favour or against it. But the decision will have to be taken ultimately in India, and the fact that this kind of labour is unpopular, is distrusted, is believed to be ignominious, dooms it before very long. Therefore, we repeat what we have said already, that the Indian Government ought to appoint a very strong Commission, on which really representative Indian opinion will find a place, to inquire into the whole question of how best emigration from India can be promoted. We are sorry to see that Lord Sanderson's Committee does not expect much from Indian emigration either to the East African Protectorate or to Uganda. They are both, one would think, countries in which Indians might settle and do well. The opening up of them, moreover, would be a most useful work to the Indian settlers and to the Empire. Lastly, if they are as well fitted as is said to produce cotton, a considerable settlement of Indians in them would be of incalculable advantage to our own cotton trade. Once more, then, we express the hope that either the Secretary of State for India or the Indian Government itself will appoint a really strong Commission, on which the most enlightened Indian opinion will be adequately represented, to inquire into the whole question of Indian emigration. (Statist)

Party Government.

THE idea that the perpetual conflict of parties purifies public life by maintaining a healthy rivalry between politicians is very pretty on paper but is not realised in practice. In the United States the party system is even more rigidly organised than in our own country and the element of conflict which is assumed to be so purifying is even more pronounced. Yet American politics are a by-word for corruption. It is hardly too much to say that the real purpose in life of the two great American parties is to plunder the people for the benefit of the wire-pullers. Both parties draw vast sums of money from enterprising business men who wish to obtain from the National or State Legislatures tariff favours, railroad franchises, or other privileges. The politicians take the money for their own purposes and deliver the goods at the cost of the community. Even and anon patriotic Americans make an effort to shake off these two rival sets of professional politicians who have fixed their claws in the flesh of the nation, but as long as there is no effective control by the people themselves over their elected representatives, the party wire-puller reigns supreme.

That is why the Referendum is now making such rapid progress in the United States. Nearly a dozen States have already adopted it, and its introduction in as many more is promised. The conclusive argument in the American mind for the Referendum or "direct legislation" is that, while it is easy to bribe an elected assembly, it is difficult to bribe the whole body of the people, so that by keeping control in their own hands the people can better secure that purity of political life which is so falsely assumed to be the necessary concomitant of party warfare.

Happily in our own country political life is still maintained at a higher moral standard than prevails in the United States. But it would be hypocritical to pretend that British members of Parliament are solely concerned with the wellbeing of the nation, or that the policy of rival parties is guided entirely by conscientious convictions. In practice the main business of each organized party is to maintain itself. For that purpose it must have money, and though much money is provided by men who are actuated by sheer honest enthusiasm, much comes from other sources. The sale of titles as a means of replenishing party funds is now so notorious that there is no reason why it should not be openly discussed. The proceeding has a humorous as well as a disagreeable side, for the Liberal party, while publicly denouncing hereditary privileges, are even more lavish than their opponents in the sale of peerages. The money thus obtained is used, among other things, to pay for huge posters representing the typical peer as an undersized, gibbering old man scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of an enormous coronet.

This sale of honours is, however, less injurious to the nation than the steady pressure which is applied to members of Parliament to force them to vote in defiance of their personal convictions and even in defiance of pledges given to their constituents. Here again the matter is so notorious that it would be hypocritical to affect ignorance. Indeed, the partisan Press on both sides openly maintains the doctrine that the sole duty of a member of Parliament is to vote with his party. The possibility that he may have convictions of his own is not taken into account. The necessary result is that the few individuals who control the party which is momentarily dominant are able also to control the House of Commons. That assembly does not represent the will of the nation, it represents the will of the wire-pullers. The individual citizen and the individual member of Parliament are helpless in face of the political machine. Nor does it suffice for a member of Parliament to remain silent when measures of which he disapproves are being advocated by his party. Cabinet Ministers are expected to make speeches in the House of Commons in support of measures which they have hotly opposed in Cabinet Council; private members are expected to go down to their constituencies to defend publicly measures which privately they are known to dislike.

No system of government can be finally desirable which thus compels intellectual dishonesty. Members of Parliament are in themselves as honest as other people. They have no natural desire to deceive their constituents or to deceive anybody. Man for man they are probably above the average of the nation, both in morals and in brains. Many are as straight and honorable men as could be found anywhere in the world. But even before they are elected they have to learn how difficult it is in political life to give a straight answer to a straight question. The candidate is assailed at the outset of his electoral campaign with deputation from groups of people all asking him to promise to support their particular fad. Unless the fad happens to have been incorporated in the party programme it will be very dangerous for the candidate to give a straight answer, for he may find that the party wire-pullers take an opposite view, and in that case it will be difficult for him to readjust his position. He usually adopts the practice of covering up his reply in a cloud of words which can be twisted into any meaning which the future exigencies of his party may require.

Sometimes this course is impossible. There are some groups which are so determined and so numerically powerful that they cannot be put off with vague phrases and the candidate has to " toe the line." If a considerable number of candidates are elected under the pressure of this particular group they will constitute a force in the House of Commons with which the party Whip will have to reckon. They may be a small minority of the party, but if they are numerous enough to be dangerous in a party division the Whip will report to the Cabinet that they must be conciliated.

The decree will then go forth that his particular fad, whatever it may be, is to be added to the party programme, and scores of members who may be personally opposed to it, and whose constituents may have expressed no opinion upon it, will in turn have to "toe the line," and the fad will be forced through the House of Commons with the whole weight of the party majority behind it. When that process is complete the fad will have become the "voice of the people," and if the peers venture to reject it, or even to try to make sense of it by amendment, they will be denounced as hereditary despots.

The only redeeming feature of this political dishonesty is the perfect candour of members among themselves and among their friends. Both Ministers and private members will constantly avow without hesitation that they are personally opposed to measures which party discipline compels them to support and to advocate. It is to their credit that they should make this avowal, for it clears their consciences and prevents them adding to the crime of public deception the sin of private hypocrisy. They know, and everybody knows who is in touch with political life, that in our existing party system the private convictions of a member of Parliament must count for very little, and that his main duty as a politician is to vote for and advocate those measures which the party adopted.

But does the nation really wish to be governed in this manner? Does it really wish that the men whom it chooses for its legislators should be compelled to adopt a lower standard of honour than would be tolerated for a moment either in our commercial life or in our national games? In commerce, if a man habitually deceives those with whom he has dealings he will find his name becoming a by-word and his business slipping from him. In cricket and football a man who treats an opponent unfairly will be dropped on by the umpire, and if he were frequently to repeat the offence he would be hissed off the field. But a politician may persistently misrepresent an opponent, he may suppress facts and suggest falsehoods, but he will not lose credit or position in his party. On the contrary, if he only displays a modest amount of oratorical skill and a great deal of political favour he may acquire a salary of 5,000 a year and the title of "Right Honourable."

It has been necessary to lay stress upon these unpleasant aspects of our political life because they are the necessary and inevitable outcome of the party system of government and will not disappear until that system is destroyed. As long as we choose to organize the government of the country on the supposition that two parties are to remain eternally at warfare with one another, so long will our political life be dominated by the ethics of the battlefield in place of the code of honour which controls the peaceful relationships of civilised men.

HAROLD COX.—(*Nineteenth Century*.)

RELATES a happy retort that was given at an open-air political meeting in the Battersea district. The speaker was interrupted by a young man who began to say that "three acres and a cow" were what the country wanted. "Why hadn't the country got them?" "Well, my dear sir," retorted the speaker, "your father evidently has started it on his little allotment already. Perhaps he hasn't actually begun to keep a cow, for as long as you are around, it will be as much as he can do to keep a calf."

THE girl asked the police salesman if he had good cheese

"We have some lovely cheese," was the smiling answer.

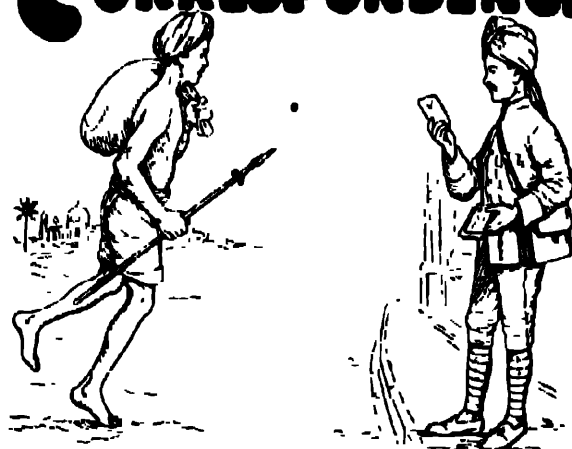
"You should not say lovely cheese," she corrected.

"Why not? It is," he declared.

"Because"—with a boarding-school dignity—"lovely should be used to qualify only something that is alive."

"Well," he retorted, "I'll stick to lovely."

CORRESPONDENCE



Female Education.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE"

SIR,

Permit me the liberty of asking the courtesy of your paper to inform the Mahomedan public that I intend to start a Girls' School in Calcutta at as early a date as possible. Such an institution is the crying need of the time, and is felt keenly by all right-thinking men and women. Strict Purdah arrangements will be a special feature of the school.

My beloved husband, the late Moulvie Sakhawat Hossein, B.A., of the Provincial Executive Service, has bequeathed Rs. 10,000 for Female Education, the income (Rs. 600 annually) of which is at my disposal. I am therefore not only ready to spend that amount, but further I shall be glad to personally conduct the school, and am prepared to devote my time, energy, and whatever knowledge I possess towards its furtherance.

But as the fund in hand is not sufficient to meet its requirements, I appeal to the generous Moslem public to extend their helping hand, and thus contribute to the success of the project which deserves the hearty sympathy and practical patronage of all well-wishers of the community.

Mahomedan gentlemen, desirous of helping me in my scheme, are requested kindly to communicate with me direct, while my Moslem sisters, who wish to associate themselves by their co-operation in the movement, are invited to my house to discuss the subject, or if this does not suit them, I shall be glad to call on them should they inform me of their addresses.

13, Walfordah Lane.

KHALOON.

Apologia.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE"

SIR,

Your correspondent "Vox" is rather hard on the Mahomedan Members of the Supreme Legislative Council. He has given various reasons for their silence which cannot be accepted as true. There was neither the idea of sedition nor was there any fear of displeasing the Government. The only reason that appears to me to be true is that there was hardly any Mahomedan member who could rally deal with such a subject with any confidence. Of course they could have spoken on the general outlines of the subject like most of the non-official members, but this course perhaps did not suit their ideas.

To begin with, three of the members were absent, two from Bombay and one from Madras, and two were nominated members. Really one does not expect the sturdy chief of the Tiwanas to trudge through the dry and dusty vale of statistics. Of the remainder, two were big Nawabs to whom economy and thrift would not easily appeal. Three were lawyers, who, if they had wished it, could have tackled the subject, but then—they were lawyers!

"UZR-I-GUNAH."

[NOTE.—We are inclined to compliment our correspondent on the possession of a rare analytical faculty. But "Uzr-i-gunah" (the explanation of crime) might easily be understood in some quarters to be "bad-ar-as-gunah" (worse than crime).—ED., *The Comrade*]

Appreciation.

SIR,

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

Will you kindly allow me through your well esteemed journal to thank our representative in the Imperial Council, the Hon. Mr. Mazharul Haque, Barrister-at-Law, for his timely speech at the last sessions of the Council. He has indeed kept up the dignity of the Behar Mahomedans and we feel justly proud of him.

On behalf of the District Moslem League here we offer him our sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude.

M. A. HAQUE,
Barrister-at-Law,
Hony. Secretary,
Monghyr District Moslem League



Selection.

An Up-to-date Alphabet.

A—is an Alien fresh from the boat,
B—is the Bomb carried under his coat
C—is a Crime, by which shortly he earns
D—Deportation—from which he returns
E's the East End, where his exploits are planned
F—is the Folly of letting him land
G—is a Government, in as can be,
H—a Home Secretary, on the spot he
I's Immigration of all the world's scum,
J—is the Joke—till the casualties come
K—is the King we endanger, while **L**
Stands for the Lies that the immigrants tell
M—is the Murder that opens our eyes,
N—is the News that is "such a surprise"
O's just the Opening runaways need,
P's the Political motives they plead
Q—is the Question How deal with the swarm
R—gives the answer—we must have Reform
S—is the Ship if it carry no more
Than **T** (that is twenty), we'll let them ashore
U's Undesneables driven to roam
By **V**, the just Vengeance they fly from at home
W's Winston—no more need be said—
X—is a policeman, all riddled with lead,
WhY I don't know; but perhaps enough **Z**

H. B. W.
(London Opinion)



Anecdote.

THE new Dean of Wells, Dr. Arncliffe Robins, tells an amusing story about an old reprobate who had decided to repent, and who announced to everyone that whatever wrong he had done should be made right. So one of the village worthies, to whom he owed a sum of money, went round to his house at midnight to demand it. "But why did you come at this hour? Why not wait till to-morrow?" asked the old sinner. "I came early," said the other, "to avoid the crush."

AN ARDENT spiritualist as well as scientist, Dr. Russell Wallace, who recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, tells of an amusing experience he once had when ghost-hunting in a country graveyard. While among the graves one night with the sexton, who claimed to have seen the "shadowy form," Dr. Wallace asked, "Have you any idea whose ghost it was you saw?" "I can't tell you, sir," was the reply; "but over there lies a man who had three wives. On the stone of the first there is 'My wife;' on the second, 'My dear wife' and on the third, 'My beloved wife.' If any ghost does walk hereabouts, I should say it is the first wife's."

M. JEAN JAURES, who has been advocating better relations between France and Germany, is a noted apostle of international peace; but in spite of the fact that he hates physical pain, he can be very cutting with his tongue.

Some time ago he visited the War Office at Paris with a friend. He was a severe opponent of the War Minister's methods.

In the vestibule, Jaurès' companion paused, and pointed delightedly to a reproduction of the famous statue, "The Victory of Samothrace." "That is an appropriate statue for our War Office," said the friend, "although unfortunately it is somewhat mutilated."

"Yes," said Jaurès grimly, "very appropriate. for, as you see, it has no head."

MANY anecdotes have been related of Pitt's habit of sleeping at odd moments. One day, when an attack was made by an antagonist on Lord North, who had a similar knack of sleeping, a member, thinking he was dozing, exclaimed, "The Premier is asleep."

"Not so," said the first Lord; "but I wish to Heaven I were."

IF THERE is one sport more than another of which Mr. Winans, the famous Russo American sculptor, author, and champion breeder of horses is passionately fond it is boar-hunting, and in connection with it he tells this story as an illustration of the obstinacy of Englishmen. "Boar-hunting, you know," he says, "is a bit dangerous, so you pick the bravest dog you can find. One day I read of a butcher's dog that had bitten a man in the leg, and I sent my man to buy him. I had him in Germany and turned him out with the rest. He took a boar by the nose, and upon my soul, he nearly threw him. I shot the beast, but the dog wouldn't let go. The huntsmen threw the boar into a wagon and the dog went with him. We drove them both to the lodge, and half an hour later the little beggar was still holding on. Now, that's your Englishman. They're all stubborn."

THE smallest barrister on circuit, Sir Jesse Herbert, is known as "Little Jesse." On one occasion, walking from the court with some of his brethren, a somewhat burly barrister remarked that he could very easily put "Little Jesse" in his coat pocket. "In that case," came the quick retort of the little barrister, "you would have more law in your pocket than you have ever had in your head."

THE late Lord Young, of the Scottish Bench was responsible for enlivening many a dull case. One of the best remarks that ever fell from his lips was the reply to a counsel who urged on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance: "My client, my lord, is a most respectable man, and holds a very responsible position, he is manager of some waterworks."

After a long look, the judge answered: "Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

THE eldest surviving son of the famous novelist, Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, tells an amusing story in his lecture, "My Father's Life and Works," about life at Gad's Hill. It relates to a ghost which haunted a neighbouring piece of waste land, on which stood a monument to a Cavalier named Charles Larking. As the maidservants all threatened to leave, Dickens, armed with a double-barrelled gun, and his two sons with bludgeons set out to find it. Suddenly they saw a white object and heard an awful noise. Dickens cried "Stand fast or I fire!" It proved to be an asthmatical old goat.

ON ONE occasion, when Burke, the great orator, was wearying his hearers by one of those long speeches which obtained for him the name of the "Dinner Bell," a nobleman happened to enter the House just as Selwyn was leaving it.

"Is the House up?" he inquired.

"No," replied Selwyn; "but Burke is."



Moghal Humour.

IN THE domain of art, the Moghal has been known chiefly as a builder. Recently, thanks to Messrs Havell and Percy Brown, we have made his acquaintance as a painter. He is not yet known as a conversationalist, though he deserves to be.

Akbar, being the real founder of Moghal rule in India, and his Court being intellectually the most brilliant, we shall begin with him. The source of our information is not the stale Farishtah, nor the matter-of-fact Nizamuddin, nor the heavy and ponderous Abul Fazl, who is as devoid of humour as he is full of wisdom, but Badayuni, the witty and cantankerous critic of Akbar, and Samsam-ud-daulah Shah Nawaz Khan, the able author of the *Muzarrat Umara*, a work abounding in anecdotes.

In the 20th year of his reign, Akbar's task as a warrior was practically finished. In that year he settled down at Fatehpur Sikri, and his remarkable search after the Great Unknown began. Thenceforth religion dominated everything. It dominated politics, it dominated literature, and it also dominated talk. Consequently all talk in Akbar's time centred round religion.

As soon as Akbar settled down at Fatehpur Sikri, he built the famous Ibadat Khanah (house of worship), where courtiers met every Thursday night and discussed religious and philosophical subjects. Akbar, though an *Ummi* (illiterate) like the Prophet, presided over these discussions and made an admirable president.

Soon the courtiers were divided into two parties, the Orthodox and the Heterodox, and the discussions grew hotter and fiercer. At times they were apt to end in tragedy, but some *bon mot*, pun, or epigram uttered at the psychological moment, robbed them of their seriousness and fierceness, and afforded the necessary comic relief. One day, it so happened, that the disputants lost their tempers and made a terrible noise. At that time Akbar was in another part of the building. As soon as he heard the noise, he hastened to where the learned were wrangling, and after ordering them to be silent, said to Badayuni,

من بعد ازین جماعت هرگز ابدالی که سخن نامعقول گوید بعرض
رسانم تا از مجلس بر خیزد الیم

(Henceforth, if any one talks nonsense, report him to me, and I will turn him out.) Badayuni whispered to Asaf Khan,

برین تقدیر اکثرے را باید بر خیزاند

(At this rate, I fear, most of us should be turned out.) The Emperor asked him what he had told Asaf Khan, and when he heard the answer, his displeasure was immediately gone.

Akbar had ordered Qazi Jalaluddin and other learned men to write a commentary on the Quran. But they disputed among themselves so much that the task became impossible. One day they were as usual arguing and debating, and the Emperor was getting more and more disgusted, when Raja Deb Chand, the "Maskharah Manjholah," interposed by saying

اگر کار نون حق تعالی معظم له بودے در اول سورة قرآن
چرا مذکور شدے

(Had not the cow been sacred, it would not have been mentioned in the first chapter of the Quran). Everybody burst into laughter.

The *Ibadat Khanah* (House of Worship) was called *Bid'at Khanah* (the House of Heresy). Akbar was called *Akbar* (the great Kafir), Abul Fazl (the father of learning) was called by Badayuni *Abu Jahl* (the father of ignorance), and by Hakim Ainulmulk *Fu-lah* (dud). Mulla Muhammad Yazdi, a bigotted Shia, was called Yazdi, or one who is descended from Yazid, the slayer of Husain, grandson of the Prophet. Sharif, an atheist who had a large share in moulding the mind of Akbar, was called *Kasir* (dirty).

The discussions ultimately led to the rejection of Islam and the starting of a new religion, called the Divine Faith by Akbar. He proclaimed himself to be the Caliph of God and the bringer of the millennium. Maulana Sheri, who hailed from the Doab in the Punjab, wrote a satire, the last couplet of which was,

پادشاه امسال دعوی نبوت میکند

سال دیگر گو خدا خواهد خدا خواهد شدن

(This year the king has claimed prophethood, next year, God willing, he will be God.) Later when the Punjabee poet got a post in the Punjab, from a satirist he transformed himself into a panegyrist of the Divine Faith, and presented to the Emperor a poem entitled "*Hazar Shua*" (One thousand rays), which contained one thousand stanzas in praise of the sun, the sun being Akbar's favourite symbol for worship, and the number 1,000 being the thousandth year of the Hejira, when, according to an alleged tradition of the Prophet, a reformer of the Faith should come.

Some of the orders issued by Akbar were rather amusing, and they afforded a grand opportunity to the humourist. One of the orders was that the dancing girls of the realm should have a separate quarter to be called Shaitanpura (the Devil'sville), that a book should be kept with the gate-keeper, in which any one entering the Devil'sville should write his own name, and the names of his father and grandfather; and that the *umara* should first obtain His Majesty's permission!

Another order was that a wine shop should be opened in the vicinity of the palace, but that people should not buy wine except for medicinal purposes, and that any one buying it, should give his own name, and the names of his father and grandfather. The person in charge of the shop was not a *Pir-i-Mughan* (the Old Man of the Tavern), but a *Pisan* (an old woman). Badayuni says that the Akbarites openly disregarded this order, but were never punished. At the New Year's Day feasts, they had drinking bouts, and the Emperor sometimes kept them company. At one of these bouts, Faizi, while raising the cup of wine to his lips, called out

ابن پناه بکوری نقبا میخوریم

(A bumper to the confusion of the Islamic jurists!). Every one present followed suit, and—"great enthusiasm prevailed." At another bout, Miran Sadr Jahan and Abdul Hai, Mir Adl (the Chief Justice of the Empire) were induced to drink Akbar, seeing those worthies over their cups, was greatly amused, and aptly quoted the following verse from Hafiz:—

در در پادشاه خطا بخش جرم نوش

حافظ قرابه کش شد رمنی پناه نوش

(In the reign of the forgiving and kind-hearted king, even the Hafiz and the Qazi have become bold enough to drink.)

Another order was, that pigs and dogs should no longer be regarded as unclean. The pig was said to be an Incarnation of the Deity. A large number of these excellent animals was kept near the palace, and to look at them early in the morning was considered highly meritorious. As to dogs, a supposed tradition was quoted to the effect that they possessed ten such virtues that if a man were to possess one of them he would be a saint. The dogs were therefore petted and pampered, and had a royal time of it. Shaikh Faizi was particularly fond of them. It is said that the poet Urfi went to his house to see him. On being shown in, he saw that Faizi was playing with a dog. "What is the name of this *Makhdum Zadah*?" Urfi asked him sarcastically. "Urfi!" replied the resourceful Faizi. But Urfi was not slow to retort "*Mubarak Bashad*" (Be it Mubarak, i.e., auspicious). Only Mubarak was the name of Faizi's own father!

Another order was that the Akbarites should shave their beards. Mirza Aziz Koka, Akbar's foster brother, strongly objected to this order, for he had a magnificent beard, and loved it with a love that like the beard knew no measure. He was a bluff and brave Moghal, and wore his heart on his sleeve. Whatever came into his head, "came into his mouth", and whatever "came into his mouth" came out of it in no time. He was often rude to Akbar, but was rarely punished. The Emperor used to say, "Between me and Aziz there is a river of milk which I cannot cross." When the order about the beard was issued, Aziz was Governor of Gujrat. He was summoned to Court, but refused to come, fearing he might be asked to shave his beard. "Is your beard so heavy," Akbar wrote to him, "that it cannot let you come?" Aziz wrote back a long letter in which he denounced the Emperor and his Divine Faith, and throwing up the Governorship, embarked for Mecca. There he was so blessed, that he soon returned to India, a wiser man, but a sadder Musliman, and willingly parted with his beard. Akbar, of course, forgave him.

After Akbar's death, Aziz took up the cause of Khusrav, whose father-in-law he was. After capturing Khusrav, Jahangir

wanted to kill Aziz, but the princesses interceded for him, and his life was spared. Soon after he was guilty of some other offence. Before sending him to prison, Jahangir asked Jahangir Quli, Aziz's son, if he would be responsible for his father's good behavior. "Sire," replied the dutiful son, "I could be responsible for my father's acts, but not for his tongue, for it is irresponsible."

Anyway, Aziz was a good talker. One of his *bon mots* was, "He told me once: I believed him. He told me again: I suspected him. He took an oath: I knew he was a liar!" Another was, "A rich man should marry four wives. An Iraqi woman, because she is a good talker, a Khurasani, because she is a good housewife, an Indian, because she is a good wife, and a Turan—that he may beat her as a warning to the other three."

"ZARIFT."



Petty Larceny.

(By OUR SPECIAL KLEPTOMANIAC.)

[MOTTO—"Wit is your birthright, therefore steal it where-soever you find it."—*Rigmarole Veda*.]

THE smoking-room of a big West-end hotel was full, and, taking advantage of such a large audience, two travellers were relating to each other, in tones audible all over the room, some of their experiences. After both had confessed to having been nearly grilled to a cinder in the neighbourhood of the Equator, they proceeded to compare experiences in the matter of cold.

Said the first traveller, "When I was in Hudson Bay I struck a certain district where the ground was frozen so hard that whenever a human being died, being unable to bury him in the orthodox way, it was customary to merely sharpen his feet and drive him in with a tent hammer."

The second traveller yawned, and replied in an off-hand sort of way. "Oh, yes, of course, I know that place well, every inch of it. It doesn't strike me as being anything out of the ordinary. Stopped there a week or two, and then got bored. The air was too relaxing, so I toddled up country a bit, and put up at a small town a few thousand miles farther north. Was most unlucky during my visit there. The hotel caught fire. My room was on the top floor, immediately facing the biggest iceberg in the neighbourhood. For a moment I was quite in a fix—no fire-escapes or anything of that sort in such an out-of-the-way place. The staircases were soon burnt to powder. But happily, I didn't lose my presence of mind. I merely emptied my bath out of the window and slid down the icicle."

THE other day an itinerant circus announced, as the chief attraction on its programme, a performing elephant who, amongst other accomplishments, played the piano. The hour of the performance arrived, the docile animal was led into the arena and conducted to an open piano, when suddenly he wheeled round, uttering lugubrious cries. After a brief conference with the elephant's valet, the proprietor of the show came forward and said that until another piano could be procured that part of the programme could not be carried out. The elephant, a most sympathetic and affectionate creature, had recognized in the ivory keys of the instrument the tusks of its mother!

"WHAT did he die of?"

"A slight difference of opinion, as near as I can find out."

"Oh, a fight?"

"Not at all."

"What, then?"

"Doctors disagreed, and he died before they settled it."

"VERY well, sir," said Dr. Kwack, after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this."

"What are you going to do?" sneered the undertaker.

"Retire from practice."

THERE was once a man who was called a Duffer. And it came to pass in the fullness of time that a certain Merchant Prince acquired in the Court of Trade a store for which he had no special use and whose stock he desired to clear out. And for the reason that the Duffer would work cheaply he was put in charge thereof.

And thereupon the Duffer chuckled greatly, and said, "Lo! I will push this business and it shall be that a profit shall accrue therefrom to the Merchant Prince and he shall reward me greatly."

And it came to pass even as he had said, and the business grew so profitable that one day the Merchant Prince sent for the Duffer, and the Duffer went before him with visions of increased salary floating through his brain.

"Do not all the people say thou art a Duffer?" demanded the Merchant Prince.

"It is even so," answered he.

"And yet thou hast made this business show a handsome profit?"

"I certainly have."

"Hum," mused the Merchant Prince. "Now, if a Duffer has made this business profitable, how much more profit would not a high priced man turn out? Behold! I will even put one there, and thou art even discharged without notice."

P.S.—As the moral is missing, it is strongly suspected that it was purloined by the Duffer.

"It is a curious fact," said a young gentleman who prided himself upon his resemblance to Lord Kitchener, "that I myself am

frequently mistaken for one of the most noted personalities of the day. Can't you guess?"

No; they couldn't.

"Let me see if I can assist you," he resumed. "First, his fame is in everyone's mouth, and his name has a handle attached to it. He is rarely upset—an all-round sort of man."

"Wait a bit?" exclaimed one young lady, excitedly, "handle—everyone's mouth. Hurrah, I've got it! Yes, why, of course, you do look a mug."

A PRIZE has been awarded by the "University Correspondent" for the most amusing schoolboy "howlers." The following are some of them—

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—Morris.



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N.B.—On second thought, the Manager thinks it better not to take silence for consent, and he requests those of our readers who have not yet notified their desire to become subscribers to do so, and in case they do not wish to subscribe, to ask the Manager to discontinue sending the paper.

Notes

THERE can be no doubt now of the ultimate success of the Moslem University project, and when the Aga Khan returned to Calcutta he showed a confidence the lack of which he could not always suppress during his previous visit. But His Highness is not the kind of leader to slacken his efforts because the goal is in sight. His ambitions have increased with his success, and we have little doubt of his securing £500,000, which is after all a very modest beginning for a really great University. The foundations have to be dug, but we have still to clear the site. We learn that a Committee under the Presidentship of the Raja of Mahmudabad is to be formed for laying down the lines on which the Charter should be drawn, and that in April next a Parliamentary expert in legislative drafts will be engaged in England to draw up the Charter and the application. In the meantime news is being received of fresh donations, and a telegram from Jaipur announced the gift of half a lakh from Nawab

Sir Fayyaz Ali Khan, K.C.S.I., of Pahasu, the Minister of Jaipur, who is also the President of the Aligarh Trustees. We hope the Gujrat States of Palanpur and Radhanpur will also contribute liberally, and that Bombay would make a higher bid than Oudh for the cheering smile of its leader whom the Taluqdars have done not a little to seduce from his affection for his Bombay home. Great expectations are being formed of the Punjab, where His Highness the Nawab of Rampur goes to beg for his co-religionists. This is indeed a unique feature of communal mendicancy and vindicates the democracy of Islam. Verily "the servants of the nation are its masters," and in adopting the motto "Ich Dien," the Nawab Saheb of Rampur has not only followed the example of the Black Prince of England but the illustrious examples of the early Moslem rulers as well. We were inclined at first to be gloomy that the generosity of His Highness did not exceed £10,000. But we have reason to believe that there is still the Rampur treasury behind it, and the Nawab himself behind the treasury!

Few except Hindus accepted the claims of the Congress to be "Indian" and "National," and it is amusing to read in a long and cogently reasoned letter in the *Leader* written by 'T'—who appears to be no other than Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru—headed "Hindus, Set Your House In Order," a confession, even if unconscious, that the Congress has mainly been a Hindu organisation. 'T' contrasts the alleged activity of the Mussalmans with the supposed supineness of the Hindus, and referring to the Provincial Leagues and the London Branch says "Look at the amount of work which these branches have done and are doing everywhere. Look at their alertness and then compare them with your standing Congress Committee in India and the British Committee in England." The italics are ours, but the confession is entirely 'T's' very own. The *Leader* supports 'T's' plea with a leading article "A Call To The Hindus," and not only the *Panjabee* of Lahore, but our ultra-"national" contemporary, the *Bengalee*, also cries "Jai" to the arms of the Hindu Sabha. We welcome the new movement because we sincerely wish people to call a spade a spade. It is easy to know the Hindu mind when there is a confessedly Hindu organisation reflecting the opinions of the whole community. You like to know with whom you are parleying, for it is embarrassing to find at the end of long and heated negotiations that the party with which you would strike a bargain has given no credentials to him whom you regarded as the plenipotentiary. With the Hindu Sabha fully organised this grave defect would be removed. Each of the principals would have his agent in whom he could fully confide, and the *benami* transactions of

the past would end. But we must confess we think it is vain labour to endeavour to reconcile the new movement with the claim that this makes no difference to the Congress which has always been national. If this is meant to satisfy the Mussalmans or the Government, the effort is not only superfluous but also sure to be unsuccessful. The angle is too sharp for the political coach of our contemporaries to negotiate with ease and grace. But we are in hearty agreement with the *Leader* that "there can be a Hindu organisation for safeguarding and advancing the interests of Hindus without its doing anything which may in the least savour of anti-nationalism." As the *Leader* says, there may be narrow-minded men unable to distinguish between service to the Hindus and disservice to the nation which embraces non-Hindus within its fold, but care may be taken that the direction of the organisation is not entrusted to such men. We have the same to say to the Moslem League. It is undoubted that, like the Congress, it has within its fold some Mussalmans who are not sufficiently catholic to work, in spite of discouragements, for the growth of an Indian nation. Such men cannot be excluded. But that is no reason why they should at any time be allowed to lead the large body of those who seek only the protection of their community and bare justice to it, and aspire to establish in India a comprehensive nationality, which would be a mosaic of many creeds. The greatest responsibility rests on these. Conscience, said Hamlet, makes cowards of us all, and it is cowardice for a conscientious man to leave his own misguided community to its fate, and in avoiding Scylla to rush into Charybdis. There is work enough for Mussalmans of the type of Mr. Hasan Imam and the Hon. Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque within the Moslem League, but it needs patience, and that true humility which makes the really strong and great man confess his fallibility when an overwhelming majority of reasonable people disagrees with him. Reform is seldom possible from the outside, and is never lasting unless it comes from within. It will be a great source of satisfaction to Mussalmans generally to learn that Mr. Hasan Imam is now convinced of this, and his earnest endeavours in Behar for the Moslem University are sure to bring to him as full a harvest of confidence from Behar Moslems as his illustrious brother ever reaped. We wish the Hindu Sabha the same success that we wish to the Moslem League. We also hope that before long the Congress would enter on another phase, and become an inter-communal Congress, and, in the words of the *Leader*, work for "the promotion of causes which affect the entire Indian people on which there is no conflict of opinion between one community and another." Divide India as you will, she is sure to part on the lines of religious cleavage. Not provincialism but denominationalism is the essence of Indian divisions, and if we do not close our eyes to the reality, we should regulate and not oppose denominationalism. India, like the United States of America, will be a federal country; but unlike the American Commonwealth, she will have a federation of faiths. Let our motto also be *E Pluribus Unum*. That is our ultimate destiny, and those who oppose its realization through ignorance or otherwise, are in truth the worst enemies of India. There are signs that we are at last moving towards our fate. May it lead to fortune.

WE LEARN from a correspondent writing to the *Bengalee* that Indian candidates who wish to compete for the Indian Medical Service are required to present a certificate of fitness from the Director-General in India before they can be admitted to the competition. The correspondent states that the Principal of the Medical College, Calcutta, wrote to the Inspector-General on 30th August for such a certificate for Dr. Jyotilal Sen. It does not appear that for more than three and a half months any action was taken by the Inspector-General. But on the 30th December, when moved by the candidate's father, the Inspector-General wrote to the Director-General that Dr. Sen was a fit candidate. As the Christmas holidays followed soon after, no further steps were taken. Fortunately for the candidate, Surgeon-General Lukis, who

had known him personally when he himself was the Principal of the Medical College, came to Calcutta early in January, and when referred to, promptly cabled to the authorities at the India Office to admit Dr. Sen as a candidate. Dr. Jyotilal Sen is to be congratulated on his success in the Indian Medical Service competition; but it is sad to reflect that he was within an ace of losing perhaps the one chance of his life. The Inspector-General owes some explanation, and we trust he has offered a satisfactory one, although it is a little hard to conceive what it could be. But he owes something else as well. He owes Rs. 45 to the father of Dr. Sen, at whose expense the cable was sent.

WE ARE pleased to learn, that our countryman Nawab A. F. M. Abdur Rahman will act as the Chief Judge of the Small Cause Court of Calcutta. Mr. Abdur Rahman is a barrister of long standing, and was appointed Fifth Judge in 1895.

By slow but well-deserved promotion he came to be the Second Judge in 1908, and it was a source of great disappointment to the Indian community when he was passed over a year ago, and the acting appointment was offered to Mr. Pearson. The Nawab is the son of the well-known leader of Bengal Mussalmans, the late Nawab Bahadur Abdul Latif, C.I.E., and both education and heredity give promise of his success in the post in which he will now officiate. We wish him a more durable promotion and are confident that he deserves it.

WE SHOULD like to give prominence and publicity to a series of letters which have recently appeared in the *Leader* on the Hindu-Muhammadian problem. It is indeed a sign of progress that thinking men are applying themselves to discover the true sources of difference between the two communities, and the means of bringing about a permanent understanding and unity. We do not often find ourselves in agreement with "A Servant of the Motherland," but when he deals with the question of the political importance of Mussalmans which has given so much offence to the Hindu community, his remarks appear to us to be eminently fair and considerate. He brushes aside all vain ideas of Mussalmans about their superiority to the Hindus, but as he says, "that they are not an influential minority, or have not the least political importance about them, no more than their numerical strength can command is quite another matter. We do not think that the idea of the political importance of the Moslems is such an absurd and ridiculous one as it is made out to be. If the tradition of political conquest and glory, of a cultured civilisation, and social and religious influence, in short, the past history of a race or a community, count for something, then surely the community whose ancestors once wielded power and influence from Cordova to Delhi, contributed to the civilization and culture of Europe and India is no small measure, and who even now exercise so much influence on the social life of our country, cannot be said to possess only so much and no more importance as their bare numerical strength indicates. We cannot conceive that any reasonable man would seriously contend that the Moslem community in these provinces exercises influence only in proportion of 14:100. Other things being equal, we certainly hold that education should be the chief test of the fitness and the importance of an individual as well as a community; but it does not mean that other interests or considerations should not have any weight or value. Our learned doctors and politicians perhaps can afford to indulge in cheap sneers, but we think they too would do better to remember that retort is not the best method of arguing a case. Otherwise, can it not be argued that to have lost an Empire may not be a matter of pride, but surely to have built one and then lost it is far better than not to have built at all one worth the name." No apology, we think, is necessary

for quoting at this length from a writer who shows in every word of the quotation a generosity of feeling which is by far the most important part of statesmanship. We think the writer is a Hindu, and if our surmise is correct, his views should encourage the Mussalmans not in vainglorious talk of political importance, but in cultivating the virtues which built up the empire of their ancestors. His glorious ancestry is the last refuge of the bankrupt, and nobody has been more bitingly sarcastic on the subject of such snobbery than Moslem *litterateurs* themselves. *Padaram Sultan bond* (my father was a king) is the form of introduction that indicates decadence. We wish both Moslems and Hindus took a lesson from Ali, the Hero of Islam, who said "He is the true hero who says, lo! I am such a one, *not* he who says such was my father." We shall be judged by our posterity as we judge our forbears. Surely our children could not refer to us for *their* political importance, if we continue to play the woman with our eyes and braggart with our tongues. The political importance of Mussulmans has been recognised only so far that they can participate in mixed electorates, and in this way sometimes elect a Mussalman, but oftener cast an important vote in favour of a Hindu in whom they have more confidence than in another. Political importance will therefore benefit them little if they do not keep abreast of the problems of the day and endeavour to work for the growth of a united and a cultured nation. In the majority of cases their political importance would be gauged by Hindu voters, and it is idle to expect that Hindus would regard a Mussalman superior to one of themselves unless he is in fact head and shoulders above the rest in capacity, self-sacrifice, and patriotism. We regard, in the present state of India, separate electorates to be the only logical conclusion of a separation only too patent. In these electorates the Mussalmans are given seats strictly in accordance with their numerical proportion. But in the mixed electorates is provided an opportunity for Mussalmans to prove their superiority, if they claim it, and to give a lead to other communities, not in virtue of being more valiant or members of a ruling caste, but as men generously and justly recognised by all as the leaders of men.

CERTAIN Anglo-Indian journals have taken the lead in arguing, that since some eminent Indians have not seen their way to accept membership in the Imperial or Provincial Executive Councils, the condition, that an Indian should be on these Councils has made the Government go abegging for the acceptance of a high honour and a responsible post. It is undoubted that Indians of the same calibre as the best of Anglo-Indian administrators are not easily found, and it should cause no surprise. Since administration has to be learnt like any other trade or profession, and not many avenues of success are open to Indians, few Indians succeed sufficiently well to impress the world with their ability. But they are not so rare as to be non-existent. That some eminent professional men are in a position to say "No," would rather go to prove that where the restrictions are non-existent, Indians succeed remarkably well, and it is then a sacrifice on their part to accept the lower emoluments of even the highest posts in the gift of the Crown. Be that as it may, the journals that have argued a paucity of capable Indians from the refusal of some to accept such posts, will now find it difficult to explain the refusals of the Master of Elibank and of Lord Pentland of the offer of the Madras satrapy. Sir Edward Grey, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, and Lord Cromer are all believed to have been offered the Viceroyalty of India. Would the *Pioneer* say that because they refused the offer, there are not enough competent men in England to choose from? Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, who has accepted the Governorship of Madras, was the successor of Mr. Gladstone as M.P. for Midlothian. He has been the Private Secretary to Sir George Trevelyan, and as soon as our present Secretary of State became the Secretary for the Colonies, he made Sir Thomas the Governor of Victoria. We wish him and Madras all success, and

trust the choice of Lord Crewe would be as well justified as that of Lord Morley.

SNOBBERY and the curiosity of plutocracy could go no further than what is indicated in the correspondence recently published by the *Times* in which lady-journalists (save the mark!), butlers, and the doctors of Belgravia and Mayfair figure so prominently. According to Harriet Churchill, "anything about Lady Gerard and the De Forests is 'good copy' on account of the slander case between them now coming on, also about the Dillon Jockey on account of the Maria Lloyd divorce suit, in which he is co-respondent, etc, etc." Harriet Churchill pays liberally to butlers and waiters and chamber maids for something "spicy" for American journals, and settles accounts every month in a most business-like manner. Here we see an illustration of honour among thieves. But even a West End physician is not spared the tempting bait which perhaps proves too much for John and Mary and the boy in the buttons. He is supposed to be "an *outrant* with all the latest *ou dits* and society scandal," and is confidently asked to "peach." This is amusing enough, but the mutual recriminations of America and England remind one of the kettle vs pot controversies. America says it is an English journalist who tempts "the constant service of the antique world," and tries to break down the confidence between doctor and patient. Another correspondent hints that people higher in social rank than "the sneaks behind the chair" are equally guilty, and the New York *Globe* sneers at the aristocracy and plutocracy alike and asks that as Uncle Sam has no nobility of his own, and American snobs crave for the real thing, why should they not have it. But the one that comes off best is Juvenal, because he had warned the aristocracy two thousand years ago that greatness has its consolations, and a greater publicity is one of the compensations of better birth, more wealth, and looser lives. The Parliament Bill will, however, make short work of Britain's aristocracy, and Harriet would soon find that her occupation is gone!

Poetry.

বার্ধক জনম আহার
[From the Bengalee.]

Not vain I deem my lowly birth
Upon thy hollowed strand;
Not vain! For aye have I not lived
To love my motherland!
I know not what thou hast of gems,
Or queenly riches rare,
My soul alone enraptured feels
The balm of thy soft air.
I know no sylvan dell or glade
That rivals unto thine,
For in the precincts of thy shade
The blossom breathed divine!
I know no other azure skies,
So radiant and so bright,
As smiles the moon upon thy realms
In raptures of delight.
Ah! when these eyes their first did ope
'Twas in thy hollowed ray;
But grant that in thy light they close
To win Eternal Day!

SNEHALAYA SEN.

The Comrade.

East and West.

LORD CURZON is such an unrivalled master in the use of "luminous phrases," that we have no doubt the Undergraduates of Glasgow University must have had in his glowing oration on East and West a real literary treat. But it is difficult to be equally sure that the "luminous phrases" sufficiently illuminated the subject of the address, and that the audience could find therein a clear guidance for future conduct as citizens of the largest Oriental Empire. In treating a subject so vast and complex, it is easy to seek refuge in generalities, and evade direct deductions, and although this may be the best illustration of the fact that nothing final and decisive, nothing free from distressing ambiguities, can be said, such a method of dealing with problems that have a practical significance and importance, far from supplying real guidance, only increases the confusion.

But even if the address may be said to have helped the audience only to a slight extent, it has served a very useful purpose for others. It has proved conclusively that no part of the world can now be safely regarded unchanging, that everywhere new and disturbing elements are fast arising which invite the most serious reflection, that the problems of world politics are so complex, the cross currents so many and so puzzling, and the developments so bewildering in their rapidity, that the casting of political horoscopes is as silly a pastime as the prognostications of Indian Zaidkials. They are either too vague and unintelligible, or the prophet of to-day will stand convicted before the world as the liar of tomorrow. It has also proved that nothing succeeds like success; for the insignificant Japanese of the last generation is now a person that keeps the Pacific Coast in fear, the Heathen Chinese whose star was a waning, not a rising orb, only a decade ago, has now his supremacy "inevitably fixed," and it has become a question—susceptible of an answer in the negative—whether "a Western Power, situated at a distance of 6,000 miles, can maintain a permanent ascendancy in an Asiatic country to which the rulers only come as birds of passage for a third of a lifetime, and are represented by a total body—the army of occupation included—of less than 1,50,000 adult males." But the older estimates built on ignorance and the older prejudices founded on vanity still linger in the case of the Near and the Middle East, which have yet to succeed. As Mr. Putnam Weale in his *Conflict of Colour* says, no matter how much it may be possible for Europeans to view remoter Eastern Asia in a new way, and to admit that new ideals have become quite permissible in the case of the astute Yellow Man, no such tolerance need be expected for years to come,—and even then not without a success like that of Japan—in the case of the Brown Man, and those portions of Asia which have for centuries been in contact with the White Man of Europe. It is indeed thought by some that the White Man and the Cross remain as blindly opposed to the Brown Man, Islam, and Hinduism and what these creeds postulate, as the most uncompromising bigot. The spirit of the Crusader still lingers in these latitudes. It is still the ancient Crusader striking down with his heavy mace or two-handed sword the dusky infidels who opposed his righteous progress.

But we do not take a gloomy view of the future. The miracles of Education are as astonishing as those of Religion. Gulls which seemed unbridgable are being quietly but swiftly bridged. The dawn may dazzle those whose eyes did not expect to see it, but this cannot stay the sun in its progress. The West has recently taught not a little to the East, but light may come once more from the Eastern horizon, and the Orient may repay the loan of Western learning. Was it not the discovery of the East that broke down the isolation of Europe and changed so radically the traditional provincialism of more than a thousand years? The fall of Constantinople had closed the old trade routes that were in growing use

ever since the Crusades, and roused the energies of navigators whose successes have now destroyed the old relations and the old conditions. As Mr. Putnam Weale says: "Out of Europe—and not in Europe—were gathered the materials necessary for making bonfires of the last of ancient privileges, just as out of Europe were taken Europe's religion, Europe's philosophy, and much of Europe's arts. This is the immense debt which is owed by Europe to non-Europe."

Not only for the sake of the advance of the future but also for the better understanding of the present has it now become absolutely necessary for the West to "pause and revise its formulas." Lord Curzon was only uttering a truism, but one which needs constant re-iteration, when he advised his audience "never to look down upon the East or the Eastern." Europe has a population of about 450 million white men, but it is equalled by the yellow population of a single country in Asia, namely, China, and the coloured population of the whole of Asia is about 950 millions, which gives a ratio of 2 coloured men in Asia to every 1 white man in Europe. The same proportion exists in the population of all the continents. The whites number 566 millions, and the mixed whites 40 millions, while the absolute yellows, browns, and blacks, number no less than 1,100 millions. To know these and to understand their ideas and their desires, their prejudices and proclivities, one has to respect them first, and to gradually suppress and finally root out the racial antipathy founded on the pigment of the skin. Out of the 950 millions of coloured men in Asia, only 380 millions are under the sway of the whites, and no less than 310 millions of these are under the tutelage of Great Britain. It is, therefore, in Great Britain that the lesson of treating the Eastern with respect is most necessary to learn.

Not so long ago a Canadian, who could not be presumed to be prejudiced, while praising the *esprit de corps* of the English Public Schools and Universities, condemned the narrowness of English Public School and University ideals. But that was not a solitary criticism of classical education and the residential system of England. Mr. Putnam Weale who represents a growing body of opinion is also extremely dissatisfied with that training. He says—

If the East is ever to be the ally of England, it is absolutely necessary that the training and ideals of those who are called upon to act in any official capacity throughout Asia be altered. The hateful priggism which no open minded man can doubt is inseparable from a too fervid study and worship of the literature and laws of Greece and Rome—with their rigid and unbending formalism, their narrow traditions and all the liberalism with which they are saturated—this priggism is no stuff with which to build a permanent Empire. The haughty and insolent distrust of other men; the singular lack of sympathy, the ingenious belief in the perpetual efficacy of methods which can only be sound under certain conditions and in certain environments—all these things and many others form part and parcel of the mass of reasons why the success of England will be one day turned into grim failure, unless the rising tide of English democracy completely submerges and extinguishes such mercantilism. The detachment and simplicity of mind with which the problems of Asia need to be approached if they are to be solved, can never be attained by those who have encased themselves in an unmeaning formalism, suitable only for monasteries and monks.

This is indeed a tremendous judgment, and to some extent exaggerated. But it is true that the Greek and Roman civilization rested on a foundation of the perpetual slavery of a large body of people who worked in order to provide a leisured ease for the cultured few. It is the Example of the City-States of Greece and Rome, and an exclusive study of their ancient classics, coupled with the aristocratic reserve if not *hateur* of the majority of the undergraduates that inclines the *alumni* of the two great Universities of England to measure the world with their own foot-rule.

But there is every indication that the impossibility of judging the world with the help of such a restricted standard is being fast discovered. Not only is modern knowledge increasing, but

the modern conscience is also getting more and more sensitive. The dazzling panorama of European domination in the East made white men forget for long that the right of eminent domain was often acquired by the most primitive methods, and that there is hardly a conquest but has been stained with deeds which are a standing reproach to the memory of the Cæsars. Mr. Meredith Townsend strangely misread history when he came to the paradoxical conclusion that "the less the white and the coloured races come into contact with each other the less is the development of race-hatred, which only tends to become dangerous when they are interspersed and mutually comprehend one another's strength and weakness."

Just the opposite conclusion is arrived at by the promoters of the First Universal Races Congress which is to meet in London from the 26th to the 29th July this year. Its object is to discuss, in the light of modern knowledge and modern conscience, the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, with a view to encourage between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings, and a heartier co-operation. Political issues of the hour will be subordinated to this comprehensive end, in the firm belief that when once mutual respect is established difficulties of every type will be sympathetically approached and readily solved. For a guinea one can secure Active Membership, which entitles him to admission at meetings and the receipt of all publications. For a third of this one can become a Passive Member, and receive the publications, which promise to be a mine of information and to provide much food for serious reflection. The supporters of the Congress hail from no less than fifty countries, and include 25 Presidents of Parliament, the majority of the Members of the Permanent Court of Arbitrations, and of the Delegates to the Second Hague Conference, 12 British Governors, and 8 British Premiers, over 40 Colonial Bishops, some 130 Professors of International Law, the leading Anthropologists and Sociologists, the officers and the majority of the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, and other distinguished personages.

The Programme includes fundamental considerations such as the meaning of Race, Tribe, and Nation; general conditions of progress, such as influence of Geographical, Economic, and Political conditions, Language and Religion as consolidating and separating influences, the present position of women and inter-racial marriages, tendencies towards Parliamentary rule in China, Japan, Turkey, Persia, India, and Egypt; papers relating to the peaceful contact between civilizations through Commerce, Postal, and Telegraph system, means of communication, travel, Science and Art, Literature and Press, International Institutions, Congresses and Exhibitions, International Law and Arbitration; special problems in inter-racial economics, such as investments, emigration, and opening of markets; considerations of the modern conscience in relation to racial questions, such as the treatment of dependant peoples, and of Negroes and Mixed Races, the influence of Missions, traffic in intoxicants; and suggestions for promoting inter-racial friendliness, relating to the holding of regular Hague Conferences and the enlargement of their scope, the Press, an international language, ethical teaching in schools with regard to races, students' Cosmopolitan Clubs, and the organization of a World Association for securing the objects of this Congress. This is a large and varied programme and all countries are represented. Mr. Brajendra Nath Seal, the Principal of the Cooch Behar College, who will lecture on the definition of Race, Tribe, and Nation, and our distinguished countryman, the Hon. Mr. Gokhale, who will deal with tendencies towards Parliamentary rule in this country, will represent India. Lectures on such tendencies in Turkey, Persia, and Egypt, will be delivered by His Excellency Saïd Bey, Hâji Mirza Yahya, and Mahomed Sourour Bey respectively. To assist adequate discussion, the papers will be sent to the members a month before the gathering. We are glad to see India and the East largely represented among the Vice-Presidents and on every Committee.

The promoters of the Congress may well claim that here we shall find "Mankind in Council," and hope that mutual faith and mutual aid, once the virtues of the parish, will one day become virtues of the planet. The way is long and weary, but the goal is great and worthy of sincere effort. Is it too much to hope that the contact of East and West would one day lead to true understanding and real esteem of each other, that the citizens of the Orient would merit and meet with equal treatment in Parliaments and Bureaus, on the English turf and in the French salons. Mr. Meredith Townsend mourned that such a consummation would humiliate the white man's pride of place, and wrote:--

We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought destined to belong to the Aryan races and to the Christian faith; to the letters and arts and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled and perhaps even thrust aside by people whom we looked down upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs. The solitary consolation will be that the changes have been inevitable. It has been our work to organize and create, to carry peace, and law, and order over the world, that others may enter to and enjoy. Yet in some of us the feeling of caste is so strong that we are not sorry to think we shall have passed away before that day arrives.

Is it too much to hope that this attitude itself would have passed away even before the men who entertain such prejudices and cherish them as the heritage of a splendid civilization?

Persia.

REUTER'S announcement from St. Petersburg that the Government has decided to recall troops from Qazvin has been hailed with great rejoicing all over the Islamic world. When these troops were first brought into Persia, Russia was careful to preserve an appearance of decency by giving out that the lives of Russian subjects were in danger. But the demand for concessions subsequently pressed on Persia made it amply clear that the danger was only diplomatic. Throughout the desperate and sanguinary struggle of freedom against despotism not a single Russian or other European was attacked by the Persians. The incidents more recently reported were clearly acts of brigandage which had nothing to do with an anti-foreign feeling, and from which Burmah was not immune for long after its annexation to British India, and which still take such a heavy toll of life and money at the very seat of Government on our North-Western Frontier. On the contrary, it is a Persian Minister and the nephew of a Persian Governor that fell victims to Russian bullets. The contrast is remarkable, and reminds one of the story of a very pious man who always kept the Sabbath, and regularly went to church, and dropped his penny in the plate, who was bitten by a vicious dog as he was returning from the service one Sunday morning. His neighbours were very wroth with the dog, but were consoled by the fact that its victim rapidly recovered. The dog, however, did not fare so well. After the bite in which it had indulged, it fell into a torpor, and the people thought it was repentant. But it got worse and worse, and, while the man recovered, it was the dog that died.

The Russian Government is pleased to state that the recall of the troops has been decided upon "in consequence of the restoration of order in Central Persia," and far be it from us to doubt the truth of the statement that Central Persia is now orderly. But few people can realize what a relief this must be to Persia unless they know the exact situation of Qazvin. It is only 95 miles from the capital of Persia. All these days the excitable and highly strung Persians lived and worked with a revolver barely an inch from their brains! No wonder the Persians were uneasy. With a Russian army at Qazvin, and the threat of a Police force officered by the British to be placed in the South if the work of ten years was not done in three months, it was indeed a marvel that the Frenchmen of the East kept their head so cool. At last their courage and determination and presence of mind are rewarded, and they can sleep more peacefully in their beds at Tehran.

Fear is the best lever, but it is sometimes also a terrible lever. Its extreme terror is now, we hope, a thing of the past; but we equally devoutly hope that the lever will still be utilized by the Persians themselves to uplift the land of Hafiz and Khayyam. There is still another half-way house at Rasht, and, of course, there is the main Russian Cantonment at Tabriz. They should be sufficient reminders to Persia to set her house in order without exercising the paralyzing influence of the force that was stationed at Qazvin. This is the time for Persia, not to rest on her oars, but to redouble her efforts. Sustained effort for any length of time has unfortunately never, throughout her glorious history, been the distinguishing characteristic of Persia, though for brilliant flashes of great endeavour, and quick spurts, no people can rival the Persians. But as in individuals, so in nations, the force of circumstances acts and reacts on character, and if hard knocks can warn a people, Persia has received a tremendous warning. She has to prove that she has taken the lesson to heart and is prepared to prove her worth in politics as she has proved it in poetry.

It is not without interest to ascertain what led to the sudden conversion of Russia. It does not look as if the decision to withdraw the troops was wholly spontaneous. And we have reason to think that it was the influence of our own Government that is responsible for this overdue decision, and we have reason to rejoice that it was so. We were never very much enamoured of the Anglo-Russian Convention, and we still doubt that it would endure. In fact, we doubt if it was not the result of something very akin to panic. The old bogey of Russia was displaced by the new bogey of Germany. The second alliance with Japan, although condemned on sentimental grounds even by the so-called Liberal, Lord Rosebery, as an indication of England's want of self-sufficiency and significant of dependence on an Oriental Power, had already secured the North-Western Frontier against Russian aggression. The collapse of the mammoth against Japan seemed to have sealed the fate of her aggressive designs. Freed from the menace of a powerful Russia, Germany was, according to British politicians, the one power to be dreaded by Great Britain. The zone of danger was shifted from the vicinity of Herat, to the neighbourhood of Mohammad and Koweit. To guard against this new danger, all prudence was thrown to the winds, and an alliance struck with the old enemy. The fertile North of Persia, including the provinces of Azarbaijan, Ardalan, Gilan, Iraq, Mazandran, Ajam, and Khurasan, with the largest towns, including Tehran, and the roads newly built by the English Company of Mr. Lynch, M.P., from Qum to Tehran, with the right of extension to Ispahan, and from Qum to Sultanabad, were placed in the Russian sphere of influence, while the sparsely populated desert lying between Bunder Abbas and Seistan, with only one large town, Kerman, was tamely accepted as the British sphere.

But in spite of this unequal bargain, it does not appear as if England will be wholly secure from Germany. That Power had for many years devoted itself sedulously to the penetration of Asia Minor, and in return for help, which seldom went beyond neutrality, had extorted from the late Sultan of Turkey kilometre guarantees for the Baghdad Railway. Before it could succeed in getting an outlet on the Persian Gulf, the Convention materially altered the situation, and more recently, while the German Baghdad Railway awaited financial help from other Bourses, an influential Syndicate of Russian bankers, financiers, and public men was formed to promote an International Company for the construction of a Railway from Baku, skirting the Caspian, and cutting its way across Persia from Rasht to Tehran, thence to Ispahan and Yazed in the Russian sphere of influence, and on to Kerman in the British sphere, to meet the Nushki line in Baluchistan. Germany could not view this with equanimity, and the Potsdam interviews followed. Whether Russian diplomacy has triumphed or German, not all the assurances of Mr. McKinnon Wood nor the silence of Lord Morley can disguise the fact that British diplomacy has failed ignominiously. Even Germany may come to recognize the existence of a British sphere of influence in Southern Persia; but if Russia and France provide her with the means of pushing her own Railway project forward, of what use would be the desert of the South to Great Britain?

One result of the Convention would, however, prove lasting. The tide of Russian aggression dammed in Manchuria would burst in Mid-East, and if Persia goes to pieces, practically the whole of the Russian frontier in Asia would march along with the British

frontier, and the waves of Russian advance would lash the shores of India herself. Our Government has been sedulously isolating its great Eastern Empire, secure in the North on account of a vast mountain range, and on the other three sides through a wall of water. It has been trussing up the land of the Afghans, paying a large subsidy, and avoiding the early mistake of pushing its North-West Frontier forward. If Persia goes out, the two Asiatic Powers, Russia and Great Britain, will at last be face to face. England has now difficulty enough in maintaining supremacy at sea. With Persia partitioned, there will be the still greater difficulty of maintaining supremacy on land. When England entered into an alliance with Japan so early in the twentieth century, it announced to the world that the era of her expansion in Asia, which had begun in the middle of the eighteenth and lasted throughout the nineteenth century, was over. But for the Slav that era had just dawned. The set-back in the Far East must be offset by expansion in Mid-East, and must lead to the ultimate goal of Russian ambitions. Although its authenticity is disputed, the reputed will of Peter the Great can still throw considerable light on Russian aspirations. "Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world, and that he who can exclusively control it is the master of Europe. No occasion should therefore be lost to provoke war with Persia, to hasten its decay, to advance to the Persian Gulf, and then to endeavour to re-establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria."

It is the fear of this remarkable ambition being one day realized that must make Great Britain pause and consider. As the *Times* wrote after the announcement of the Convention, the British political interests in Persia are bound up with the question of the defence of India. Hitherto the real danger of Russian expansion lay in the fact that Russia might, by way of Persia and Seistan, reach Baluchistan and the Indian Frontier, and then by some strategical road slip past the great defensive position on the North-West Frontier. The only compensation for the rights formally abandoned to Russia in the north of Persia was the pledge that the Muscovite would refrain from these "slim" tactics. But it now seems more likely that the consummation which was so devoutly to be avoided is being made easier by the very concessions which were wrung out of a panic-stricken Government. The time has now come to lay it down as the first political maxim of Eastern diplomacy, that if at any time there is to be no Persia, a Persia must be created. Like a strong Afghanistan, a strong Persia is the truly effective barrier between India and the advancing B-ar.

In the decision of Russia to withdraw her troops from Qazvin, we not only see the hand of Great Britain, but also an indication that at last the drift of the fatal mistake of four years ago is discovered and the wrong step is to be retraced. The Potsdam interviews have revealed the precipice at the feet of our Government. It has been warned only just in time. We may believe that it never had any desire to devour Persia, but "politics," said the *Manchester Guardian*, "are not concerned with wishes but with actions. We did not wish to possess the goldfields in South Africa, but we ran up a bad debt of over two hundred millions in getting them!" The *Daily Telegraph* had talked just as glibly of the Persian Gulf and its hinterland as the "appanages of India," and of undertaking "another of those invidious but necessary jobs which more than anything else ensure the peace and prosperity of the world," as it had talked of South Africa and the little "job" there. Even if the essential immorality of the "invidious but necessary job" has not yet dawned on England, nor the danger of losing that great source of strength, the fund of good feeling which was laid up for England by her quick sympathy with infant constitutions in despotic lands, nor the risk of losing the reputation of being the friend of weak nationalities, the strategic drawbacks of the situation at least now seem to be clearly recognised.

As we said before, this is the opportunity of Persia. Salvation is possible for all, whether it is the Oriental or the Western, for the black and brown as for the white and the yellow man. Providence has not been so cruel as to place a perpetual ban on the progress of any nationality. Persia has only to sink her petty differences, only to unite in a sustained effort, and to remember the Divine Revelation of Islam, that no change comes to a nation except from within. Persians have no more to die for their native land, but only to live for its salvation, and to live up to the tradition of its greatness. The rest is easy and just as certain.

CORRESPONDENCE



Muhammadian University.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE"

SIR,

Permit me to write a few words in connection with the Moslem University Scheme. It is now practically decided that we should have a University, and I should think there will be no desire on the part of His Majesty's responsible advisers to refuse to accede to the wishes of so many millions of His Majesty's subjects.

The question that now arises is that by the time the charter is obtained, we should prepare ourselves for the gigantic responsibilities with which we shall have to rope. The first and foremost among these is to select a good number of tutors and professors.

The European professors have done a good deal for Mahomedan education and the good name of the College, we shall always need and I trust receive their hearty co-operation. But at the same time it has been found necessary to secure a number of good competent Indian professors with European qualifications. His Highness the Aga Khan was the first to discover the need of such tutors, and out of his annual grant to the Aligarh College the authorities send a Mahomedan student every third year to England to specialise in some branch of study, and on his return to serve the College for a number of years. Early in 1910, the Hon. Mr. Fazulbhoy of Bombay started a Scholarship Fund as a recognition of the services of His Highness the Aga Khan to the Mussalman community. I think Rs. 30,000 have already been subscribed. It is proposed to build out of it a boarding house in Aligarh, the rent of which would be about 7 or 8 per cent. per annum. From this it was proposed to send, in each of the two years in which His Highness' grant was not available, an Aligarh graduate to Europe for post-graduate study on precisely the same terms.

If His Highness' services were a year ago worthy of such a recognition, I am sure all will admit they now deserve a more generous recognition. If then we intended to show our appreciation by helping a college, now we have the responsibility of a University, and we have to provide a larger number of tutors for a greater number of students.

May I therefore suggest to the University Committee, the Trustees of Aligarh, and the Hon. Mr. Fazulbhoy's Committee to expand the scope of the Aga Khan Scholarship Fund, and to send at least four or five students at once to England or Germany to study special subjects such as Islamic History etc. The selection should not be restricted to Aligarh, though, of course, preference should be given to those who have had Aligarh training. In this way we shall be able to secure quite a good number of competent tutors, senators, and syndics for the University.

ALIG

Ideals.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

The talk of the day is "Ideals," and especially for the women of India. We are grateful to our men for holding up to us the ideals of our land, the best and highest in the world. We revere

and almost worship them. The modern woman, in her eagerness to imitate foreign ideals, has forgotten those of her own country. She needs such reminding, and we thank those who remind her of them.

But perhaps it will not be too presumptuous to remind the men of their own ideals. They tell us to remember Sita and Savitri, but never mention Ram or Bhishma or Yudhishtir.

They go in for foreign ideals which their English learning and University Examinations bring to them. But where is the brotherly love and devotion of Ram and Lakshman? Brothers fight each other in the law courts. Where is the humility of Bharat—the determination of purpose such as the noble Bhishma showed—the perseverance of the warrior Akalaybha?

If the women of India are to be like Sita and Savitri and others, let us hope the men, too, will try to follow their own ideals in the spirit much as the times and circumstances will permit.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Census.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE"

SIR,

One is rather surprised to see two remarkable letters appearing in one and same column of the *Leader* of Allahabad. One of the writers signs himself *Arya*, and invokes the aid of the Census authorities, as some orthodox *Hindu* enumerators would not permit him to remain and be scheduled as an *Arya*. The other writer takes the authorities of the *Bharat Dharma Mahamandal* to task for their inactivity, and particularly for their not having come forward to refute the arguments of some *Arya* preachers in Benares. At least both, *Arya* and Mr. Ram Doyal are agreed on the point that the *Arya Samajists* are not *Hindus*. *Arya* says "I came to know that the enumerators of some of the wards of Benares (Kabir Chauri) are not making any difference between *Aryas* and *Hindus*. They are writing *Aryas* as *Hindus* under the influence of *Hindus*, although they are requested by those *Arya* gentlemen to note them as *Aryas*." Mr. Ram Doyal says: "The proverbial inactivity of the *Bharat Dharma Mahamandal* was best displayed of late, when *Arya Samaj* preachers visited Benares. Though some of the orthodox pundits assembled at the meetings, and warded off the attacks of the *Samajists*, the *All India Mahamandal* was found fast asleep all the while at its head-quarters, and had neither the courage nor the ability to depute even one of its so-called *Mahopadeshaks* as its representative on such an occasion."

Comparing the above quotations with the reports of the proceedings of the Convention of Religions held recently at Allahabad, I am rather puzzled, and it becomes difficult to form any definite opinion. There it was given out that all those who were not Mussalmans, Christians, Jews, and Zoroastrians, were *Hindus*, and much was said about the "all-embracing" qualities of the *Hindu* faith. Here are two letters, one from an *Arya* refusing to be admitted into the pale of the "all-embracing" faith, and the other refusing the embrace. And the best part of it is that the President of the last Convention of Religions is also the President of the *Bharat Dharma Mahamandal*. The whole *Hindu* Press was in arms against the just representation of the All-India Muslim League against the inclusion of the depressed classes as *Hindus* in the census schedules. Meetings of protest were held, and the *Bharat Dharma Mahamandal* took a leading part in them. Questions were repeatedly asked in the Councils, and the latest protest appears in the *Leader* itself, which says: "We can never bring ourselves to think kindly, or patiently, of the frankly, the aggressively, the inexcusably selfish action of the Muslim League in the matter." Evidently the *Leader* has exhausted breath as well as adverbs, but I would lend it two of the latter, to *think sanely, and act justly*. It is an important question that when the *Hindu* enumerators treat their "*Arya* brethren" in this way, what will they not do to decrease the number of the Mussalmans, and of the speakers of Urdu. If the Government desires to have a correct estimate of the Indian population for administrative purposes, I would urge that there should be a very strong check on the entries.

CENSOR.



Some Urdu Books.

Mustaqbil-i-Islam.

(BY ZAFAR OMAR, II A)

[M 40 College Book-Depot Price, Rs 2]

THIS book is a translation of Volume III. of Professor Vambery's "Western Culture in Eastern Lands", and bears the sub-title of the "Future of Islam." Professor Vambery, who has spent a lifetime in the study of Oriental languages and has passed many years in Turkey and in travelling in Eastern lands, is as well qualified as any other European to give an authoritative opinion on this most important question, particularly in regard to the future of Islam in countries which have come under European influence and Western civilization. The learned Professor has tried to solve some very knotty problems, and has succeeded in throwing light on the present position of the Mussalmans, and has also indicated how they can rise. The Professor holds that the Islamic world cannot escape at once from the decadence into which it has fallen, but will require years of hard and patient toil in various departments of life before it can get rid of the shackles of degeneration and poverty. The author, however, holds out the hope that ultimately the religion of Islam, which has immense and invulnerable possibilities, is bound to shine forth, and recover its former position in the world. In the first and second volumes of the book the Professor deals with the influences of Russian and British civilizations in their Asiatic possessions. We are concerned with these only for the purposes of a complete survey of the present Muhammadan world. In the book under review he gives his opinions and conclusions deduced from these two volumes. The Islamic world owes a great debt of gratitude to Professor Vambery for his sympathetic interest in the doings of Mussalmans all over the world.

We have noticed a fatal tendency in young men who leave college and join some service or profession, to refuse to give a moment to any literary pursuit. They regard the degrees that they have obtained as the final end of their education. We would place before them the example of graduates of English Universities whom we find to be not only good officers doing their duty, but also keeping up the sporting and literary tastes formed at the Universities. They can find time for office-work, games, and literary pursuits, and theirs is an example we would wish our young men to follow.

It is true some of these retain the ambition of seeing themselves in print and aim at authorship. But originality being lacking, their ambition runs wild in the direction of translations of trashy novels. We only wish they could learn that there are many books far worthier of their labours.

Mr Zafar Omar, who is a graduate of Aligarh and had the reputation of an athlete at his College, has, we are glad to note, kept up his sporting and literary tastes, and his excellent translation shows great promise. It is in idiomatic and easy Urdu, and his marginal notes are exceedingly useful elucidations of important points in the original. The book is dedicated by permission to His Highness the Aga Khan. It would prove useful reading to the many Mussalmans and others who cannot read the original in English but wish to have access to such authoritative works on Eastern lands.

Aina-i-Ibrat.

(BY KHUJISTA AKHITAR BANOO SUHRAWARDIYA BEGUM.)

WE HAVE before us a neat little book just out from the Press, called "Aina-i-Ibrat." It is an Urdu translation of the famous novel of Mrs. Henry Wood's, "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles."

Mrs. Halliburton's troubles are many and varied, and can give numerous lessons to women who read her life-story. Here we find a clergyman's daughter marrying a scholar. She loses her father and husband both soon after her marriage. It is then that the real woman comes forth. Under what insuperable difficulties she manages to keep the wolf from the door. Her children, four in number, who were brought up in comfort and ease, have to work for their living. But in spite of all difficulties and hardships the woman does not lose her faith in God's goodness, and goes on doing her duty as a mother and her children grow up and do credit to their up-bringing.

Great credit is due to Suhrawardiya Begum for the excellent way in which the original story has been put into Urdu garb, and it makes just the book to place in the hands of Indian ladies. Suhrawardiya Begum is a scholar of Arabic and Persian and is one of the very few Mahomedan ladies who know English.

A special feature of the book is that it is printed in type, unlike other Urdu books which are mostly lithographed. We hope this practice will become commoner, as the dead weight of lithograph is too heavy for any growing vernacular.

"Sarmaya-i-Tarbiyat."

(BY MOULVI MOHAMMAD ABDUL KARIM.)

WE HAVE received a copy of "Sarmaya-i-Tarbiyat"—a Persian Reader for students of the VII and VIII Classes. It is a collection of prose and poetry from the best Persian authors. The author, who is the Head Maulvi of the Government High School of Fatehpur, seems to have taken great pains over his compilation, has made a general survey of the whole range of Persian literature, and has selected the most suitable pieces for schoolboys. The book is divided into two parts. The first part is meant for the VII, and the second for the VIII Class. The former begins with 165 sayings of the greatest men of the ancient world, which contain some of the best moral principles. There are chapters on rules of conversation and conduct, and respect due to the elders. It also contains some very useful anecdotes from the lives of saints and holy men. The selections are mostly in the form of stories, a very good way of attracting the attention of the youthful reader. There are also some letters of Aurangzeb. The collection on the whole is excellent reading.

The second part begins with anecdotes on the different virtues and vices. In poetry, there are a good many *rubaiyat* and *kasidas* and some fine selections from Haazi, Nizami, and Qa'ani.

We only hope that the young readers will not find the subtleties of the language difficult to understand. We would suggest the adoption of the book as a School Reader in Persian.



Short Story.

A Trick of Circumstance.

FOR twenty-six years of stern reality, John Frosser had not known a home. His childhood was but a passing phase in a life of keen struggle and strenuous striving. It was with difficulty he reproduced now and then dim cameos from that long forgotten scene. He had lived and thought much, seen many lands and myriads of nations, and had not emerged unscathed from the experience. The struggle had left its impress on his soul.

He was in the prime of his life. But what a life! From a youth of enthusiasm, when a burning passion for a life of action had led him to seek the calling of a soldier, to a manhood of satiated desire, he had lived through the whole gamut of human experience, or he thought he had. The booming of guns, the ruthless slaughter of human beings, in fact the carnage of war with all the paraphernalia of misery, and, here and there, rare instances of cool courage had revealed to him the horrors of war in all their fury. The picture of the thrilling adventures of war his youthful imagination had painted for him had to be toned down considerably in the light of experience, and the gruesome details which perforce then found a place on the canvas made him now shudder with pain.

He had turned to the Consular service, in search of safer adventures. In a way, there was no lack of excitement in his new life. He had been sent to a fever-ridden part of Africa, and the natives kept him busy all the time. Fever also did its work on his constitution, and when he was deputed as the head of a small mission, to a potentate in East Africa, he was no longer the young man who had been mentioned in despatches in the Indian frontier war. He had been successful in gaining the object of the mission, and, as a reward for his services, had been promoted, and transferred to the troublous zone of the Aden Hinterland. There he had passed many busy years in a desolate part of the globe, where men hold life cheap, and the shedding of blood is a daily occurrence. He was thrown entirely on himself for whatever mental recreation he could find. The tribesmen gave him an insight into the characteristics of primitive man, and their freedom from the pettiness of civilised man had a soothing effect on the intellectual

wounds John Frosser had sustained, almost at the first contact with the world of his own kind. The change from the mincing formality of civilisation to the eye to eye dealings of the barbarian had restored to a nice balance the perturbed notions of the man in John Frosser. He had come to love those sturdy sons of the soil, and they instinctively had come to look up to him as a man to be obeyed. During his tenure of office there had been few raids. Frosser's superiors were at first inclined to attribute the quiet that prevailed to an underground conspiracy which they believed to be smouldering silently amongst the tribesmen against the iron rule of Britain. They were disappointed when there were no signs of a mutiny, indeed they were compelled to acknowledge to themselves that Frosser had not been treated by them in the past as he should have been.

Frosser was surprised to receive an official document soon after, commending him for what he had done, and conveying the news that the department had decided to send him to Persia on a more responsible mission. Had Frosser been what the world calls a normal being, or in other words, if he had not been the dull dreamer that he was, the official document would have shone aloft in letters of gold like the chalice of Sir Galahad's seeking. As it was, Frosser looked at the epistle in a perfunctory manner and tossed it aside. He had reached that stage of indifference to the praise or blame of the world which dreamers of the East regard as next to godliness. He felt the parting from the scene of his labours more keenly than he showed, but accepted it as a fact, and embarked for the land of the Shah.

He had lived long in solitude, and it had done its work. But while the sting had been taken out of his sorrow, without his being conscious of it, his outlook on life had not undergone any material change. As he sat this March evening, surveying the wreckage of life's sentiments around him, the green hills decked out in the bridal attire, and the silvery rivulet threading its way to the desert of Southern Persia, instead of filling his heart with gladness added to the bitterness of his sorrow. He asked himself the question of all forlorn souls, Is life worth the trouble of living?

Far down the valley in the village someone was singing a yearning, sad, melody of Persia. John Frosser listened to the plaintive song, and a smile of cynical bitterness played about his mouth. He remembered the days when he had also indulged in a love-dream. As in other things, he had tasted disappointments in the cup of love also, and when he had shed the idyllic conception of soul affinity for a purely mundane view of the relation of the sexes, it had been his lot to feel the pangs of self-abasement and wasted passion. The clink of the wine glasses and painted horrors had left a still greater blank in his existence than the loss of ideal and, as it is called, unpractical love. While he thought of his life in the gay cities of Vienna, Cairo, and other places where men and women spin their dreams, the simple Persian villager sang on unconcernedly, praising his mistress's eyes and lips, and swearing eternal faithfulness to his love by the sun and the moon and all the stars of heaven.

The shades of evening grew deeper, while two human beings, passed through experiences as far apart as the poles. To one, the approach of night was the approach of death and ugly dreams, to the other it meant the realisation of long-delayed desire and the coming of hope. John Frosser saw deep, yawning chasms in his past, and a dreary waste stretching before him as far as his eyes could see. He was weary of life.

Presently, a figure moving towards the rivulet attracted his attention. John Frosser had still a few hundred miles of his journey before him, and it was time for him to seek shelter in the village for the night. He shook off his gloomy thoughts by an effort of will. It was his chief concern now to ask the stranger by the stream if it was possible for him to pass the night in the village.

"Peace be to thee! I am a stranger in this country, and need rest and food for the night," said John Frosser, as he came within hearing distance of the girl, who started at the sound of his voice, and drew herself up to her full height.

"Peace be to you," she said in clear tones, as she looked searchingly at John Frosser.

It was a crucial moment in both their lives, though neither was aware of it. There was an imperceptible space of silence before she again opened her lips. In the interval, John Frosser had repeated to himself the formula of approbation coined by the first man in creation.

Of medium height, delicately built, the girl in Zohra had not emerged into the woman. Her dark eyes, clear in their innocence, rested on the man before her, but when she noticed the expression of admiration imprinted on his face, the flush of modesty suffused her fair cheeks. But she was not annoyed. To her also the world revealed in the man before her a new chapter of life. Instinctively she knew that the man was different from the men of her own world. In her village, she had only seen the ordinary Persian peasant type of men. Rarely, some Persian officials passed through the village, but she was not allowed to look at them. Presently she said, "If you will come with me, I shall take you to the village," and John Frosser followed in her footsteps. He had forgotten the conclusions about the problem of living he had arrived at only a little while ago. The world, at least the world of carking care and sadness, had not disappeared from his mind's horizon, but it lay as a background, may be a dark background, to the image of the girl of the village. The flowing robe could not entirely suppress the sinuous curves of the girl's youthful figure. Now and again, she would look at her strange companion, and Frosser felt, in those moments, that in her eyes he saw the light reflected of things he had dreamed of but which he had come to regard as phantoms of the imagination. Not a word passed between the girl and the man as both measured their way to the village. But it was the silence of understanding.

"Is there a caravanserai in the village?" asked Frosser as they came in sight of straggling buildings.

"No, there is no caravanserai here, but my father will be glad to have the honour of being your host."

And so Frosser saw the woman he loved. The recollection of that eventful Persian twilight illumined his future in a manner past understanding.

Frosser followed his guide to the village in the valley. Under ordinary circumstances, the houses all huddled together and the narrow filthy lanes, with the air of poverty surrounding them, would have disappointed him in the country where he was to pass a few years of his life. But as he looked at his companion, he forgot the mean streets of the village. The urchins, ill-clad in rags and tatters, the dogs revelling at heaps of rubbish, the small, ill-ventilated shops, where tobacco formed the chief article of the stock-in-trade, and the suspicious leer of the men he met on the way, were all invested with a picturesqueness that did not really belong to them. He did not even once question himself where he was going. It was enough for him that he had for his guide the girl who had come so dramatically into his life. The girl did not encourage him to talk to her, so he followed silently.

In the heart of the village, the girl entered a low doorway abutting on the lane, and motioned to Frosser to follow. Inside the house he found himself face to face with an astonished old man who, by his appearance, reminded Frosser of an old Biblical character. The old man was unable to grasp the situation for some time, and looked from his daughter to the stranger and from Frosser to the girl. He was visibly surprised. But the girl came to his rescue.

"He is a stranger," she said, pointing to Frosser, "and wants to stay in the village for a night."

The old man looked suspiciously at Frosser, but it was passing expression.

"Welcome, Sir, welcome," he said, addressing the stranger, "your commands are on my eyes. I have a small room, and if you find it comfortable, I shall be glad to have the honour of being the host of so distinguished a guest as yourself."

The girl withdrew to the inner apartments, while the old man conducted Frosser to the room. They got Frosser's things together, and he gave his servant money with orders to get food and lodging in the village somewhere.

The old man got his "Samavar" in order, and soon tea was ready. Over tea the old man plied his guest with questions. How old he was—if he was married—where he came from—if his country was very far from Persia—how he travelled, and a hundred other similar questions. By the time Frosser retired for the night, which, in this instance, meant stretching himself full length on the floor of the room, he had learned a good deal about his host. The old man was a Persian scholar and a poet, and Frosser found he could talk to him about a subject in which he himself was interested. So they discussed old Persian poets till a late hour. "If you will allow your servant to show you some old manuscripts, I shall place before you some to-morrow," were the old man's parting words to Frosser.

If there was any hobby which had a hold over Frosser, it was the collection of old books. He had paid for it dearly, as in Egypt once when a crafty old Jew had palmed off some faked papyrus as old relics of the times of some unpronounceable Egyptian King. He was not slow to remind his host the next day of the promise. One by one the old man showed to him his treasures. Frosser saw they were all genuine, and the old man valued them dearly, and was not willing to part with them on any consideration. As he was not due at his post for at least a month, Frosser asked if he could copy portions of a rare book on Sufi-ism. His host gladly gave his consent. It was a pleasure to hear the old man discourse on Persian poets and Sufis, and Frosser found Providence had placed in his way the opportunity of seeing the girl he loved.

In the ordering of events, fate arranged her plans with her usual skill. Frosser met the Persian maid once more of an evening by the stream, and as she listened to his life-story with flushed cheeks and tear-bedimmed eyes, he knew that he was loved. And with love also came indifference to the narrow, soul-crushing conventions of man.

Frosser now lives in Paris, and is happy beyond words in the love of the maid of the Persian twilight.

J. C. R. *author*

Mainly about Pigeons.

THE Chokra sat upon the verandah floor explaining last year's Academy Catalogue to the Baba, who was cutting a tooth. Little dog Bill lay nearby in a patch of sunlight, panting out a sleepy smile over the scattered remains of a large wool ball.

"These are all the pictures which the Sahib, your Father, has taken with his magic box," he explained, "here are your honour's *fat* folk," and he pointed to a page of portly city gentlemen in varied robes of office: presentation examples of what too much food and too much money can do for a man: painted without inspiration in much weariness, yet wonderfully true withal, and destined to be the great glory of suburban dining rooms. "And this is the *Mom* Sahib, your Mother, in the dress that she wears for dinner on hot nights," he continued, turning the page and finding a *Tadema* lady on a marble seat, "and this is how they build the village in your honour's country," he concluded admiringly as he came upon a view of St. Paul's.

But the Baba only gave great long sucks at her fist, most of which she had managed to get into her mouth, and the Chokra's attention was diverted from the Academy Catalogue.

"It is not the custom of Sahibs to put the whole hand into the mouth," he corrected, "when have you seen the Sahib, your Father, do such a thing?" and he wiped the Baba's fist on her frock. "But it is the Sahibs' custom when very young, and the Baba is permitted to suck her fist until she has all her teeth" I put in, then unwisely added "The Sahib has all his teeth."

The Chokra hung his head "Has your Honour not noticed that the Sahib lacks two?" he almost whispered. Then he noticed for the first time the difference that the dog Bill had managed to make to what once had been a fine wool ball.

"We have nothing but misfortunes nowadays," he said mournfully, "and it is all on account of the pigeons, since they came nothing has been as it used to be."

"Why on account of the pigeons?" I asked him.

"Pigeons bring ill luck upon a house; it is well known," he answered.

"But we have always had pigeons and we have not always had misfortunes," said I.

"Pigeons for the Baba's soup, one or two, kept under a dish cover on the kitchen floor, but never thirty in a pigeon house before," he explained gloomily.

And I had been so pleased with my new pigeon cot. And the cook had put in the thirty pigeons we had bought for two rupees and had said happily "One shall be killed each evening and they will last a whole month."

"Has not the roof of the Bungalow leaked ever since they came, and have we not put your Honour's bath in the drawing-room as well as two basins and yet the new durri is wet? Has not the Sahib had fever, and my Father the Khansamah also? and now the Dhobi is feeling a little ill, and who can tell what may happen next because of the coming of the pigeons?"

"Well, don't you get fever again, Baba," said I, and lifted the round little suck-a-thumb on to my knee.

There are some days from the memory of which we rush, so I explained the old Academy Catalogue over again and tried to scold Bill for all he had done to the hall.

The Chokra had gone quietly away.

Presently he returned and began to tidy the clothing of a tired rag doll. "It is all right," he observed after a while, "the Baba will not get fever again. I have cut the throat of every pigeon."

Then he gathered up the remains of the ball, watched by an unrepentant Bill.

F. E. H.



Et Cetera.

WE ARE in a position to state that no communications have been addressed by Harriet Churchill to the Hon. Member for Education or to Surgeon-General Lukis for betraying demi-official secrets. The rumour that they envy the luck of the "Butler" and "the West End physician" is baseless and base.

A NOBLEMAN writes in a well known English Magazine that "if we ever hang any of our public men for playing with the Navy Mr. Lloyd George's gibbet will be placed in a central position." Much as this may appeal to his personal ambition, we believe the Radical Chancellor with his socialistic tendencies would like to go half-shares in any fate—even with noblemen.

"THE remains of the late King of Siam are to be cremated in grand style. Hundreds of workmen and artists are busy in constructing a magnificent Urn." That is what we call a well-urned incineration.

Selections.

Christianity and Hellenism.

THE more intensively a people lives, with swift mutations of its creative life in art and literature, the deeper is its curiosity concerning the past and the greater its capacity to hold the past in dynamic coherence with its present. The Heroic Age of Greece lived again in that renaissance of Hellenic art and consciousness following the Ionic migration and culminating in Homer, and its pulse was more deeply felt in the golden age of the Greek dramatists, which, within the period of half a century, witnessed more transformations of Hellenic faculty and sensibility than any other race had experienced in its entire career. Roman mutations were more obvious geographically, marking stages in its conquest of the world, but with the great transformations which expressed Rome's genius for empire was also disclosed the extent of her power to avail herself of, though not to fully assimilate, Hellenic culture.

Ours is indeed a living present. Its swift mutations give a new measure to time itself—the measure of our forever renascent purpose and sensibility, the measure of our human consciousness, expanding with each new moment of the more and more intensive life. When we consider the forward looking purpose of our time, we are sensibly impressed by immense achievements and undertakings furthering our material progress, and we know that in this field the modern man is self-sufficient. But the organization of our twentieth-century life, apart from its practical side, where we aim at efficiency, is coming to participate in our creative ideals. We take note of this especially, of course, in associate altruistic work, prompted not by conscience, but by sensitive sympathy. But our creation of a new politics springs from the same beautiful motive, in full harmony with that vital altruism which desires to effect, in so far as possible, the equalization of social opportunity. The organization of business on a non-competitive basis, working hand in hand with this new politics promises to reach a rhythmic harmony which shall not only transcend arbitrary industrial control, but connote brotherhood and expel war from Christendom.

In this survey of mutations by which our consciousness is at once expanded and transformed, we have only noted the manifest alliance between ultra modern organization and ultra-modern ideals, we have not touched upon these ideals themselves, which are not defined by any of these manifestations and which are, indeed, inexplicable, always beyond us, eluding even their fairest embodiments.

But when we consider this human consciousness of our time, so different from the old heroic consciousness and from the most developed consciousness of Greek, Roman, or Barbarian, do we not naturally ask what it can possibly want of the past? From a so superior point of vantage why look back?

It is not a question of what attitude we need to take, or ought to take, toward the past. There are no practical utilities to be derived from the study of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, and in the field of our ideals, the knowledge of history, as mere information, does not serve us. If we confine ourselves and our living experience to the aims and motives stimulated by present-day needs and prompted by present day aspirations, we shall have practical efficiency in everything relating to material progress and shall not lack in scientific research or in the arts of painting, music, and poetry, fiction will lose nothing of its power and charm, and our human sympathies will have abundant opportunity for wide and noble exercise. But the disposition to thus confine ourselves would imply a lack in our human nature itself, such as would shame our content and self-sufficiency.

The historic sense is to humanity what gravitation is to the physical universe—the reflex of its expansion. The earth's orbit is its confession of solar attraction, of harmonious coherence with its source. So the historic sense, too often apparent to us merely by its

gravities, is really an attraction, a continuing dynamic factor in the evolution of humanity. Physiologically, racially, and psychically humanity is spherical and orbital, as a result of this attraction, bound together in its severalties, remembering religiously a creative source, feeling in its own pulsations the beat of the fountain.

Our culture, in so far as it is a culture of the Humanities, is the sum of our *cults*—that is, of the things we cherish because of this attraction, which, as we have said, is inseparable from human nature. We try to explain this attraction to ourselves in definite terms. We say that it is curiosity, the desire to include all knowledge within our mental domain, or that it is romance, the charm of that strangeness which is associated with the antique, but it existed before there was any mental awakening, almost as a human instinct and, in that long period of primitive naturalism, when man, in a provincially intensive life, had only the backward and downward look, it was a sense of familiarity rather than of strangeness, the close bond of kinship holding the souls which death had strengthened and magnified in intimate communion with the living, in the near and friendly darkness. The only culture then was made up of two cults—that of the earth mother and that of ancestors—each too immediate to be called worship. This period of what may be called an insulated historic sense is especially interesting to us who are growing into a new realism, a second naturalism, the terms of which correspond to those of the first, though a whole world apart. The truth of life, after complex brokenness, is reintegrating, felt again as real, freed from national distortions, from polemical discussions, and fanciful apprehensions—all this as in that primitive seclusion, but a luminous intuition instead of a sealed instinct. Our historic sense is not insulated, but open—a sense of kinship, raised to a psychical plane. It is as inexplicable as our idealism is, resting upon no logical grounds, like our forward looking ideals, it springs from the very heart of desire. Therefore it gathers into the present, by vital rather than by arbitrary selection, the radiant moments of the creative life and art of the past, however diverse from our own their outward investment. These moments are notes in a rhythmic harmony, not in just our key, perhaps, but responsive, and cherished—as old songs are—for the human music in them.

We are not considering here the inevitable participation of the past in the present as a matter of biology or heredity. Cultures have blended where races have not. Thus Buddhism came to Japan from India. Thus Greece and Rome and in the course of a few centuries all Europe, received from Judea a spiritual principle which the Hebrews as a race repudiated, and which confined to the East, would have had only a degenerate development. This most creative of all cultures was even more a living heritage from one Christian generation to another than if it had been racial. And it is significant that the spirit of Hebrew prophecy and of the gospel was not less potently operative or less effectively transmitted when the peoples accepting these could not read the Hebrew or the Greek texts through which they were conveyed, and that when they came to read the Bible at all they read it in their own vernacular.

Ours is a Christian culture into which many strains have entered—the Greek for aesthetic and imaginative values and for intellectual form; the Roman for institutional values and as contributory to every modern European language save the German, and the various Barbarian strains which persist racially in our blood, nerve, and temperament. With all these Christianity has blended, yet, in all its strange alliances—with Hellenic speculation, with Roman officialism and exploitation, and with Barbarian heroism and mysticism—keeping intact its original spiritual principle expressed in life rather than in art.

Looking back, then, to those ancient races from which such heritage as we may have is indirect or—as in the case of the Indo-European races—hidden in the lowest stratum of our language, we find ourselves dependent upon texts, monuments, and surviving

examples for any knowledge of their creative art and literature. This whole field is open to special scholarship, aided by archaeological discoveries, and is deeply interesting to the philosopher. It is all human, and our knowledge of it is an important contribution to the expansion of our modern consciousness. No part of it—Egyptian, Phœnician, Accadian, Babylonian, Assyrian, or Aryan—is alien to human interest and curiosity. But the Hellenic race alone presents a distinctively creative ideal which, with all its limitations, is vibrantly responsive to our own.

Greek culture, as compared with the Roman, is detached from us—from our language, our laws, our institutions, and the texture of our literature. Our debt to the Roman is immense, and especially to those qualities of the Roman which the Greek lacked—justice and sincerity, without which armies and navies innumerable would have been ineffectual and world-empire impossible. The genius of the Roman for the building of institutions, including that of the family, was almost creative; it was architectonic, without the Hellenic sense of beauty. The emperor's title of Pontifex Maximus was mightily significant, not only for the old political empire, but as prophetic of the ecclesiastic pontificate. The Greek edification was psychically expansive, following the lines of the creative imagination, and manifest, therefore, chiefly in the achievements of her mighty poets, philosophers, and artists—a kind of empire which could not be overthrown.

Rome knew no dawn; we behold her only in her maturity and decline. But she died for the world. Greece is for ever young—immortal, as genius is. She lived in the world which overwhelmed her, in such measure as its principle of selection would allow.

Her culture became the elegant ornament of Eastern princes and the intellectual equipment of the Roman aristocracy. In the Roman edification of the Catholic Church, Hellenism was not silent. Augustine, the chief of the Latin Fathers, was finally converted to the faith through the epistles of St. Paul, and had come to those by way of Plato, though doubtless in a Latin version, as he was not a master of the Greek tongue. But the ecclesiastic fabric was as distinctively Roman as that of the empire had been, the Greek spirit forever eluded its formal lines.

The medieval cosmopolitanism which the church fostered by pilgrimages and crusades, developing European rather than separately national consciousness, helped to bring on the Renaissance, but threatened to overwhelm Europe with Latinity, and would have succeeded but for the resolve of the several Gothic peoples to develop independent nationalities and to maintain their vernacular speech. But this reaction did not help to a true revival of the Hellenic spirit. Latinity was the recognized bulwark of uniformity and established authority. The new art found its stimulus in Greek examples, a poetic exaltation of Love in select circles fed upon Plato, but in education and literature generally Roman traditions were dominant.

The Elizabethan era produced a drama which was the only parallel of Greek Tragedy in the age of Pericles, but its glory was not a direct response to its antetype. It was only such another time come to England as Greece had known—a time of awakening, of youth and buoyancy, such another people, with the sense in them of the sea; such another renaissance of creative genius. Shakespeare knew little Latin and less Greek; but the tribe of Ben, with deeper learning, mainly Latin, did not reach his height.

The eighteenth-century literature, before the Romantic Revival, in no way reflected Greek genius. The nineteenth century began and continued in a different mood, reflective and interpretative as no previous century had been, prompted by high curiosity in scientific investigation, with those swift mutations of sensibility and ever-widening expansions of consciousness which deepen the historic sense. The romantic note of revolt

against artifice and convention was dominant, stimulating individualism. The living reason in the human mind and especially in the human imagination was asserting its supreme claims.

It was in the historic sense determined by such an attitude that made it not only possible but inevitable that Hellenism should be revived in its own essential quality and form eliminated from its Latin habiliments and affiliations. It began to be creatively interpreted by vital assimilation in the poetry of Shelley and Keats and later, in that of Tennyson and Browning, and by the greatest imaginative prose-essayists of the century, such as De Quincey and Pater and Symonds. No disclosures made by archaeology have been deemed so precious as those which have brought to light new examples of Hellenic art.

It is because Hellenism is capable of so complete detachment, as it is presented to us, and can be regarded in its integrity, that its distinctive charm and imaginative values may be clearly apprehended by us and enter into our culture of the Humanities for just what they are, not for spiritual exaltation or for any profound suggestiveness of the mystery of our human life, but as realizing in utmost visible perfection the forms of beauty and the rhythmic harmony of united physical and mental action. It is, perhaps, chiefly as illustrating the play of life, that Greek culture is our inspiration. Here at least our youth might derive from that culture an uplifting suggestion. The Hellenic games and public spectacles were inseparably associated with poetry and the plastic arts. The love of joy was joined to the love of beauty. Athletic exercise made the human body the inspiration of the sculptor, and it was fitting that the most eminent sculptors should make statues of Olympic victors. When we think of the Olympic games, we think also of Pindar and Herodotus, and of the artists who made these games the occasion for an exhibition of their paintings. They were contests for that excellence which was an essential part of the Hellenic ideal. They brought the Greeks together from all the islands and from all parts of the continent, and such social intercourse is of all influences the most humanizing, and, promoting equality, tends to a fine sort of democracy.

But while Hellenic more largely than any other ancient culture contributes to the expansion of our modern consciousness, yet as a part of our educational curriculum, it should not be compulsory, but elective—elective because only as a dilection has it any living significance in our culture. There is nothing incongruous in the blending of culture with practical efficiency. Our most eminent financier is a man of fine scholarly tastes and a connoisseur and promoter of art. But the youth whose sole aim is practical efficiency is not in the mood to enjoy Greek literature or, for that matter, to get much good out of Latin. Culture is dependent upon individual desire and aspiration. Bryant had barely two years of a college course but, from choice, he became a fit translator of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Americans have attained a foremost place in literature, have received the highest degrees from Oxford and have assimilated more of ancient and modern culture than one out of a thousand college graduates, though they had no university training. Scholarship, in the special sense, is not to be deprecated. Homer and Pindar, Aristophanes and the Greek Tragedians, are more intimately known by those who read them in the original, as Dante is to those who read him in the Italian, but the best prose of any language is accessible, in adequate perfection, through translations. Much time would be saved by reading Plato in Jowett's translation, and the reader would thereby know Plato better, without any appreciable loss. Not only all the known facts, but the most subtle phases of ancient life, art, and literature, are open in his own language to any ardent student who has the passion for knowledge. If he has not the passion, there cannot be, from any source, a living past in his present, or any living present to feel the pulse of that past.

The nearer past invites us as alluringly as the remote. Tennyson's dream, happily realized, was to write *The Idylls of the*

King. Browning felt the Gothic enchantment. The Romantic Revival led Keats that way. Among the most interesting creative interpretations yet to come will be those tracing the evolution of the Barbarian races of Europe along native lines, before and after their blending with Christianity, and illuminated from the present or, rather, from the coming moment.

(*Harper's Magazine*)

Persia and Potsdam.

AFTER all, there seems to have been something more in the Potsdam meeting than we were given to understand. It has been left for an obscure evening journal to inform British opinion on a new success of German diplomacy. It appears now to be generally admitted that the epitome of the Russo-German agreement given to the world by the *Evening Times* was correct so far as it went, though there seems to have been an omission of an important paragraph regarding the preliminary assent of the British Government to its terms. Supposing these terms to be as has been indicated (and there seems no reason to believe they are not so substantially), it is difficult to see how our Foreign Office can raise any valid objections. The British ground of complaint is quite different, it is with our own statesmen. If our partners in the Triple Entente are to make agreements with Germany regarding their own spheres of interest it seems a pity that we should not do the same or should not have done it already. The objects of our policy have been shrouded in so much obscurity that it is not always easy to criticise. Are we determined at all costs to prevent German expansion in Asia Minor, or, if not, are there certain limits beyond which we cannot allow her to push? We presume there are, but, if so, we might well have entered into negotiations earlier, when the Bagdad Railway was only in its inception. During the last two years the result of our policy has been distinctly to induce an uneasy feeling that we have been "left." We were disastrously humiliated over the Bosnian dispute, and in addition incurred the suspicion and enmity of Austria, previously our good friend. The only consolation we were allowed to draw from this *fiasco* was that Russia was hopelessly alienated from both Austria and Germany. Now we see Russia and Germany eliminating all their own possible causes of quarrel in the Middle East, where our own interests are very nearly concerned, as they were not in Bosnia.

There are indications that we are at length awakening to the desirability of defining our sphere of interest in Southern Persia and the shores of the Persian Gulf, and of coming to some arrangement with Germany concerning them. This might have been done with more dignity and effect two or three years ago. Now it will be done with some difficulty, if at all. Some of the few well informed believe that Germany has fixed ideas in that quarter, and intends to procure a coaling station from Turkey and to use her Dreadnoughts to establish her position in the Persian Gulf. We might, however, have taken warning in time, for the arrangement with Germany, shortly to be announced formally, is only the result of prolonged negotiations entered into by Russia simultaneously with her agreement with us. The active prosecution of the scheme was naturally suspended while the Bosnian quarrel was acute, but it is incredible we should not have known it was under weigh. In some of its terms it follows almost exactly the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 31st August 1907. Article 4 of the Russo-German Agreement is founded on Article 1 of ours with Russia. In the north of Persia Germany recognises the strategic, political, and economic interests of Russia, while those of Germany are identified as purely commercial. Germany will endeavour to obtain no concessions for railways, navigation, telegraphs, or territory north of a line running from Kaschmir to Ghasik on the Afghan frontier, this line being identical with that laid down as the division between the British and Russian spheres in Persia. By the third clause Russia secures a valuable advantage, at all events, she stands relieved from grave apprehen-

sions. By this paragraph Germany promises that she will not construct or assist any other Power to construct lines, strategical or otherwise, in a zone lying between the Bagdad Railway and the Russian and Persian frontiers north of Kanikine. Russian suspicions had been aroused by the direction taken by the Bagdad line, which is planned so that it leaves the Euphrates Valley north of Aleppo and crosses the high plateau separating it from the Tigris, and then descends to the Persian Gulf by the valley of that river. On the other hand, Germany secures from Russia the recognition of the open door so far as her sphere of influence in Persia is concerned, and all Russian opposition to the construction of the Bagdad Railway is withdrawn. For the last ten years that opposition has been the principal factor in warning off foreign capital. Germany therefore receives a very adequate *quid pro quo*. If we have been supporting Russia in her opposition to the Bagdad Railway, we must have the uncomfortable feeling that once again, as in the Bosnian difficulty, we have allowed our hostility to Germany to run us into a position from which our friends have extricated themselves without helping us.

After all there was not the slightest obligation on their part to do so. Russia formed a perfectly clear view as to her vital interests in the Middle East, and then proceeded to bargain about them with the other two Powers who had any capacity to stand in her way in those regions. If we ever thought that Russia was going to be used as a factor in our game against Germany any further than it suited her, we must have been simple indeed. It must also have been abundantly clear that Germany had every reason for wishing to encourage a Russian advance in some part of Asia—what part did not matter much so long as her attention was distracted from Europe. We cannot complain that Russia and Germany see fit to settle their difficulties in their own way. After all Russia is only agreeing about a sphere which we have distinctly recognised as hers and not ours. We cannot, however, help feeling that somehow or other we do not stand as well in the international arena as we did three years ago. Our influence in Turkey has vanished, we have alienated Austria, and the Triple Entente is demonstrated to be not a real make-weight to the Triple Alliance, as it was foolishly represented to be. When tried it has not stood the strain two years. Many of our excellent fellow-countrymen have, in fact, been persuading themselves that it was an instrument for carrying out something for which it never was designed. It is really nothing but a group of Powers, who have amicably settled certain private disputes among themselves, not a great and potent engine for carrying forward a definite policy at all costs. This, however, is what the two Powers, Austria and Germany, have now become, if not the Triple Alliance. The Triple Entente can put no force in the field to stand against the Alliance, and Germany has long grasped the fundamental truth that nothing is likely to be obtained in the international sphere without force behind to support one's demand, and that if a bargain is to be brought about it must be on the principle of *vis à vis*.

It is amusing to note with what entire indifference Germany bargains away the interests of her Turkish clients, and the Young Turkish organs are already raising plaintive protests, but they will avail little. The notion that Germany ever intended to take up the pose of general protector of the interests of Islam was as wild as most Turkish views, and can only be explained by the obstinate conceit which pervades all Ottoman officialdom. Germany will give her services to Turkey just as far as and no further than suits her own ends. But German influence at Stamboul will not be shaken, for German diplomacy has grasped the essential fact that the Oriental mind is swayed by the recognition of effective force, and it has had clearly demonstrated to it that this lies with Germany and Austria at present, and not elsewhere.

There was a sentence in the German Chancellor's speech delivered on 10th December which has caused much discussion on the Continent. In this he said, speaking of the Potsdam meeting,

that it had been affirmed once again that neither Power was concerned in any combination directed aggressively against the other. This has not been confirmed from Russia, but, if it is correct, it only bears out what we have always tried to emphasise: that those who believed that the Triple Entente could be an effective weapon for us to employ for our own purposes were deceiving themselves. This is now clearly demonstrated by recent events. Our friends have been settling their own points of difference with our rivals and we have no right to feel left out in the cold. The same procedure may be open to us. We must not, however, expect that even our claims to the Persian Gulf are going to be recognised without an equivalent. This is not the German way. Any bargain we may make now will be harder to drive than it would have been a few years ago. In fact it may hardly be worth Germany's while to leave the Persian Gulf in our hands. If so the prospect is serious.

(Saturday Review)



Anecdote.

PRINCE ALEXANDER GEORGE OF TECK usually has a store of good stories to tell. One of the best of these relates to when he was stationed at Aldershot a few years ago.

A friend of his—also an officer in the garrison—had been out motoring one day and had had the misfortune to kill a dog. He got down to see the extent of the damage, when the owner of the animal approached with a gun over his shoulder. He was not unnaturally very wrathful over the slaughter of his pet and scorned the motorist's offer of a sovereign in full settlement. He pointed out that it was a valuable dog, and that, in addition, his day's shooting had been utterly spoilt.

Ultimately the matter was compromised for three pounds. When the motorist had time to think it over, it dawned upon him that he had been "done," and that, since it was not the shooting season, the man's sports could hardly have been spoilt. Therefore, he placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors, who managed to trace the man and demanded the return of the three pounds, pointing out that the money had been obtained under false pretences, since his day's shooting could not have been spoilt.

The man was emphatic in his reply. His day's shooting *had* been spoilt, since, as he was careful to explain, "he was just on his way to shoot the dog when the accident took place!"

CANON RHODES BRISTOW, who is to succeed Canon Benham as chairman of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, has had a large and varied experience of life in the underworld of London. He once had an amusing experience at a christening. Infants usually cry while undergoing this ceremony, but this one was as quiet as a lamb. Throughout it smiled cheerfully in the canon's face. "Madam," he remarked later to the young mother, "I must congratulate you on the little one's behaviour. I have never before christened a child that has behaved so well as yours." "No wonder he behaved well," was the unexpected reply: "his father and I have been practising on him with a pail of water for the last ten days."

PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG is one of the best *raconteurs* of the Royal family, and one of his best stories relates how a Scottish parson met a village boy one day who had the reputation of dearly loving a practical joke.

"James," said the minister solemnly, "did you escort a visitor to my house the other day?"

The boy smiled, and admitted that he had.

"Why did you take him all round the village, then?" continued the parson.

This time the boy laughed outright. "I remembered your sermon the other Sunday, sir," he replied, "about when a man asks you to walk a mile with him to walk two. From the station to your house is just a mile, so I had to take him another mile to carry out what you told us all to do."



The Revenue Agent.

THE Revenue Agent is a species of legal practitioner which infests the Mufassil courts in Oudh. He is older than the dawn of Western education and culture in the Province and his birth was perhaps the last sensation of the moribund Nawabi rule. He is not a product of English schools or colleges. He is a vindication of the Maktab system of education, a triumphant justification of the Mullah's haphazard methods of teaching, a concrete illustration of the advantages of a training, which insisted on greater attention to the personal comforts of the hookah-smoking, opium-eating Maulvi, of the clean-shaven head, beard-ridden face, and dust-consecrated clothes, than to the dull and tedious business of book-reading.

He is a superstructure of confused legal learning raised on the flimsy foundations of intellectual vanity. He may safely be defined as the incarnation of a legal fiction. He represents the *plus ultra* of a young Patwari's ambitions. He is the most magnificent anachronism of the present day.

- He is a middle-aged man with a pronounced tendency to obesity. He wears a beard and watches its growth with the solicitude of a widowed mother. He has a weakness for black *achkan*, and decorates his trousers with an elaborate embroidery of ink-spots. He believes in quilted trousers—that most indelible blot on the glorious record of human inventions—and sometimes struts out in it, even in summer, to defy the scorching sun of June or July, or to paralyze the dandified pleaders of the local Bar with a sudden display of finery.

Occasionally he covers his intellectual head with an improvised turban, to give himself a figure in the eyes of the "*Bara Sahib*," but never, let us add in fairness to him, out of ill-will to the local Pleader, whom he most religiously hates as an unabashed and brazen-faced trespasser. He does not know English, but he would be the last man to admit it, for clients have proverbially sensitive ears. He talks in metaphors and similes, and has no particular liking for the modern virtue of brevity. His conversation is rich with misquotations and personal allusions, and is as heavy as himself.

In religion he is oftener a Hindu than a Mahomedan, but with commendable comprehensiveness and impartiality he retains the weaknesses of both and the redeeming features of none. The good old Settlement days constitute his happiest retrospect, and he is constantly dreaming of their return as the superstitious

dream of the millennium. He has not reconciled himself to the new order of things, and does not understand the ways either of the new "*Diptee*" or the "*Bara Sahib*." Recollections of their predecessors, who voted mukhtar-fighting a decidedly superior amusement to cock-fighting, and who always invoked the aid of a pair of mukhtars, with their gay rhetoric and irresponsible eloquence, to relieve the gloom and depression of a day's dull and tedious drudgery, bring tears to his eyes. He most sedulously cultivates the friendship of the Khansamah and honestly believes him to be a stepping stone to Collectorate favour. The dark coloured and hybrid-attired Ayah passes for a *mamsahab* in his family, and is most obsequiously saluted by his clients to the elation of her proud host.

He is the owner of an unplastered pucca house—a proud commentary on the success of his business, and is the author of about half a dozen embodiments of mischief in the shape of children. He is a man of wealth, and the holder of numerous petty mortgages. He is excessively fond of his half-clad, ill-tutored boys, and has got his own views about the evils of modern school education, which he breezily airs when provoked by their demand of a new pair of shoes. For such innovations he has a deep-rooted distaste. On such occasions, he would announce his opinion, formed after mature deliberation and a life-long study of juvenile vagaries and whims, that the English have started schools not from any altruistic motives, but with a view to rob the Revenue Agents of their hard-earned money. The audience, which consists of village clients, chorusses its approval of the conclusion.

The Revenue Agent, seated on a *Takht* in a state of pathetic nudity, redeemed only by a Dhoti or Pyjama, with a promiscuous pile of irrelevant papers and a *Kalamdan* rich with *Kalik* pens—pointless, of course—before him, and surrounded by a set of open-mouthedly admiring *gunwars*, looks a majestic figure. The room, like the rest of the house, is innocent of books—with the exception of a few worm-eaten annotated copies of the Rent and Revenue Acts. The annotations are generally as old as the owner himself, and superabundantly rich in obsolete and overruled rulings, and as sublimely unmindful of the progressive changes of law. To this encyclopedia of legal lore the Revenue Agent most ruthlessly refers, in order to drive a point home to a bewildered client, who cannot contemplate his learning without enormous trepidation. He gazes with evident surprise at the Mukhtar's head, which can retain such mountainous learning without

bursting, and thinks he would not mind selling off his last *biswas* if the Mukhtar agreed to an exchange of heads. But the proud and disdainful looks of the Mukhtar forbid all negotiations, and the wish is born only to die unexpressed.

The Revenue Agent does not indulge in the luxury of a horse or trap, and his sleep is undisturbed by the apparition of a half-famished *syce* demanding his over-due pay. But the notion that it is the object of a universal Mukhtarian taboo is wholly unfounded. There are men *still living*, of unimpeachable veracity, who have seen the Revenue Agent possessing horses—and that too not for commercial purposes. But they tell us that the Revenue Agent never forgives his horse the price it has cost him, and makes his life a lingering penance for the inexpiable sin of being sold.

He prefers to be carried in an over-loaded *ekka* to the kutcherry, which he always reaches two hours before it opens. Seated on a *farsh* beneath a *nim* tree, this legal candle attracts heaps of human moths, with the ill-acknowledged and scantily rewarded assistance of his clerk, who, for all his toil, is most grudgingly given the most insignificant share in the spoils of his master. The clerk is a lean fellow, of emaciated features, argus-eyed, and a priceless asset to his employer. He is constantly in motion, never stopping except to address a group of clients on the virtues of his master's advocacy, or on his reputation as a case-winner, or the esteem and respect in which he is held by a particular Deputy Collector or Tashildar, who always gets up and salams his Mukhtar whenever the latter, overcome by the entreaties of a supplicant customer, appears before that functionary.

The Revenue Agent's cause list is always brimful of cases, and the number of professional engagements is most mercilessly flaunted to entrap an unwary customer, or to provoke a higher bid for his services.

His conscience—he undoubtedly has one, whatever his detractors may say to the contrary—is neither stubborn nor unruly, neither squeamish nor over-critical. A silver coin, big or small, preferably the former, reconciles him to the most defenceless case, and stimulates his sublime irrelevancy of cross examination, sets a keener edge on his banters and sarcasms, indulged in at the expense of his adversary, and inspires his sweeping generalisations at the close of his case.

His final address to the court is a performance which even an itinerant drug-seller with all his volubility would envy. The address is little marred by vulgar references to the facts of the particular case, or an amateurish display of legal knowledge. It begins with a panegyric on the presiding officer's oft eulogised qualities of head and heart, his social position and nobility of birth, and proceeds, amidst deafeningly loud interruptions from the opposing counsel, to describe the present abject condition of his client, as the result of a nefarious plot organized by the astute adversary and his malicious counsel. It ends, to the relief of the court, with reflections on the forensic abilities of the opposing Revenue Agent, and a triumphant enumeration of the cases in which the latter in spite of his ability sustained ignominious defeat at the hands of the modest speaker himself. His vocal organ is most perfectly developed, so that his feeblest argument continues to resound in the court-room long after he has left it in response to a breathless call from another.

To the preparation of briefs he is uncompromisingly opposed. To insist on it is to insult his memory and his creative imagination. He does not take down any notes of the opposing counsel's arguments. He is either snoring or dozing or desperately shouting, and very often he is haggling over his fee outside the court-room, when his opponent is arguing the case. But his imagination always comes to his aid and saves the situation. With all the solemnity of a Privy Councillor, he imputes to his horrified adversary arguments which the latter swears he never advanced, and admissions which he never made, and with the pertinacity of a Baboo from the land

of orators, maintains that he did. If he has a weakness, it is this. He tolerates no contradictions.

It is a sight for a Lord Chief Justice to see two Revenue Agents quarrelling in a court. They do it on the slightest pretext, and with the solemnity of a congregation of *Namasses* in a mosque. They tear each other's reputation to the last shred without allowing anything like compunction to mar their performance, talk scandal and rejoice in it, cast reflections on each other's professional capabilities, threaten to illustrate them by concrete instances, and lastly turn to the court for approbation, and sturdily refuse to be discouraged by the austere looks of the judge.

In the matter of fees, the Revenue Agent is not over exacting. He is for no invidious distinctions between coin and coin. But he has got a high sense of personal dignity, and cannot brook any attempts to trifle with it. He would show the door to a village customer who had the rashness to enter his house without a *seer* of milk or a bundle of *palavar*, or to appeal to his compassion or pity without supplementing the appeal by a present.

The Revenue Agent has a wonderful knack of satisfying his clients. The defeated client returns to the village, not to lament his defeat or to curse the Mukhtar responsible for it. He returns frantically admiring his Mukhtar, with his head full of the magnificent nonsense which the latter talked in the court to the dismay of the adversary, of the heroic patience with which the court met the avalanches of irresponsible rhetoric hurled at its defenceless head, and of the assurances given by his counsel on the pronouncement of an unfavourable judgment that the case was bound to prosper in appeal before a more competent and more impartial judge.

The Revenue Agent is singularly cool and collected even in the teeth of difficulties which would unnerve a Ghosh or a Norton. When confronted with a ruling fatal to his case, he does not submit to it with the resignation of a fatalist, but has imagination enough to strenuously urge that it has been overruled, and frankness enough to admit that he has not brought with him the ruling on which he relies. He reiterates, with increased emphasis each time, his contention that the Sadar Diwani Adaulat or the Financial Commissioner's Court has settled the law by a definite pronouncement to the contrary. The curiosity of the court so unrighteously aroused by him is never satisfied. If an action were maintainable for enforcing the redemption of such promises, the Revenue Agent would have a thousand decrees hanging over his head, and we would daily witness the unedifying spectacle of Revenue Agents under arrest applying for a declaration of insolvency.

Times have changed, and brought the Revenue Agent much misery. But they may change again, and if the Congress and the Editor of the *Hindustan Review* can have their way, the Revenue Agent may one day defy creation as the successor of Macaulay and Maine!

BAMBOOQUE.



Petty Larceny.

(BY OUR SPECIAL KLEPTOMANIAC.)

[MOTTO—"Wit is your birthright, therefore steal it wherever you find it."—*Rigmarole Peda.*]

HUSBAND: "Hould yer tongue for a fool!"

WIFE: "Shure, then, are you going to spake yourself?"

"Wuv, what grounds have you got for calling youts a military family? Any relatives in the Guards?"

"Well, not exactly; but I once had a first cousin whose mother-in-law was kissed by a man whose brother was a corporal-major in the Blues."

"I don't know what I am ever going to do with that boy of mine. He is careless and absolutely reckless of consequences, and doesn't seem to care for anyone."

"Good! You can make a taxi-cab driver out of him."

"THE King is a Philatelist!" exclaimed dear old Mrs Toddles.

"Why, I always thought he was Church of England!"

"How do you distinguish the waiters from the guests in this café? Both wear evening dress."

"Yes, but the waiters keep sober."

FRIEND (consoling) "So you've lost yer job eh? Well, don't worry about it. I reckon you was only wastin' yer time in a place like that."

YOUNG BRILL (sadly) "Yes, that's what the boss told me when 'e sacked me."

BROWN. "Yes I'm acquainted with your wife, old man. I knew her before you married her."

SMITH. "Ah! That's where you had the advantage of me I didn't."

GRANDPA had been playing with little Jessie, and suggested that she should go for a walk with him. Jessie expressed her delighted approval of the plan.

"Go and get ready, then" said grandpa, "and I will wash my pretty face," he added, facetiously.

Jessie looked at him in grave surprise.

"Oh, grandpa," she said, "have you two?"

Percy had matrimonial designs on a beautiful and rich heiress. If he could only give her a demonstration of this bravery he knew that he would have a little justification in proposing to her. At length a brilliant idea occurred to him. He was strolling with her along the water-side when he suddenly turned to his fair companion.

"I say—aw—Miss Teresa. Could you—aw—manage to fall in so that—aw—I could rescue you?"

The fair Miss Teresa looked surprised.

"But you can't swim, can you?" she said.

Percy was confused for a moment, then a happy inspiration came to him.

"I'm afraid I can't swim; but I always carry a police whistle, don't you know?"

THE eight-year-old son of a Baltimore physician, together with a friend, was playing in his father's office, during the absence of the doctor, when suddenly the first lad threw open a closet door and disclosed to the terrified gaze of his little friend an articulated skeleton.

When the visitor had sufficiently recovered from his shock to stand the announcement, the doctor's son explained that his father was extremely proud of that skeleton.

"Is he?" asked the other. "Why?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "may be it was his first patient."

MAMMA (teaching Dorothy the alphabet) "Now, think hard, dearie, what comes after 'T'?"

DOROTHY: "After tea, papa—suddenly—Jesses the maid and she screams."

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—MORRIS



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Calcutta: Saturday, February 25, 1911.

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N.B.—The Manager begs to request those readers who get free copies as specimens to show him the courtesy of notifying him whether they intend to become subscribers or wish him to discontinue sending the paper. This is so little to ask that he feels sure nobody would refuse to comply with his request.

Muslim students are invited to apply at an early date for concession rates which we are in a position to offer them through the kindness of a benefactor. These rates are Rs. 2 to be paid every three months. But applications must be received before the end of March.

Notes.

In commenting on the officiating appointment of Dewan Bahadur Narendra Nath as the Commissioner of Lahore in a recent issue, we had expressed a hope "that he will utilize his high position in removing factional feelings and the acriminousness of Lahore management" between Hindus and Mussalmans. Well, our early anticipation has not made us wait long for the fulfilment. Even before his reaching Lahore, he took leading part in the formation of a Prid Sabha or Anjuman-e-Istikhad. It sounds as if either means at Multan to promote union "between

Hindus and Mussalmans and to infuse a spirit of confidence in each other." The means to be used are the inauguration of friendly meetings and parties, the holding of entertainments on the occasion of festivals in which Hindus and Mussalmans are to join each other, efforts to persuade members of each community to read the literature of the other, and the settlement of inter-communal disputes by mutual compromise and reconciliation. Mr. H. J. Maynard, I.C.S., Commissioner of Multan, is the Patron, and the Deputy Commissioner the Vice-Patron of the Sabha. The Hon. Rai Bahadur Lala Hari Chand is the President. Four Mussalmans and one Hindu are Vice-Presidents. Khan Sahib Shaikh Abdul Haq and Mehta Tek Chand, pleaders, are the Secretaries. Evidently such was the effect of this timely effort of the Commissioner Designate of Lahore, that on the following Sunday, a preliminary meeting of the leaders of the two communities of Lahore was held to consider the measures for giving expression to the gratification of all sections of the people at the appointment of the Dewan Bahadur as Commissioner. Nawab Fateh Ali Khan Qazilbash presided. A Garden Party is shortly to be given in honour of Mr. Narendra Nath. This is indeed a welcome sign. We hope full advantage will be taken of the newly created feeling of amity and concord, and we are sure the visit of H. H. the Aga Khan to Lahore will also be productive of much good in the same direction.

WE PUBLISH, in the Correspondence columns, a letter received from a well-known friend of Aligarh, who has helped the College during half a lifetime and whose name is associated with a most successful

A Productive Gift.

organisation for raising funds, in response to H. H. the Aga Khan's first appeal for a crore of rupees as the Ransom of Islam. His gift of Rs. 1,800, amounts to a whole year's scanty but hard-earned pension and to four times his present monthly income. Even as a gift, it is exceedingly valuable; but his fertile brain has produced a scheme which is still more valuable. There are few Old Boys and others indeed who can afford to take six months' furlough on half pay, which means the gift of three months' income, to the University Fund, in addition to giving a month's income directly. But we are confident that not less than men of far greater intelligence, energy, influence, and local knowledge than any paid agent will come forward to take furlough for six months, if they lose thereby only the salary of a month and a half, in addition to their donation of a month's income like other Old Boys. Let us take the case of a Deputy Collector entitled to six months' furlough

whose salary is Rs. 400. He would get Rs. 200 as his furlough pay, and would receive from the fund placed at our disposal by the large-hearted "Senex" another Rs. 100 a month. Would he not bring to us twice as much as the paid agents of the Fund on Rs. 50 a month? Those who know paid agents and their rather sluggish pace will at once realize that the success of such Volunteers would be five or even ten times as great. Given the proper man, and two students freed from their studies after the University Examinations in March next, we are sure to secure from each group of Volunteers not less than ten thousand rupees a month, with an expenditure of only a hundred a month, besides the usual travelling expenses. It may be doubted whether the proper man would accept even this slight payment. Well, if he has such false shame, the sooner he makes a sacrifice of it to his community the better. We gratefully accept the agency entrusted to us by "Senex," and shall not only invite communications from intending Volunteers, but press the sacrifice on some whom we would like to see stirring themselves in the cause of the community. But Rs. 1,800 will, at the average rate of Rs. 50 a month, be sufficient for six months for no more than half a dozen Old Boys and other Volunteers. We would, therefore, invite others also, and particularly the Old Boys, to follow the example of "Senex." The staff of the *Comrade* had already decided to contribute a month's salary to the University Fund. It has now decided to contribute it in this form. We want at least one such Volunteer for every Division, and where there are no Divisions, an area of similar size. In this way no less than 35 Volunteers are needed, and Rs. 10,000 should suffice. A quarter of this sum is already assured. Could not a few Old Boys come forward to subscribe the balance? Of course the approval of the Aligarh Central Committee will be necessary before the expenses of such Volunteer can be paid. But we are sure that the Committee would be only too glad to welcome such workers. In fact the Committee would probably not employ any more paid agents, and leaving the work to these Volunteers save a good deal of money itself.

THE Hon. Mr. J. McDouie, C.S.I., the Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, opened the Industrial Conference of that Province with a thoughtful and lucid speech which, though confined to generalities, provides considerable food for reflection. For a man of the fields and not of the factories, possessing a more intimate knowledge of land records than of ledgers, the Hon. Mr. McDouie spoke remarkably well, and incidentally illustrated the versatility of the I.C.S. The Civilian is indeed the handy man of India, a quick change artist who can turn with wonderful rapidity from one pursuit remotely connected with Law and Land Revenue to another still more remotely connected. Among the reasons for the industrial backwardness of India the Financial Commissioner mentioned the comparative poverty of India in minerals. We are not sure if this is so, for the supply of coal and iron is known to be plentiful, and the working of the Tata Steel Works will soon prove this beyond a shadow of doubt. Prospecting is very necessary, and we hope the demand will create a supply of mineralogists. Mr. McDouie was, however, right in emphasising the conservatism of the farmer, and still more so the inefficiency of the industrial workman, and the shyness of Indian capital. He showed the intimate connection of farming and industry as in the case of cotton growing and the Mill Industry, and sugarcane cultivation and the manufacture of cheap sugar. As regards the management of large industrial enterprises, he said that "in business, as in official life, you must be faithful in a few things before you are made ruler over many things," and agreed with Mr. R. N. Mukerji that people working for industrial development in India "should not hesitate to engage foreign experts for the present, and do away with the vain prejudices of a narrow-minded Swadeshi which mistakenly advocates the employment of Indians only to the exclusion of foreigners." He

very correctly accounted for the shyness of Indian capital by explaining that "the Hindu firm has been the Hindu joint family in its business aspect," the ties of blood supplying the mutual confidence and assurance of honest dealing between the shareholders without which no company can prosper. Without deprecating such a system or despairing of its future, Mr. McDouie pointed out the need of supplementing it by manufacturing joint-stock companies the members of which will often be strangers to one another. Every mushroom joint-stock company which founders through ignorance or dishonesty strengthens the natural distrust of shy capitalists. While not going so far as Locky in asserting that truthfulness was a bye-product of industrialism, and hoping that honesty has now and will increasingly have in the future other and deeper roots than self-interest, he laid stress on the fact that there is no foundation on which to build up a great commerce except fair dealing between man and man. In this, beyond regulating by means of carefully drafted laws the system of joint-stock companies, Government could do little. As Mr. McDouie pointed out, the financing of the Tata Hydro-Electric Scheme by Indians was due to the trust in the Tatas rather than to any action of the Bombay Government, although that Government was most sympathetic. But he did not wish to discourage industry by asking the Government merely to look on. For reasons which appear overpoweringly strong, rigid limitations have been put in the Punjab on the investment in agricultural land of money belonging to the trading classes. As it has dammed up one channel, it is not unreasonable to expect that the Government will help in the opening of another. But the speaker, though not a doctrinaire Cobdenite, was not inclined to handle the double-edged weapon of protection. As conservatism, in the sense of attachment to antiquated methods of production, was the chief defect of Indian industries, he could not encourage its prolongation by favouring protection, which is itself calculated to perpetuate the fault. Nor could he believe that so long as Great Britain affords political protection to India she would consent to a protective fiscal wall being built up against her own trade and manufacture. He saw no moral justification for a demand that she should; and could not believe that there was any other ground on which the demand would be conceded. He concluded by showing unmistakably that he dissented from the late Secretary of State, who confined Government activities within a very narrow compass, prohibited pioneer work, and in safeguarding private enterprise, went so far as to forbid the Government to do more than establish a bureau of information, and disseminate from such a centre intelligence and advice regarding new industries, processes, and appliances. Very apposite indeed was the reference to the pioneer work done by the Government in the establishment of the Co-operative Credit Societies which have done so much to provide credit for the holder of inalienable land in the Punjab. Those who know the courage and determination, the energy and application, of the Punjabis have every hope of a bright industrial future for the land of Five Rivers.

It is gratifying to hear that during the recent visit of Sri Sankaracharya to Kolar, the leading Mussalmans of the place waited upon His Holiness with an address of welcome testifying to the good-will and cordiality of feelings between the Hindus and Mussalmans of Kolar. His Holiness reciprocated the sentiments of the Muslim deputation, and presented the spokesman with a valuable shawl. When we turn from the turmoil of present-day politics to an exchange of such amenities, we must say it is a relief to us, and many well-wishers of the two great communities of India, would wish to see the same relations established between them that existed in the pre-Minty days. The response of the High Priest of the Hindus is as commendable as the spontaneity of the Muslim welcome.

Honour where Honour is due.

His many friends, English and Indian, Hindu and Moslem, entertained the Honorable Syed Ali Imam on the 18th instant at a Public Dinner and an Evening Party given at the Town Hall in honour of his appointment as the Law Member of the Government of India. Much has already been said and written about the many merits of Mr. Ali Imam, and repetition will serve no purpose. But two of his qualities were displayed to great advantage on Saturday night, his absolute freedom from racial and religious bias testified to by the participation in honouring him of more than 150 gentlemen of many races and creeds, and his frankness in fearlessly rescuing his ideas from all ambiguities of expression in dealing with important public matters. Responsibility, like conscience, makes cowards of us all, and the Law Member is not exempt from the application of this general rule. He has to read out a printed speech and dole out platitudes, and Mr. Ali Imam must have sighed last Saturday for the freer days that are no more. "Ah, Freedom is a noble thing!" wrote Barbour. But Responsibility is perhaps just as noble if not nobler, and platitudes are after all not so bad as official ambiguities. Mr. Sinha had already made it clear that no such thing as an inner circle in the Government of India from which the Indian Member was excluded had any existence. Whatsoever doubt remained on the subject was ruthlessly dissipated by the speech of Mr. Ali Imam. "I have not held my office very long," said the new Law Member, "but I have held it long enough to declare that a more impudent and despicable untruth than that the Indian Member is kept out of the inner policy and working of Government was never forged." So one "false and foul libel" at least is dead and buried and is, we hope, past resurrection. The Englishman is *par excellence* a sportsman. He will give little that you are not able to take away from him in virtue of your equality or superiority. But once prove equality or superiority, and he will withhold neither the gift nor the respect due to the equal or superior. Mr. Ali Imam was doing no more than bare justice to the true sportsman's instinct of the English when he said that "when England gives she gives ungrudgingly, and that when her generous impulses find expression they do so unstintedly." It is more than a repeatable Act that the Parliament passed, and something more than the appointment of an Indian to a high office which was held by Englishmen before, and could again be held by them, that took place in the memorable year 1909. It was the expression of an understanding between England and India that England's relations with her great Eastern dependency would be even more liberal than they had been before, and the honour of every Party, of both Houses of Parliament, and of all the Estates in the Realm, was solemnly pledged. The best portion of Mr. Ali Imam's speech, however, was his appeal to the "microscopic minority" of educated Indians of which he is himself such a brilliant ornament. Time was certainly never more propitious. The dark clouds of sedition had rolled away from the Indian horizon. We expect that fair weather has now set in and will last us to the end of our journey. Problems of great importance and no less difficulty demand an early solution. But as Mr. Ali Imam said, they "admit of solution in the serenity of internal and external peace only." The British connection must be accepted as the most valuable asset in our political business, and as such it should be strengthened, not weakened. If this is done as ungrudgingly as England has given political power to India, the future is full of promise. "The Indian Member," said Mr. Ali Imam, with deep feeling and full confidence of the response, "stands in sore need of your united efforts to remove the doubt and suspicion recent outbreaks of disloyalty have cast upon the good name of the country. If his countrymen are anxious to strengthen his hand in the presentation of the legitimate aspirations of the people, they must range themselves on the side of order . . . It has to be remembered that he is first and above all a Minister of the Crown . . . Much therefore depends on the contribution the people themselves make to the validity of the ground on which he may press the claims of popular sentiments and

Indian patriotism . . . The attitude of the 'microscopic minority' will be a determining factor in the work that lies before the country. I have a strong and abiding faith in the good sense and loyalty of that minority, and I have no scepticism regarding the ready response it will make to the call of the true interests of India." These are words of great moral meaning and significance, and it is impossible to improve on them. We trust the response of our "microscopic minority" will be as ready as our Law Member expects, and that it will not be content merely with passive assistance in the extermination of lawlessness and anarchy. We should like to say a word on the subject of the Dinner arrangements. They were perfect and reflect great credit on the organisers, chief among whom was the new Chief Judge, Nawab A. F. M. Abdur Rahman. But we must not forget that silent worker, Mr. D. Lindsay, who has done so much to increase the social amenities of Calcutta.

The "Panjabee" and the Moslem University.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a spicy letter on the subject of the *Panjabee's* attitude towards the Moslem University. It may be permitted to us to ask if this is the kind of political preaching which is to accomplish the conversion of the fanatic. Luckily for Mussalmans, more luckily for India, and most luckily indeed for the Hindus themselves, the *Panjabee* does not exhaust all the virtues of Hinduism. There are among our Hindu brethren men of real good feeling, of true nobility of character, who burn with the fire of a comprehensive and not an exclusive patriotism; and when Mussalmans resentfully reflect on the words of the *Panjabee*, they must gratefully remember that the successor of the great Mahadji Scindia, who gave Aligarh a lakh of rupees, is also a Hindu. The only answer that the Living Hearts of the Punjab can offer with propriety to the *Panjabee* is to prove once more by munificent gifts to the Moslem University their right to the title of *Zinda-dilan-i-Punjab*, which Sir Syed Ahmed gave them. To stop on the way and give abuse for abuse to an obnoxious companion of the road is not the best way of ending a long and weary journey.

Dusky Decalogue.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused by the reprieve granted by Lord Gladstone to the Umali criminal, and much hostile comment has been published in England and elsewhere. Much of this has been offered by people conversant with the local conditions, and some, like the sister of General Botha, go so far as to assert that after this misplaced leniency, white women will no longer be safe in the country. Lord Gladstone and the Minister responsible to the Legislature in the South African Union have both answered the objections so vehemently raised; but if they are no better than belated apologies for a blunder, every right-thinking man must deplore the action of the High Commissioner. However, if there is any one to blame it is the white High Commissioner, and not the blacks generally, who are in no wise responsible for the action of a stray individual. What code of ethics or law can justify the lynching of the Kafirs we are not in a position to know. The wild talk of Ulster arming for the fray or of lynch law in the Union does not raise the black man's respect for law. More serious considerations, however, are suggested in a London Weekly by an ex-Colonial administrator. What effect has been produced upon the native by the many well-meant efforts to educate him to better things? Has the white man striven to preserve the respect of the black? The writer's own remarks are worthy of careful reflection. He reminds us that education is introduced along necessarily primitive lines at first; that an apparent effort is made to raise rather than lower the native in his own esteem; while one of the prime truths of Christian dogma as taught to him is the equality of all in the eyes of their Maker. The native brain may not be highly developed, but it is able to grasp the missionaries' statement that "Christ came to save sinners," and that nothing is said about the inequality of white and black. Time passes, and as the native's

Ideas broaden under the beneficent sun of increased understanding, he begins to reflect about his position in life as compared with that of the white man; he begins to question the justice and the sincerity of the white man, and—most serious of all—he begins to resent the white man. That is the matter in a nutshell, the cause of the incessant strife in the Southern States of America, and the first fruits of well-meant and philanthropic interference. Not that the education is a mistake; but the aftermath is. Instead of conceding some small measure of tactful recognition to the very men who are most in need of it, the average white man treats these unfortunate products of advanced civilisation as little better than dogs, and forgets that in so doing he is not only injuring the individual, but sowing the seeds of an ineradicable hatred of the black for the white. For from the educated native the uneducated takes his opinions, and thence they filter through to the practically uncivilised or savage portion of the community. Hence, it may be imagined, sweeping statements, such as that all black men are animals, and so on—the papers have been full of letters with such assertions—are not only ill-timed and foolish, but calculated to arouse all the latent savagery in the breasts of these half-tamed children of Ishmael. As regards respect, the writer says that it is based upon "a comprehension that a person is above any mean or dirty action, that his dealings with his fellow men are fair and above board, and that with him justice is the cornerstone of his life. Can the average white man, whose business takes him amongst native races, claim to live along those lines as far as his dealings with the natives themselves are concerned? As often as not, he overrides roughshod any local or national usage concerning the sanctity of black womanhood—and it must never be forgotten that amongst many savage races the moral code is considerably more severe than in civilised England, adultery being punished with death. But might is right according to the traditions of time immemorial as applied to white and black, so that not infrequently a husband may see his wife taken by force or fraud from her home to become the temporary property of a white man. Scarcely the way to gain the respect, let alone the affection, of a conquered people! It is not the least good to blink at unpleasant facts and cover them up with plausible euphemism; there is only one truth; and anyone who has lived in the countries mentioned must admit the accuracy of the statement in general. Since revenge, in addition, is an ingredient in all human nature, black or white, it is perfectly simple to understand how, on occasion, the black in a passion of fury thinks to get his own back in his own way. In dealings with him, scrupulously avoid hurting his convictions on matters connected with his home, treat him with the same dignity and the same courtesy which a gentleman the world over shows to his most humble servants, and an outrage such as that in South Africa will be as rare as sporadic crime can ever become." We are glad that a European and a Christian, an Englishman and an ex-Colonial administrator, rather than a coloured moralist or politician, has said all this, and we are confident that such exhibition of a sense of truth and justice does far more to preserve prestige than a hundred gibbets flaunting the carrion before the eyes of the coloured man. The same Ten Commandments exist for the black as for the white man, and Christianity knows no dusky Decalogue.

Hindi and the Sikhs.

A LITTLE more than two years ago Sir P. C. Chatterji, then a Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab and Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, discovered a sudden affection for the *patlis* of the Punjab, and wished it to displace the current language of the schools as a medium of instruction. The Moslem leaders thought they espied in this subtle suggestion another attack against Urdu; and some ambiguous remarks of Sir Louis Dane seemed to show that the attack was well-timed and well-directed. But the only result of Sir Protin's misguided effort was that the already bitter feelings of one community for the other grew more bitter. The Lieutenant-Governor cleared all doubts on the subject of his own attitude towards Urdu, and recognized in it the only satisfactory

way, the only possible medium of instruction. The cat was not long in escaping from the bag, for the appeal of Sir Protin, a Bengali-speaking gentleman, for the use of Punjabi, synchronised with efforts to popularise the so-called Hindi. A widely circulated paper of the Arya Samaj, which was written in Urdu and printed in the Urdu or Persian character, started a Hindi edition also. The Hindu Sabha began to offer aid to schools that were willing to teach Hindi, and the agitation so well known in Behar, where it succeeded in influencing official judgment, and in the United Provinces where, but for Sir James La Touche, it would have succeeded similarly, was set on foot. The Hindi edition of the paper failed for want of readers—a single fact worth more than a million fanciful arguments—and now it comes out that although the Sikhs, who were rather pleased with the thin end of the wedge in the shape of Punjabi written in Gurmukhi character, have begun to object most strongly to its logical conclusion, the thicker end. The *Punjabee* publishes a long letter on "Sikh Attitude Towards Hindi and Sanskrit," from one who signs himself as Pars Ram from Kharian, which gives details of the point-blank refusal of the Sikhs to permit the teaching of these subjects in the local Khalsa Middle School. The writer devotes a whole paragraph to the site of the school, which he tells us is "as poor in its fund as in its design of building," and is situated "on the very walls of a filthy tank into which rain water pours down carrying and sweeping away rubbish all round." It was in such surroundings that Hindi was designed to flourish, and a grant of Rs. 10 a month was made by the Hindu Sabha for the purpose. "The most bigoted class of the Sikh office-bearers and members were greatly exasperated and incensed to hear the unwelcome and undesirable news." As the writer of this letter informs us that the proposal was condemned by a majority of 30 to 4, it is fair to conclude that at least so far as this Committee of "over-zealous Khalsas, who are Hindus of Hindus, whose progenitors were Hindus," etc. etc. is concerned, bigotry is the rule and toleration the exception. Indeed, as Sikhs and Jains and the Depressed Classes have generally failed to see eye to eye with "the other Hindus," we may take it that the latter have succeeded in cornering toleration as well as all the other good things of this world!



Anecdote.

THE present Lord Nelson came into the earldom so long ago that he has been sometimes confused with the hero of Trafalgar. A poor old woman was once taken to church to see the present Lord Nelson, and the friend who was with her was about to describe his lordship's appearance beforehand, when the old lady exclaimed, "Oh, you needn't tell me what he is like. I shall know him directly I set eyes on him." When asked how she could recognize the Earl, the dame responded, "Why, by his one eye and one arm, of course."

SIR H. VON HERKOMER describes how he once saw a reproduction of a famous picture for sale. It was called "The Coming Storm," and under this title in the advertisement were the words: "Suitable for a wedding present."

THE Duke of Connaught has a peculiar dislike of slovenliness in personal attire. To a young officer who apologised for the state of his sword upon inspection the Duke said: "Your excuse is so good that you must be an old offender, sir." "Sold tea, eh!" he repeated, in his hard voice, when a soldier's grandfather's business was laughed over at an officer's expense. "Well, that's not so bad as a grandfather who sold promotions." The words were spoken in the presence of a general whose grandfather had been notoriously venal. A dispute as to the sobriety of a certain colonel was summarily settled by the Highness. "Just able to walk straight, was he?" repeated the Duke. "That's robe enough for a civilian, but his very drunk for a soldier."

The Comrade.

Principal and Agent.

MORE than six months ago, Mr. Montagu, the Under-Secretary of State for India, while introducing the Budget in the House of Commons, referred to the "intimate and responsible" relations of the Viceroy to the Secretary of State. He quoted the Act of Parliament which showed how wide and how far-reaching were the powers of his Chief, and then concluded that "Lord Morley and his Council, working through the agency of Lord Minto, have accomplished much," and believed that men of all parties will be grateful "that Lord Morley remains to carry out the policy he has initiated."

This was the spark needed to fire the arsenal of Anglo-Indian wrath, and many journals commenced to teach his proper place to the Secretary of State who claimed, even though through his subordinate, to be the principal in the governance of India. Much solicitude was shown for Lord Minto, who was presumed by pitying journalists to be an unresisting instrument of his own destruction in the hands of a masterful Secretary of State. Mr. Valentine Chirol's was, however, the most forcible presentation of the case for the Governor-General in Council, and Lord Morley recognising in him a foe worthy of his steel, has come forward, in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, to vindicate the claims of Parliamentary control. A *via media* has to be discovered between the bureaucracy in India and the democracy in England, and India is enjoying the tug-of-war between the Man on the Spot and the Man in the Street.

It is amusing to discover in Mr Chirol and the Anglo-Indian journals a singular solicitude for everybody except the Anglo-Indian official. Tory papers raised a howl not so very long ago when the name of the King was mentioned in British politics. Political decorum, it was said, was entirely against dragging His Majesty into the controversies of the hour. But the Anglo-Indian supporters of exactly the same political view have not scrupled to take cover behind His Majesty. Although Mr Chirol recognises that the Statute Book knows only the Governor-General in Council, he has subtly placed the Viceroy, in his capacity as representative of Royalty, in the van. According to Mr. Chirol, says the *Nation*, "he stands for the King-Emperor's personal power, and he is the magnet which attracts the loyalty to a Crown which is supposed to be the most fundamental of all Oriental instincts."

To what extent Indian sentiment recognises in a Viceroy the true representative of Royalty in India was clearly shown in the last Coronation Durbar, when Indian sentiment went wholly against Lord Curzon for taking precedence of the Duke of Connaught, and even riding in the elephant procession with Lady Curzon rather than with the sister-in-law of the King-Emperor. A similar sentiment prevailed, when the Viceroy rode with the full escort from the Government House in Bombay to the Apollo Bunder to receive the present King, and instead of following the then Prince of Wales, not only took another road, but also took with him the whole company of Indian Princes, and left Royalty to proceed with a small escort of tired men, in dusty uniforms, riding on sweating horses. If Royalty is the magnet of loyalty, India would prefer the genuine article to the most worthy substitute, and India has often enough expressed a desire to have a Royal Viceroy in the country. It is, not therefore, the constitutionalism of a Morley that would be so dangerously to weaken the prestige of the Crown," but the vaingloriousness of a Curzon, in whose eyes life generally arranges itself as a superb and showy pageant of which it is his ambition to form the central figure, and who would meet the peril of an Empire with an over-mastering desire to show to the best personal advantage.

That Royalty and the Viceroy are used only as stalking horses is only too apparent in the pages of Mr. Chirol. For he has administered a rebuke to Lord Minto himself for allowing himself to be overshadowed by Lord Morley "by neglecting to associate his own Council with himself as closely as even his most masterful predecessors had hitherto been careful to do." As regards the Government of India itself, it is well known how strongly Anglo-India opposed the inclusion of an Indian in the Viceroy's Executive Council, and providing him, in the words of Lord Morley, with a master-key to unlock the innocent arrana of the most harmless arts of Imperial rule. It is also well known how stoutly the same party opposed the appointment of the present Member for Commerce. Take all this in conjunction with the opposition to the inclusion of two Indians in the India Council at Whitehall, and the rebuke administered by Mr. Chirol to Lord Morley for neglecting to consult his own advisers in that Council, and nothing is left but the praise of the Civil Service. It is in short the defence of bureaucracy, and the desire to prolong the reign of the Secretariat from Calcutta and Simla to Charles Street, Whitehall, which has attracted bad psychology to work in the service of bad law.

This is the kernel of the controversy, and Lord Morley has rudely snatched the decorous veil from bureaucratic pretensions which are "at daggers drawn with the barest rudiments of democratic principle." In an Empire of 350 millions, it is proposed to place the destinies of no less than 300 million people in the hands of about 1,200 Civilians. This claim has only to be clearly stated to be deemed preposterous by all who have any pretensions to sanity. The people of India and the people of Great Britain are requested to view with complacency, and even with admiration, the fabric of an unchecked despotism. We are asked to tolerate, and even help, the creation of a caste which almost claims the unattainable superiority of the Brahmin, and bases its right to the possession of uncontrolled and absolute power on nothing higher than the spin of the coin which is known as the Open Competition.

It is, of course, not claimed that this hierarchy is to be wholly irresponsible. But the only responsibility it would seem to admit is that of the official conscience. Lord Morley considers it wholly superfluous and even of the nature of an impertinence to doubt for an instant this active and living responsibility, and we ourselves most ungrudgingly admit that the standard of devotion to duty which the Indian Civil Service has set in this country is far superior to any indigenous standard current in our days, and in fact superior perhaps to the standards of the Hindu and Moslem bureaucrats of an elder day. Nor are we slow to praise the singular ability of this, the finest Service in the world. Indeed, the progress and peace of India are a standing testimony to its capacity and the brilliance of its talents. Where else could we discover raw youths, fresh from the Universities, placed in charge of several degrees of longitude and latitude, providing with such singular success for the comfort and progress of a million souls in every degree of civilization and barbarism? But to admit all this is not to confess that the system is incapable of improvement, or that it is wise "to revert to the primitive phases of conquest and colonization, when swarms of adventurers, held in leash only by some fiction of a feudal tie, went out to subjugate a weaker race." As Lord Morley has said, the premier Service of the world will be no less conscientious, industrious, vigilant, or incorruptible than it is to-day, the more it feels the direct breath of a public opinion such as that in which its members were born and bred. Hobbes claimed for Royalty an irresponsibility to the subjects, whom it had rescued from a state of nature, which was a state of war. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that India was rescued by the British Civilian from such a state, it cannot be argued seriously that a theory of despotism, upset so rudely by the Great Rebellion, the Revolution of 1688, and the French Revolution, with its aftermath in the American War of Independence, can now be tamely accepted, not only by Indians but by Englishmen.

themselves, in the case of the bureaucratic Leviathan. In politics a responsibility to one's own conscience is no responsibility at all, and a country in which a husband is responsible to the state for fidelity to his wife, and a father for rational kindness to his own children, cannot reasonably be expected to leave the fate of 300 million people to a handful of men responsible only to their own conscience. As the *Nation* says, "the offence in such a surrender against the liberties of India would be equalled only by the treason to our own destinies."

If any other responsibility is to share the honours with good conscience and equity, to whom must it be? The Indian Nationalist would say, to India itself. But is India in a position to exercise that degree of control which can be called effective? It lacks education; it lacks parliamentary temper and training, but above all, it lacks the essential unity which can clothe the word "India" with a national significance. It is, indeed, our ambition to see India a homogeneous entity capable of exercising the fullest control over her own destinies. But that day will not dawn for us, nor even for our children's children, if the whole of our political energy is used up in supplanting one ruling caste by another, and breaking through one monopoly only to create the next. If Amurath succeeds Amurath, India will only have the satisfaction of exchanging the fire for the frying pan.

Things are, however, improving, and the disparity between the various communities is slowly but surely being removed. Similarly the control exercised by the people over the administration of the country is becoming more and more direct every day. The two must indeed go on side by side, and it is not a fortuitous combination of circumstances that the offer of the first real franchise to the Mussalmans synchronised with the expansion of the Indian Councils. But it is necessary to provide for the long or short interval that must intervene between the actual and the ideal. That provision was secured at a critical moment in the history of India in the person of the philosopher statesman who has crossed swords with Mr. Chirol. We do not for a moment believe that Lord Morley exercised a stricter control over Indian administration than what can be shown to be strictly legal. But on the other hand, we cannot admit that he strictly maintained the practice of his predecessors. Lord Minto was only a Stuart succeeding the Tudors, but luckily for himself, for India, and for England, he did not possess the rigid obstinacy of the Royal Martyr. The only admission of dissenting views that is known to have escaped him was the telegram in which he told Lord Morley that the question of the Secretary of State's control of Indian administration was capable of being looked at by them from different points of view. The only reply to an accusation of weakness shown by Lord Minto in adapting himself to the exigencies of the situation was the one already made by the late Viceroy. The truly strong man is indeed he who is not afraid of being called weak, and Lord Minto has shown his sagacity as well as strength in declining to be precipitated by his numerous official and officious advisers into a struggle from which he could emerge only second best.

Had Lord Morley only substituted for the responsibility to nobody the responsibility of the Indian bureaucracy to himself, he could not have left an enduring mark on the administration of India. As the *Nation* says, "It is seldom that a great personality is called to the India Office. The bureaucracy, on the other hand, continues its even course, steady in the maintenance of a continuous tradition, solid and single-minded in its opinions, with a unanimity which one can find only among ruling castes whose numbers are limited. It has time on its side. It can patiently endure such slight defections of its traditions as a Ripon or a Curzon may bring about for a few years from Simla or a Morley from London. In the end, and on an average, it recovers its ascendancy." But the deflection brought about by Lord Morley is not slight. It is in two directions, firstly, in the direction of expanded Councils in India, and secondly, in the direction of an awakened Parliamentary conscience in England. Although he

does not, for very good reasons, favour the suggestion of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald for including two Members of Parliament in the India Council, he has, nevertheless, pointed the proper path for Parliamentary activities in his attitude towards questioners. It is, according to him, an unmanly and impolitic sort of caution, because frequent questions that have been raised demand reserve in handling, to leave the wrong answers to pass muster by default. "Not by such tremors are difficult constitutions successfully worked."

We often hear of India being outside Party Politics in the British Parliament. We are not in love with the many evils of that system of Government as recently exposed by Mr. Harold Cox with remarkable frankness. But so long as no better system is substituted we shall continue to hold that the exclusion of India from Party polemics is a great pity. Like a foundling, everybody's child is nobody's child; and we are inclined to think that Lord Morley does not himself favour the theory of Lord Wolverhampton, for he knows how India and Great Britain benefited by the Indian controversies of Pitt and Fox. We are not, therefore, sorry to know that progressive India has been made by Lord Morley a plank in the Liberal platform, and we welcome this reversion to the practice of 150 years ago. We may not vote for an application of the principles of 1789 to the Congo, or even for the dumping upon the Filipinos of the paraphernalia of American democracy. But we cannot revel in the "judicious indifference" of the British citizen towards India, nor condemn the rising curiosity, even if it would convert the supremacy of the House of Commons over the alien dependencies from a mysterious fiction into an inquisitorial fact.

But we are confident that Lord Morley is too great a statesman to poach on the rightful preserves of the "officials by profession." The administration in every well-organised State is composed of superiors and subordinates, men working at the centre and men working at the periphery. The functions of the two are not only distinct but mutually exclusive. Were it not for this there would be friction; for even if there is no conscious opposition of one against the other, the duplication of parts in the machinery would retard its motion on account of the confusion that would result. A handful of Civilians, backed by 70,000 soldiers of the British Garrison, are sufficient to ensure peaceful progress only so long as the people recognise that the whole might of the British Empire is behind the Government. If the least suspicion of cross-purposes in the higher circles finds an entry into the minds of the people, the spell would be broken, and numbers alone would tell in an encounter in which man is opposed to man. The people's measure of confidence in the officials is only Great Britain's measure of that confidence, and the latter cannot reasonably expect Indians to trust and respect British officials here more than she trusts and respects them herself. After all it is not only the law that makes an administration. The agents who are appointed to administer it contribute not a little to its sanctity and prestige. But we are fully convinced that no reminders are necessary to the majority of Englishmen, who, as Lord Morley says, are "seldom really wanting in deference to the expert," even if Disraeli's dictum be true that "expert witnesses are expert liars." There is a troublesome minority no doubt. But the foolish, no less than the poor, are always with us; and why should the House of Commons not have a minority akin to the majority of the "other House?"

Ordinal Virtues.

MUCH discussion has taken place in Indian journals about the Right Honourable Mr. Amir Ali's repudiation of the "dishonest phrase" to which a certain kind of political psychology has given rise: "I am an Indian first and a Muslim afterwards." In the absence of the full text of the speech, we are not in a position to say whether the repudiation is not just as dishonest as the repudiated phrase.

Just as political psychology of a certain kind has given rise to dishonest phrases, so also political ethics of a certain character has

created a feeling akin to the sentiment, "*Aut Caesar aut nullus*," either first or nothing. The morbid hankering after leadership visible in the foolish and often futile efforts of some of our politicians to be the foremost in the files has led to the drawing up of a Warrant of Precedence for virtues also. We have all heard of Cardinal Virtues, and some still try to practice them. But this is evidently an era of Ordinal Virtues, and Indian political platforms and the Indian Press resound with the struggles of patriotism, loyalty, and godliness. There is a scramble for the first place, and if the Devil is to take the hindmost, we are likely to see less godliness with Mankind than with its Eternal Enemy.

To us, however, this ordination sounds like the inanities of the young mother that asks Baby, "Well, Popsy-Wopsy, tell it mammy if Popsy-Wopsy loves it biggy-wiggy daddy more or it teeny-weeny mammy." The only serious significance that the question of precedence can have is when a common denominator is found. If a question is put to a man whether in case of a choice forced by circumstances on him, he would choose to follow what he regards as the injunctions of his Maker, or those of his sovereign, there is some sense in the question. His Majesty George V. is the Sovereign Lord of seventy million Mussalmans; but we can safely leave the decision to His Majesty himself which selection he could and would expect from his Moslem subjects if ever such choice was forced upon them. No Christian could give unto Caesar more than was due to Caesar. And no Mussalman can be expected to give more to the Kaiser-Hind than is His Majesty's due.

Such a question was indeed put at a time to which the *Amrita Basar Patrika* refers. In the early seventies of the last century the Wahabi trials had led to a scare among the Anglo-Indians, and Sir William Hunter, then a rising official, formulated the famous question to the "learned men and expounders of the law of Islam." "Indians Mussalmans, are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen? He himself answered the question in the affirmative, and said:—

"The Mussalmans are and have been for many years a source of chronic danger to the British Power in India . . . Mohammedan masses eagerly drink in the poisoned teachings of the Apostles of Insurrection . . . A network of conspiracy has spread itself over our Provinces, and the bleak mountains that rise beyond the Punjab are united by an unbroken chain of treason-depôts with the tropical swamps through which the Ganges merges into the sea . . . While the more fanatical of the Mussalmans have thus engaged in overt sedition, the whole Muhammedan community has been openly deliberating on their obligation to rebel . . . Every attempt by the Mussalmans to return to the first principles of their faith involves a revolt against the ruling power."

One who reads all this in cold print to-day has to rub his eyes and pinch himself to be sure if he is awake or troubled by a nightmare. Sir Syed Ahmed wrote a spirited reply to this sweeping indictment of a whole community of half a hundred million souls which convinced the rash libeller himself. For in 1882, when Sir William Hunter visited Aligarh as the President of the Education Commission, he said to the founder:—"You will leave behind you a magnificent memorial not of the discord but of the reconciliation of races, a monument of beneficent energy, not of destructive force; and one which will continue for ever a centre of the highest human efforts vocal with young voices and alive with the hopes and aspirations of young hearts." He no longer considered every attempt by the Mussalmans to return to the first principles of their faith as involving a revolt against the ruling power, for he testified that "Aligarh effectively combined the secular with the religious aspects of education; and while recognising the special spiritual needs of the Mohammedan youth, based its teaching on the truth of Western science, and was in tone and tendency thoroughly loyal to our Queen." Thirty years have passed since then without any diminution of Islamic spiritualism, scientific inquiry, or Moslem loyalty to the successors of Queen Victoria. The Mussalmans are recognised on all hands to-day as forces of loyalty,

and the Apostles of Insurrection bear other caste-marks than those of Islam. The bleak mountains that rise beyond the Punjab are still troublesome on occasions; but the unbroken chain of treason-depôts does not exist, and perhaps never existed beyond the prolific imagination of Sir William Hunter, while the tropical swamps through which the Ganges merges into the sea are notorious for the guilty conspiracies of others.

There can, therefore, be no question to-day of the relations between loyalty to Islam and loyalty to the sovereign. We ungrudgingly acknowledge, as a "Nationalist" writer in the *Leader* has done, the courage and devotion of the Sikhs and the Hindu Jats as soldiers of the King ever ready to fight against the enemies of His Majesty. But no body of soldiers has borne the test of loyalty so well as the Mussalmans of the Punjab and the North-Western Frontier, for they have had to shed the blood of their own co-religionist and kinsmen. Great as the strain was, they bore it like men, and there cannot be a shadow of doubt as to the side which Mussalmans in India would take if an aggressive Moslem king raided the territory of our King.

So much for loyalty. The same is true of patriotism. Islam is no more opposed to a love of the land than to a loyalty to non-Moslem kings. Unlike the majority of Indians, the Mussalmans have a large body of their brethren professing the same creed scattered over the continents of Asia and Africa. They have also a connected history which goes back to the seventh century of the Christian era, and of which the smallest incident is recorded with a scrupulous care that is astounding when we compare it to the absence of all chronicles in Hindu India. Luckily or unluckily, the Mussalman went everywhere as a conqueror, and has remained there as such, except in China and in India and some portions of the recently acquired Central Asian Empire of Russia. In India and Central Asia the Mussalman came as a conqueror, but after long rule lost his Empire. In China he went only as a preacher, and his success there is far more marvellous than in India, for without any adventitious aid of the prestige of a ruling caste, or occasional burst of persecution, he can still count one Mussalman out of every twelve Chinamen.

Now in Arabia and in Turkey, in Persia and in Afghanistan, the sense of patriotism is no less keen than is exhibited by the critics of Moslems in India. But there is no question in those countries of a conflict between patriotism and loyalty to God and His Prophet. In China and Russia, however the Moslem owns the sway of non-Moslems. But will any one say that in the Boxer revolt in China or in the struggles of the Duma against despotism in Russia, the Mussalmans ever faltered in their loyalty to the land they lived in? Why, then, this singular anxiety about the patriotism of Mussalmans in India?

We are far from recognising patriotism as an end in itself. It is not the final goal of humanity. Nationalism has done much to improve the genus *homo* in the animal world, but it has not yet made him truly human. Might was right in the case of individuals before. It has ceased to be that, but it is still the same in the case of nations. "My country, right or wrong," is still the watchword of the patriot. When we read of the slaughter of thousands every day during the Russo-Japanese war, did it strike the majority of us that this sacrifice of human lives was meant as a peace offering to the goddess of patriotism? Yet so it was. How, then, did humanity gain by the growth of nationalism in Europe, and how is it going to gain by the same growth in Asia? Only in this, that man, who is gifted with a gregariousness as well as self-love, has learnt to subordinate the latter to the former. Like the solar system, the centripetal and the centrifugal tendencies are properly balanced, and the law of gravity is obeyed in order to make progress possible. If, therefore, 300 million men were bound together in the same way, how does the force of gravity become condemnable because the 300 millions happen to be Mussalmans scattered over five continents, and not Hindu and Moslem, Parsi and Sikh living in one country only? In fact the similarity of outlook on life is a

far savor force of unity than a contiguity of habitation. And if the choice was forced on us, we should prefer a common creed to a clod of earth.

But as a matter of fact there is not the remotest chance of any Indian Mussalman being called upon to choose between the love of his co-religionist and the love of his neighbour. By a strange, but merciful dispensation of Providence, a foreign and Christian Government is placed over us, and instead of learned disquisitions about the Warrant of Precedence in the political and ethical decalogues, our duty is to live together in amity and concord, and learn those lessons of progress which at this stage neither Hindus were in a position to teach nor Mussalmans. Islam is a simple faith and abhors subtleties. It does not ask its votaries to contemplate life, but to live it; and the energies of our countrymen, both Hindus and Mussalmans, would be better spent in being good Hindus, good Mussalmans, good subjects, and good patriots, than in settling which they should first endeavour to be. There is nothing finer in the whole anthology of Psalms than the simple prayer of the Mussalman, "O Lord, do not load us with a burden heavier than that which our strength can bear." Our Government is in no mood to demand from its Moslem subjects what they cannot give as good Moslems. Will not our Hindu compatriots also come to the rescue of Providence, and lighten the load of a crushing patriotism?



Verse.

Evensong.

When the sun is painting memories on the ripening
paddy fields,

And the red light dances gaily through the sombre
mango groves;

When the moonj grass by the wayside grown its
purpling burden yields,

And along white dusty winding roads come homing
cattle droves;

When on the leaped verandah floors the sun-kissed
children play,

And women chatter by the wells, and men come
home to rest;

When the temple bells are ringing for the ending
of the day,

And beasts of prey creep from their lairs on needy
hungry quest;

When over field and village flies the hurrying moun-
tain dove,

And mystic evening scent of trees makes incense for
the night—

Do you think of all we've lived for in this country
that we love?

Do you dream dead dreams again, dear, in the quiet
evening light?

F. E. H.

CORRESPONDENCE



A Cautious Friend.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

ENTHUSIASM and earnestness have generally been recognised as characteristic virtues of the Land of Five Rivers. But I must confess, without meaning any offence to the stalwarts of the North, that I was not prepared to find cautiousness and a keen sense of humour in the Punjab. We must, however, live and learn; and the lesson taught us by the *Panjabee* is not likely to be forgotten. Your Lahore contemporary has devoted two and a half columns of "Comments" to the proposed Muhammadan University, but its cautiousness has led it to use such qualified language that it becomes difficult at first to grasp its meaning. In fact, one has to skip the printed matter and read between the lines to discover the true significance of your contemporary's remarks. But the labour is amply repaid in the richest joke that a journal ever permitted itself, even if one has to toil after its discovery as some misguided people toil after virtue.

You noted in an earlier issue with satisfaction the attitude of the *Leader*, the Hindu organ of Allahabad, on the subject of the Mohammedan University, and I may characterize it as one of benevolent neutrality as opposed to gratuitous hostility which, alas! is so common in our country. The organ of Hindu opinion in the Punjab may or may not be regarded as neutral, but all benevolence has evaporated from the attitude which the *Leader* considered to be the only logical attitude for Hindus to adopt. I shall not be so unjust as to say that it is easy to be benevolent when your enemy cries for the moon, but rather difficult to keep it up when that shining orb appears quite attainable. But I must say, as your local contemporary, the *Indian Nation* has said, that we lack in the comments of the Hindu Press on the subject of the University that good feeling which we expect one neighbour to show in the welfare of another. It is all caution and no generosity.

The *Panjabee*, for instance, begins its comments with words of praise. "There is a good deal to commend itself in the proposed scheme." This is not extravagant praise, but praise all the same. Only, the end of the sentence qualifies it so well that the diluted dose appears no better than the faint praise wherewith we damn a rival's success. The commendation is deserved only from the "educational" and "social" points of view. From the "political" point of view it is objectionable. To "the propagation of intellectual pursuits, the better study and practice of the true Mohammedan faith, and the development of Mohammedan culture" your generous contemporary has no objection. This is truly noble. The *Panjabee* has no objection to the intellectual pursuits—even of the Mussalmans! Indeed, it would extol its own generosity and concede that "from the higher standpoint of culture and civilization, and the progress of humanity, the scheme is a grand one." What liberality of view, what magnanimity. But, alas for the weak-

(Note.—We are sorry that through an inadvertence the name of "Roshan Sun" appeared under the verses translated from the Bengali. They were contributed by Nishu Lalit Gupta.—Ed., Comrade.)

of human wishes, there is no rose without its thorn. "In this political and commercial age, the best traditions of a people are in danger of being put to sordid uses." And who could know them better than your Lahore contemporary?

I am, however, constrained to complain of the indifference of the *Panjabee* with regard to "the difficulties that must attend the successful execution of the scheme." It says, "we need not trouble ourselves" with these difficulties. Surely in this "political age," the troubles of our friends have a special attraction. Do they not appear as the only bright episode in a dull and drab existence? What is equally sad is the fact that your contemporary has treated with the same indifference "the objections that might be urged against it from the standpoint of the Mussalmans themselves of the humbler classes who are steeped in ignorance, and a large proportion of whom are 'depressed'." Could not these objections be utilized for some public purpose? It is wasteful in the extreme to squander such political capital! But I note with satisfaction that the depression of the humbler Mussalmans has not been entirely thrown away, even if no memorial is submitted to Government to classify them as outside the narrow pale of Islam. Indeed, if the efforts of your contemporary are successful, the Mussalmans would be still more depressed and humiliated.

The *Panjabee* praises the "remarkable zeal and energy" of the Mohammedan leaders, and includes in the panegyric "perhaps their far-sightedness." This is as it should be. The saving grace of "perhaps" is worthy of a cautious journal that would never commit itself—except perhaps in the way of a blunder. According to the *Panjabee*, the Hindus "flatter themselves" that the Moslem community is "much behind them in educational and material progress." But your contemporary itself is not above flattering. It would, however, flatter the Mussalmans in the only sincere manner which is known to the imitator, for it regards the Moslem project as "a lesson for the Hindus", and would have them imitate their Moslem brethren who do not lose sight of "the main business" in "nice disquisitions whether to do or not to do."

But lest this should mislead any Hindu to be charitable, the *Panjabee* is ready with a caveat. "We are by no means asking out co-religionists to join their Mohammedan brethren in the scheme as they did in the M. A.-O. College. If they have any energy and resources to spare, they are much less than are needed for the good of their own community." It is not known to what extent the foundation or the present existence of the M. A.-O. College depended on Hindu co-operation; but I fear the figures, if published, would not be as attractive as your contemporary would make them out to be. But that is neither here nor there. Large or small it matters little now, so long as Hindus remember that the sin of their co-operation with their Mussalman brethren in the cause of enlightenment and culture cannot rightly be debited to the account of the *Panjabee*. Be it known by these presents that your contemporary is no party to such sinful transactions! And lest the Government should complain that your contemporary left it in the turbulent ocean of generosity without a rudder and a compass the *Panjabee* adds: "Nor should Government's pecuniary aid to the scheme, if any, be of such an amount as to make it difficult for similar aid being given to other denominational movements of the kind." What financial sagacity, what a statesmanship have we in the short compass of one brief sentence. "If any" is delicious!

We are told that "even in these days of Hindu-Moslem peace conferences the Hindus should not forget that they have a communal existence to maintain before they can be of any use as a factor in the nation." I would only ask, why such cruel insinuations about a hind majority? Is there much chance of forgetfulness of their separate existence when your contemporary is still daily with its perpetual reminders? I would, however, add that the Right Hon. Mr. Amir Ali is indeed in strange company. The *Panjabee* would certainly find no fault with a Moslem who is "Mussalman first and an Indian afterwards." So let all note

and beware that "the Hindus cannot in these days be free with their money in supporting Moslem schemes, though cordial sentiments may be fully reciprocated." After all, sentiments—especially of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—cost so little, and exchange is no robbery.

"Is it a separatist scheme?" For this question also your contemporary has a pert reply. Why need it commit itself at present? The exigencies of the future must after all be provided for, and there is an excellent makeshift in the meantime. "In this respect the main responsibility will lie upon the Government!" It is indeed refreshing to note that the *Panjabee* has no desire to take the lion's share of one responsibility at least. This is the one administrative Trust which our "Trust-buster" has no inclination to "bust."

"But this is all caution. Where's the joke?" Cultivate, O hasty reader, an attitude of patient expectancy, for it is not every day that one comes across a joke in *Panjabee* journalism. Indeed they are rare, and often also antique. The *Panjabee* has no objection—after the few I have noticed above—to the growth of a "centre for the diffusion of education and culture." But on no account is it to be tolerated as "a source of supply of candidates for Government service!" The *Panjabee* can condone the existence of the Mussalman, provided he is only educated and cultured. But the condition precedent of such unprecedented tolerance is that he should have no pretensions to the service of the State. "That privilege should belong to the alumni of the non-sectarian Government Universities." *Self-improvement* is tolerable, but—it must stop at that. "Government patronage should be the primary privilege of those who are trained under and satisfy Government's standards." After this who says the *Panjabee* is constitutionally unfit to crack a joke? Only the *Panjabee* gives the joke a Latin name, and calls it a *caveat*. In vulgar parlance, I may address your contemporary and say, "You are a caution!"

FOREWARNED.

The Moslem University: Aid to Workers.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

THAT we shall collect twenty lakhs for the proposed Moslem University is now certain. But from the announced subscriptions it does not appear that the poor in Islam have yet given their mite in sufficient numbers. No doubt the help of the rich was most necessary to provide a nucleus for the University Fund, and the rich have come forward to lead their poorer brethren even better than most people at first expected. The Nizam is also certain to contribute largely, for ten lakhs are merely a flea-bite to the Premier Chief of India. But, in the first place, twenty lakhs are not *really* sufficient even for an up-to-date Science College, let alone a first class University. They yield only Rs. 70,000 per annum @ 3% per cent., and this income is a third of the present income of the Aligarh College. In the second place, we have no desire to make this in any sense a rich man's University. Islam is the religion of the poor, and a truly Moslem University will be founded only when at least a crore is collected from the seven crores of Indian Mussalmans. That will be the true "Ransom of Islam" for which the Aga Khan had appealed at the last Coronation.

It is not, however, the amount of money that is difficult to secure, but the organisation needed to secure it. I am a great believer in paid agency, but that at the Central Office. For the work of collection, paid agency has not been very satisfactory, as it lacks the spirit, the local knowledge, and influence, and often the intelligence of the Volunteers. The experience of the One Rupee Fund, the Sir Syed Memorial Fund, and the Conference on the one side, and of the Duty and the Female Education section on the other, is so convincing that I have but to refer to it to prove my point.

I may, therefore, say without fear of contradiction, that unpaid agency is superior to paid agency. But it is also difficult to secure, except for local work. We cannot expect, say, a Deputy Collector, a Sub-Registrar, or a Naib Tahsildar to leave his work and travel for the University Fund, as the incomes of these men are barely sufficient for their needs, and we have no right to impose a too heavy sacrifice upon some and leave others untouched. Mr. Shaukat Ali's energetic canvassing and preparation of the ground for His Highness the Aga Khan is too well known to publish here. To what extent the University will be due to his exertions, perhaps few except the Aga Khan will know. But such self-sacrifice is too much for most of us, and a system which requires martyrs to work it soon gets to be worked by cheats. Are there many, on whose honesty we can rely, who would be prepared to take furlough on about Rs. 200 a month, when their present salary and allowances exceed Rs. 600? That such men are rare is seen from the fact that hitherto only Mr. Shaukat Ali has taken furlough for this purpose. And I do not blame the others. They owe a duty to themselves and to their children, even before their College and community.

As, however, their co-operation is most necessary, I have devised a plan. I have just secured a pension which amounts to Rs. 150 a month. Those Mussalmans who have retired after the age of 55, and have a family to support on less than half the sum which just sufficed in the days of their service, know what a hard struggle a pensioned officer of Government has to carry on. But I have resolved to give the whole of my pension for one year to the University Fund. Only, I am a business man, and I want every rupee that I pay to bring a hundred more to the Fund. I am going to send this amount to Nawab Viqar-ul-Mulk Bahadur with a request to act as my Cashier. And I request you, who know the Old Boys of Aligarh very intimately, to act as my business agent in this matter. You are to select, out of those who apply to you, a certain number of Old Boys and in exceptional cases others also, who can in your opinion succeed as Collectors of the Fund. If they are entitled to a furlough for not less than six months, they should take it, and from the money which I am placing at the disposal of Nawab Viqar-ul-Mulk, you can draw enough to pay those heroic Volunteers half the difference between their furlough pay and their full pay. In this way their self-sacrifice will not exceed, in terms of money, more than a quarter of their salary. If there are some to whom no furlough is due, but who are yet willing to take leave without pay for six months at least, you are to pay them half their present salary. My offer of Rs. 1,800 will not go very far, but I am sure it will go far enough to bring Rs. 1,80,000, or even two lakhs more from the poor for the Ransom of Islam.

The names of these men are to remain secret, and only you and the Nawab Sahab are to know them. I trust no false shame will come in the way of Old Boys and others, to avail themselves of this opportunity to sacrifice themselves within reason for their College and their community. I am an old man, and younger men, not older than my own children, should not be ashamed to accept this little present from me for my *bachas* and *baboo*s. Their false shame would only deprive their community of the only sacrifice they can afford to make.

Please publish this letter and accept the office of my business agent.

SUREN.

Short Story.

Dreams and the Reality.

SUREN sat in his study in a most unpleasant frame of mind. He had come back home after seven years in Europe with his head full of ideas. He was going to set the Hooghly ablaze—he was going to electrify his friends by his triumphs—he was going to startle the inhabitants of the little country village where he had been born, by his modern ways. He had made up his mind to introduce all sorts of reforms in his family circle—quite prepared to meet any amount of opposition, but firmly upheld by his own conviction of the right—and above all, whether she liked it or not, he intended to bring out his wife at once; he would not pander to old-fashioned ideas about the purdah system, he wanted no meek Hindu wife, but a modern educated companion who would share life with him equally.

Suren had felt so virtuous planning these great schemes. He had almost thought himself a martyr, when he pictured the trials and difficulties he would have to overcome. Unfortunately things seldom turn out as we picture them in our dreams. Real life rarely gives the proper cues, and the scenes one sets oneself, in which the dreamer is his own hero, run more smoothly than the actual scenes in real life, when other people obstinately refuse to play the parts allotted to them.

Nothing had turned out as he had expected. No briefs had come pouring in. The solicitors and attorneys seemed utterly unaware of the meteor in their midst. His friends were not in the least impressed by his tales of the West. England-returned youths were as plentiful as cats in the metropolis, and too many of them had returned without having gained any particular knowledge beyond tying a tie or drinking whisky. Even the villagers were not impressed by his return, and took everything in the most maddening matter-of-fact way, seeming to listen to him with pitiful tolerance rather than respectful admiration. His relatives were not inclined to follow his reforms, saying their old customs were good enough for them, and as his father held the purse-strings, and by living according to the old customs had amassed a considerable fortune, Master Suren was obliged to keep a civil tongue in his head, and not advocate reforms too strongly.

But the last straw was the behaviour of his wife. Instead of the meek submissive Hindu maiden he had expected to find, the girl he was going to mould and train and educate according to his ideas, he found no wife at all. His father-in-law had got disgusted at the long silence while Suren was in England, and had taken his daughter back home. He vowed he would not send her back to the husband, till the said husband proved himself worthy of her. If he failed to do so, then his daughter were better without a husband: or she could get the marriage—which had been merely a betrothal—annulled, and marry again to please herself. Here were reform and modern ideas with a vengeance—a little too modern for Suren—and the part he was being made to play now did not suit him at all. No wonder he looked black as he thought of all these things, and he felt most angry against his wife. It was her duty to come to him, her husband. What did her father's ideas matter? She should know that every good Hindu wife should consider her husband first. He felt such a fool when people asked after his wife: especially the people with whom he had discussed his plans and reforms so largely.

A knock at the door disturbed his reflections. A servant entered with a telegram. Suren tore it open eagerly, and as he read it his face brightened. "Come up to Darjeeling for a fortnight—jolly time—plenty of room—wine, rugby—Mother."

Noren was a friend of Suren's, a rising young doctor, with a charming wife, and some pretty healthy patients. Suren anticipated a pleasant holiday and decided to go. He immediately sent off a wire, "Starting to-morrow, delighted." And told his servant to pack for the journey.

Et Cetera.

IN VIENNA 436 suicides and 165 attempted suicides occurred in 1910. A shocking percentage of failures indeed! Try again Vienna, and never say "shan't die."

After dinner an idea suddenly struck him. Why should he not write to his father-in-law refusing to take his wife back, or threatening to marry again, unless she returned to him at once. He could tell them he was going to stay with Noren, and hint that he might find some young lady in Darjeeling, who would appreciate him better, and be only too honoured if he should seek her hand. Yes, it was a very good idea, and he sat down and wrote the letter at once.

Suren nearly missed the train. His tics collided with a motor on the way to the station. No serious damage was done, and he was in too great a hurry to do more than apologise hastily, and drive on. He had hardly time to notice the occupant of the motor very particularly, but he could not help being struck by her looks. He wondered a little at seeing a young Indian girl driving alone, but reflected that even Calcutta must have progressed in seven years; and if an English girl could do so, why not an Indian?

The train was very crowded. There was just one berth vacant in the first class. Without hesitation he bundled his things in and went to get some papers. On his return he found the carriage held another occupant. To his surprise and pleasure it was the fair unknown of the motor.

Suren had returned too recently to have forgotten his manners, so lifting his hat he apologised once again for the mishap, and offered to get into another compartment if his being there inconvenienced her.

He was rather taken aback at the cool self-possessed manner in which she accepted his apology, and answered that his being there made no difference to her at all, as it was such a short run to Sara.

Suren had met many of the modern educated girls in Calcutta, but he had never yet met one who was so absolutely self-possessed and at her ease with a man.

Most of them betrayed a certain gaucherie and nervousness, a sort of furtive desire to retire behind the purdah from which they had so recently emerged; and never, while talking to these residents, could he disabuse himself of the idea that the sound of bridal bells played a running accompaniment to their conversation. But this girl was so absolutely different. She did not give him that impression at all. He did not know whether to be piqued or pleased at her indifference and self-possession, and rather wished something would happen to shake it, and make her appeal to him.

He wondered who she was. She seemed well off. Travelling alone, that was unusual too. There was no name on her luggage. He wondered if she were married or single. She wore no *sindhur*, no wedding ring, no *lohi*. But her head was covered by the *sari*. Only one could never tell nowadays.

Suddenly the train stopped; with a start Suren found he had been occupied with his speculations for over an hour. He was not susceptible as a rule. Why was his mind so full of this girl?

A *shikari* came up the platform with tea. The girl beckoned to the man and took a cup, and told him to summon her servant. After a minute a tall, fine-looking bearer came along.

"Did you call me, Miss Baba?" "Yes, pay the man, and see to my things on the boat."

Suren's pulse quickened. "Miss Baba"? Then she was not married! Well, why should he make his whole life miserable because of his foolish betrothal with a girl who refused to treat him as she should—who kept away from him. This girl was the ideal he had dreamed of—he felt it instinctively. He must get to know her, must find out who she is—he must. He had never been so attracted by any girl in his life before.

Another stoppage—Sara—change to the boat. It was 9 o'clock—midnight light. The passengers hurried on to the boat.

The lady went on quite composedly, as though she were well used to travelling. She did not attempt to find a seat at the dinner table, but walked up to one of the arm-chairs and sat down gazing at the beautiful scene.

The boat started. Suddenly about half-way across there was a jarring, grinding sound—a jerk—and then confused orders.

Suren went forward to see what had happened. The boat had struck on a sand bank, and something in the machinery had been damaged. The boat could not go further. They would have to stop there, midstream, till daylight. Nothing could be done at night.

Fate was treating him more kindly. Here were openings for a romantic situation. He and she were the only Indians on board. The other passengers were rowdy Tommies and planters, no other ladies even. He was bound to go and explain matters to the girl and offer her any assistance in his power.

He walked up to where she was sitting. "Excuse me, but have you heard of the accident? We are stuck here all night." Her answer was characteristic, no nervousness, no self-consciousness, but just what his ideal would have shown—feminine concern and pity.

"Accident! Is anyone hurt?" and she looked up at him with large lustrous eyes. This was the first time she had looked directly at him. He had never seen such glorious eyes, so full of feeling and expression. What would those eyes be like lit with love?

"Is anyone hurt?" she repeated, surprised at his silence.

"I beg you pardon," he stammered, "I was thinking of something else. No one is hurt—only the machinery is damaged, and we have to stay here in midstream all night. Can I do anything to arrange for your comfort? You will excuse the liberty I am taking, but we are compatriots, and the other passengers, I fear, may prove too lively presently, to make it pleasant for you here. I can speak to the captain and get the cabin reserved for you. I had better introduce myself—here is my card."

She took it, and a faint gleam of laughter shone in her eyes. "Thank you very much: it's quite an adventure, but I hardly think I mind passing such a glorious night on the river. Have you ever seen such a perfect moon, and such a lovely scene?"

Her frank friendliness encouraged him to linger. From one subject they drifted to another. He was surprised at the knowledge, the vivacity, the wit she showed, and every minute his admiration grew apace. At length she looked at her watch—"Why, it's past eleven. I had no idea it was so late. Would you mind sending for my servant to get my cabin ready. I think I had better try and get some sleep."

"I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life. I shall stay on deck and—" he paused a minute, and said meaningfully "dream."

She lifted her eyes for a minute, and then turning away, said quietly, "Good night. Many thanks for all your kindness and—pleasant dreams."

Was it amusement he saw on her face? He felt vaguely piqued.

All night long, her face rose before his eyes. The thousand changing expressions that had given her a thousand charms. A subtle mockery—and through it all the same frank friendliness.

He recalled their conversation. They had spoken of the effects of modern education on women. Her views on woman's position: how curiously unconventional they were—but yet he agreed with every word.

"Of course you would not like your wife to practise such principles—to show independence—you would like a submissive wife." She had said with a faint tinge of mockery in her tone, and he had answered hesitatingly—"I don't know—I think, I am sure I should. If she held such principles she would be strong enough to live up to them." Did he really agree with her?—was that the programme he had mapped out for his wife?—he wondered. He could hardly remember his girl-bride,—the child

he had wedded seven years ago—whom he had seen for a brief hour—and then left with never a second thought. Why had he been fool enough to accede to his parents' wish to get him married before his departure? If he were only free now. What madness had crept over him? He never believed in love at first sight, and yet what was this strange attraction that this girl held for him?

The whole night he paced the deck, his mind full of confused thoughts.

He saw nothing of her the next morning. She had disappeared off the boat before he could find her; and the remainder of the journey to Darjeeling was uneventful.

His holiday did not prove as enjoyable as he had anticipated. His host was hospitality itself—the sisters-in-law were lively and pretty enough—but something was lacking. His mind was filled with one image, try hard as he could, he could not think of anything else—could settle to nothing. And yet he was not free—he knew he was bound to the girl he had wedded seven years ago. He determined to pull himself together—to banish this passion from his heart. He wrote another letter to his father-in-law,—begging forgiveness for the past, and asking—not that his wife might be sent to him—but that he might go to her. His father-in-law replied kindly—he asked him to go and see them; he added that his daughter was naturally hurt and offended at his neglect—but he had better come and see if she would pardon him, and return to him as his wife—he would have to win her consent.

Suren returned to Calcutta. He drove straight to his father-in-law's house from the station. He was shown into a pretty drawing-room full of flowers. He asked for his wife, and waited—half afraid—half expectant.

A photo caught his eye—it was she—the lady of his dreams. Why had her face come to torment him, when he was striving to pull himself together and do his duty? She must be a friend of his wife's. Could he bear to meet her again? Could he banish her from his mind? He half-turned as though to run away—then he heard a light footstep on the stair, a servant's voice saying, "Miss Baba, the sahib is in the drawing-room."

Where had he heard that man's voice before. It was too late to go. The steps came nearer and nearer—a girl entered the room. Was he dreaming? And then he caught her hand—"You—it was you—always you"—he said incoherently.

She looked up, and this time the glorious eyes were lit with love.

"Just fancy a husband not knowing his own wife!"

L.L.



Selection.

Bureaucracy and Democracy.

IN view of the great general question how the omnipotence of democracy, and all its influences, direct and indirect, are likely to affect Indian rule, the particular question of the relations between the Secretary of State and the Governor-General in Council is cardinal. It is not a branch of the main issue; it is, in fact, a trunk. Mr. Chirol looks to the greatest possible decentralisation in India, "subject to the general, but unmeddlesome, control of the Governor-General in Council, and to the greatest possible freedom of the Government of India from all interference from home, except in regard to those broad principles of policy which must always rest with the Imperial Government represented by the Secretary of State in Council, to determine." This is well enough, but Mr. Chirol knows far too much of the range of administration not to be aware that his exposition is too loose to be a real guide in everyday practice. The difficulty arises in the demands of each particular case. A local government, for instance, proposes

a stiff campaign of prosecutions for sedition. The Viceroy in Council, on the broader grounds of his policy at the time, disapproves. Who is to decide whether his disapproval and disallowance are "meddlesome?" In this diametrical opposition of views, is the Lieutenant-Governor or the Governor-General in Council to have the last and decisive word? So in larger issues. A Viceroy insists that a particular change in military administration is unwise, and at any rate that the appointment of a certain military officer would be the best if the change were accepted. How can we say on "broad principles of policy" whether the Cabinet would be justified in overruling the Viceroy on either limb of the business, until we have investigated all the circumstances of qualification and personality? And is it not upon this investigation that the applicability of the broad principle, whatever it may be, and if you were quite sure of being lucky enough to find it, must necessarily depend? It would be easy to find a hundred illustrations, some known to all the world, many more of them judiciously hidden away to dusty eternity in pigeon-holes and tin boxes. Suppose a parliamentary debate were to arise. For one argument turning on a broad principle, a score, and those the most effective, would turn upon items of circumstance.

There has been in both Indian and English journals much loose, inaccurate, and ill-informed argument on this important matter during the last six or seven years. This is what makes it well worth while to clear up some of the confusion, certainly not for the dubious pleasure of fighting old battles over again, but to reach a firm perception of the actual constitution of Indian Government, with a view to future contingencies that any day arrest the attention of Cabinets or Parliaments. The controversy came into full blaze in 1905, when, as Mr. Chirol puts it the Viceroy of the day felt himself compelled to resign, because he was overruled by the Home Government. Mr. Chirol seems to accept, though not without something like reluctance, the only tenable principle—namely, that "the ultimate responsibility for Indian government rests unquestionably with the Imperial Government represented by the Secretary of State for India and therefore in the last resort with the people of the United Kingdom represented by Parliament." This is incontestable, as will be shown in a few moments, and no responsible person in either of the two Houses will ever dream of getting up to contest it, even in days when such singular anxiety prevails to find new doctrines and devices for giving the House of Commons the slip. Nobody will dispute that the Cabinet are just as much masters over the Governor-General, as they are over any other servant of the Crown. The Cabinet, through a Secretary of State, have an inexpugnable right, subject to law, to dictate policy, to initiate instructions, to reject proposals, to have the last word in every question that arises, and the first word in every question that in their view ought to arise. On no other terms could our Indian system come within the sphere of parliamentary government. Without trying to define political relations in language of legal precision, we cannot shut our eyes to the obvious fact that where the Secretary of State or the Prime Minister has to answer a challenge in Parliament on Indian business, he could not shield himself behind the authority of the Governor-General, nor could he plead (except in expenditure) the opinion or action of the Indian Council at Whitehall. And here I would interpose a *causar* against a position incidentally taken by Mr. Chirol, as it has often been by a great many people besides; which comes dangerously near to the exclusion of India from Parliament, or of Parliament from India—put it as we will. No prudent man will be in a hurry to unlock the arcanes of empire, even if he had a master-key—and the most harmful arts are not always without innocent arcanes of their own—but it is an unmanly and impolitic sort of caution, because pregnant questions that have been used command reserve in handling, to leave the answers to pass muster by default. Not by such means are difficult constitutions successfully worked.

What does Mr. Chirol say? The function of the Governor-General in Council being the right of the Imperial Government, the

Cabinet "ignores one of the most important features of his office—one indeed to which supreme importance attaches in a country such as India, where the sentiment of reverence for the sovereign is rooted in the most ancient traditions of all races and creeds." "The Viceroy," Mr. Chirol proceeds, "is the direct and personal representative of the King-Emperor, and in that capacity, at any rate, it would certainly be improper to describe him as the agent of the Secretary of State." In all that follows as to the importance of upholding the figure of the Governor-General, nobody concurs more whole-heartedly than the present writer. As Lord Salisbury once said, "I hold the monarchy must seem to be as little constitutional as possible." Still, any serious politician, with the sincerest respect for all the 'solemn plausibilities' of these stately, imposing, and substantially important human things, will be incorrigibly slow to believe that either this great officer or any other servant of the Crown is, or can be, constitutionally withdrawn from ministerial control. Nor is it easy to discover any good foundation either in law or established practice for the contrary doctrine. Mr. Disraeli, writing to Queen Victoria about the new law of 1858, spoke of further steps that were necessary "to influence the opinion and affect the imaginations of the Indian populations. The name of your Majesty ought to be impressed upon their native life." Nor will any wise man deny the enormous political value in India of all the ideas that are associated with the thought of personal sovereignty. This is a different question, or, in fact, it is no question at all. But let us distinguish. In the debates of 1858 the direct connexion with the Crown was recognised as of great importance by Lord Palmerston and others, but among the resolutions on which the Bill was founded was this, as finally reported: "That, for this purpose [*i.e.*, transfer to the Crown] it is expedient to provide that her Majesty, by one of the responsible Ministers of the Crown, shall have and perform all the powers and duties relating to the Government and Revenues of India . . . which are or may be now exercised and performed" by the old Board of Control and Directors of the East India Company. There is nothing here about direct personal representation, the unmistakable implication is exactly the opposite.

What is, or is not constitutional quality in act or policy, as innumerable debates are now showing, takes us on to slippery ground. Happily for our immediate purpose, the Indian system is a written one resting on statute and instruments as good as statute. Mr. Chirol, as I have said, admits that ultimate responsibility rests unquestionably with the Home Government represented by the Indian Secretary. Yet he tries his hand at making out a case of limitation of the Indian Secretary's power, authority, and duties, so severe as to make such responsibility perilously shadowy and second-hand. His examination of the texts bearing on the matter hardly professes to be exhaustive, and its implications must be pronounced somewhat misleading. Let us see.

In 1858 Queen Victoria announced to the princes, chiefs, and people of India that she had taken upon herself the government of the territories in India heretofore administered in trust for her by the East India Company, and further: "We, reposing especial trust and confidence in the loyalty, ability, and judgment of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin . . . constitute and appoint him to be our first Viceroy and Governor-General in and over our said territories, and to administer the government thereof in our name, and generally to act in our name and on our behalf, *subject to such orders and regulations as he shall, from time to time, receive through one of our Principal Secretaries of State.*" The principle so definitely announced has been uniformly maintained. The Royal Warrant appointing the Governor-General always contains the provision thus set forth in the Mutiny Proclamation: "Now know that We reposing especial trust and confidence in the Fidelity, Prudence, Justice, Circumspection of you the said Victor Alexander, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, have nominated, made, constituted, and appointed you to be Governor-General of India . . . to take upon you, hold, and enjoy the said Office . . . during our Will and Pleasure, subject nevertheless to such instructions and directions

as you . . . shall as Governor-General of India in Council from time to time receive under the hand of one of our Principal Secretaries of State." This language of the Mutiny Proclamation, and of the Warrants of Appointment, clench the question so far as the Governor-General in Council is concerned.

The position, on the other hand, of the Secretary of State under the statutes is quite as clear, though it takes a few more words to set it out, and a trifle more of trouble to follow. The law of 1858 calling the Indian Secretary into existence enacts that "save as herein otherwise provided, one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State shall have and perform all such or the like powers and duties in anywise relating to the Government or Revenues of India, and all such of like powers over all officers appointed or continued under this Act, as might or should have been exercised or performed by the East India Company, or by the Court of Directors or Court of Proprietors of the said Company." This action continues to the Secretary of State all the powers of the Company, and the relations of the Company to their Governor-General were defined in the Regulating Act of 1772. "The said Governor-General and Council for the time being shall, and they are hereby directed and required to, obey all such orders as they shall receive from the Court of Directors of the said United Company." Then by the Act of 1784, which plays so famous a part both in his own career and in party and political history, Pitt called into existence the body of Commissioners who became known as the Board of Control. Their business, as set forth eight years later, was "to have and be invested with full power and authority to superintend, direct and control all acts, operations and concerns which in anywise relate to or concern the civil or military government or revenues of the said territories and acquisitions in the East Indies." All these powers and duties, formerly vested either in the Board of Control, or in the Company, the Directors, and the Secret Committee in respect of the government and revenues of India, were to be inherited by the Indian Secretary. In short, as it is plainly summed up in that magnificent enterprise, the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, composed, I think, officially at Simla, the Secretary of State "has the power of giving orders to every officer in India, including the Governor-General."

It may seem waste of time to labour all this as if we were forcing what, twenty years ago at any rate, was a wide open door. Though phrases of a splenetic turn may be found in the printed correspondence of a Governor-General, there has never been any serious pretension to deny, dispute, or impair the patent truth that the Cabinet is the single seat of final authority. One powerful Viceroy, in a famous speech full of life and matter, did indeed declare that if the day should ever come when the Governor-General of India is treated as the mere puppet or mouthpiece of the Home Government, required only to carry out whatever orders it may be thought desirable to transmit, then the post should cease to exist. To be sure it should; everybody would agree, just as they would at least profess to agree in rejecting the still more absurd counter doctrine, that the Home Government should be the puppet of an infallible Man on the Spot. The clash should never arise, and, in fact, very rarely has arisen. The only security that can be found for the smooth working of what is undeniably an extremely delicate piece of machinery, must be sought in the right judgment of the two partners; in their common feeling of responsibility, in patience, mutual regard, concord in fundamentals if not in every circumstantial, and perhaps—with no personal leaning to astrology—I may add the contribution named by Machiavelli in his famous chapter on the part played in human things by Fortune and the Stars. With common sense and good luck—not the most modest of demands—all goes well. Nowhere in the whole huge and infinitely diversified structure of what is called the Empire, do the personal elements and their right balance of equanimity and energy count for more than they count in India.

The point, however, of the relation of these two personages with one another, and with their respective councils, is in one sense secondary. I have spoken of it as cardinal, only because the

question as to the men who have to work the machinery contains within it, even more momentous question as to the forces of social steam or political electricity. English and Asiatic, that limit and direct its operations. Two circumstances happen to make inquiry into those issues specially opportune to-day. One is the prudently guarded expansion of popular government in India by the Councils Act, passed by Parliament in 1909. The other is the expansion of popular power, and the distribution of it as an organised force, in Parliament at home. These two changes, though not connected with one another in substance, principal or form, are evidently destined in the fulness of time, perhaps no very long time, to prove themselves changes of the first order in their effects upon Indian policy in all its most extensive bearings. Nor should we omit a further most relevant consideration. Self-government in India itself means two things. In one sense, it touches the relations of the indigenous population to European authority, whether central and paramount, or provincial and local. In another sense, it concerns the relations between both people and the organs of European authority on the one side, and the organs of home government on the other. The distinction is in the highest degree important. The popular claim under the first head, though not easy to adjust, is easy to understand; it founds itself on democratic principles borrowed from ourselves both at home and in the self-governing dominions. The second is different. It has not yet taken formidable shape, but it soon may. The ruling authority in India is sure to find itself fortified by pressure from the new Council in forcing Indian interests, and, what is more, the Indian view of such interests, against any tendency here to postpone them to home interests. Mr. Chirol looks forward to the Government of India assuming on many vital questions an attitude of increased independence towards the Imperial Government. The Indian Press is not incorrectly described, with some notorious and criminal exceptions, as improving. The writer of a series of graphic and pointed letters from Calcutta, printed last autumn in the *Morning Post*, assures us that the Indian newspapers are daily showing more of the practical handling, determination, and persistence that gives the Press its influence elsewhere. "Ten years ago economic subjects had the palest interest for the Bengali editor. He would fulminate about the 'drain' of the pension list or the cost of the Army, but he troubled himself little about the incidence of taxation or the growth of industrial enterprise. He is now developing a sharp eye for Budgets, an informed opinion of improvement trusts." Cotton-excite and the opium trade are sure to come pretty speedily into question, and when they do, the oracles of British and Indian interests may speak in contending tongues. Mr. Chirol himself makes about religious education some suggestions that seem likely to come into conflict with the prepossessions of the religious world in England and Scotland. "The more we are determined," he says, "to govern India in accordance with Indian ideas and Indian interests, the more we must rely upon a strong, intelligent, and self-reliant Government of India." With that we need not in any way quarrel, if we only take care that the words are well understood in the light of some very plain facts. The strength of Lord Hardinge in Council is British strength. The seventy thousand European soldiers are a British force—created, supplied, and worked under the eye of the Army Council in their palatial edifice at Whitehall. In all times and places intelligence and self-reliance must be virtues, but they are evidently practised under totally different conditions by a Viceroy at Simla, and by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa or General Botha at Pretoria. The crucial problem awaiting us will be how to keep this intelligence and self-reliance in step with kindred qualifications in all the governing forces of so many kinds in England.

This brings us to the kernel of the controversy. Anybody can see that, however decorously veiled, pretensions to oust the House of Commons from part and lot in Indian affairs—and this is what the tone now in fashion on one side of the controversy really comes

to—must lead in logic, as in fact, to the surprising result of placing what is technically called the Government of India in a position of absolute irresponsibility to the governed. Now this, whatever else it may be, is at daggers drawn with the barest rudiments of democratic principle. So, for that matter, is it incompatible with divine right or the autocracy of the sword. Even the fiercest of Oriental tyrants always ran some risk of having his throat cut or his coffee poisoned, if he pushed things too far. If it is not wholly superfluous and even of the nature of impertinence to say as much, nobody who has had anything to do with them can for an instant doubt the active and living responsibility of the British authorities to their own conscience and high-minded sense of public duty; or that their standard of devotion to the objects of national service, and a zealous interest in the burdens that it lays upon them, is as firm as could animate any band of men, civilian or soldier, that were ever organised to bear the banners of a mighty State. They have moreover the sense of responsibility that consists in a business-like desire to see their work well and successfully done: and, more than that, it is notorious that the British authorities have constantly been the protectors, the systematic and sedulous protectors, of sections of the native population against oppression at the hands of native superiors. Still, just like the good despot, the best bureaucracy is one thing and democracy is another.

Mr. Chirol condemns the term "bureaucracy" as a linguistic barbarism, and no doubt it is a hybrid name for a thing that people often thoughtlessly dislike as much as he dislikes the word. Hybrid or not, we cannot do without it. The essence and meaning has been described by a friendly pen as the concentration of the work of Government in the hands of officials by profession. Without such a profession the machinery of government in India, as in most other countries, would come to a stop, but the official will be no less conscientious, industrious, vigilant, or incorruptible than he is, the more he feels the direct breath of that public opinion at home in which he was born and bred. True, if official specialisation is a bad thing, sciolism in the critic may be worse. Still Englishmen are seldom really wanting in deference to the expert, if the thing can be reasonably explained. The Emperor Nicholas, as he lay on his death-bed before the end of the Crimean War, complained that Russia was governed by ten thousand tchinovniks. Autocrat as he was, they were his master. That was bureaucracy with a vengeance, and it ended ill. The giant fabrics that have within the last few years been reared to glorify the southern region of Whitehall, might seem as if the builders foresaw a time when the officials would need spacious homes even on our own self-governed shore. How far what passes by the same name here for a great service of fine tradition and strictly regardful of Parliament, is destined to go, who can tell?

As for democracy, there are said to be two hundred definitions of Liberty, and if we try to fit a definition of democracy to conditions so divergent as are to be found in Athens, Rome, Florence, England in all the stages of her constitution since 1688, and the United States first with slavery and then without slavery, we shall run the two hundred accounts of Liberty very close. If we add the whole world would hardly contain the definitions, histories, dialogues, and dissertations that have been written by men of famous name and every type and time, from Pericles, St. Thomas Aquinas, and all the rest, down to Bryce's compact account of democracy as "only an aristocracy of blackguards." There is no word, according to Maine—here using tones of singular emphasis due to his rooted aversion to popular Government in all its meanings—"There is no word about which a denser mist of vague language, and a larger heap of loose metaphors has collected." We need not tremble at the thought of these *perilous quæstiones* for democracy in my present piece means nothing more vague, misty, loose, or metaphorical than the grand and solid fabric devised by Simon de Montfort, or whoever else it was, and now known all over the world as the House of Commons. It is not any abstract and disembodied phantom of democracy that concerns us. It is the question of adjusting our rule in India to parliamentary government.

LORD MONLEY—(*Nineteenth Century and After*.)



The Pearl.

MR. GUP AT THE CONCERT OF ASIA
(With apologies to Rev. C. F. Andrews.)

HAD heard such a lot of the U. P. Exhibition so skilfully advertised by His Honor and Murray that made up my mind to follow example of Hon. Members of Council who had hied thither in response to the call of Duty, Voice of the Daughter of God of Music and Dance, as the revised edition of Wordsworth has it. But 'twas all a hoax, an illusion, a demi-official *maya*, the first cousin of 'Prosperous British India' and the grand-neice of the 'Indian National Congress'. There was no Exhibition, unless it was the exhibition of the Pearl.

Now, don't mistake. Picture not to yourself a flimsy compromise with the naked truth that Maud Allan displayed to Mr. Asquith when "Dodo" asked her to lunch. For the draperies of the Pearl screened her like an oyster. But it is true that what was exhibited was itself a considerable quantity. Nature has cast the Pearl in a capacious mould, and if the Local Government converts her, as Dame Rumour whispers, into a limited liability company, there will no doubt be an unlimited number of shares.

Once a week the Pearl appeared on the stage, and stepped in between the Exhibition Committee and the bankruptcy branch of His Majesty's High Court of Judicature for the Provinces still called by the Judiciary the N. W. P. although Lord MacDonnell and the Pandit managed between them long ago to convert them into the Disunited Provinces.

All roads led to Allahabad, and all the Allahabad roads led to the Exhibition. But it did not end there. All the lanes and by-lanes of the Exhibition led to the Concert, which led—Heaven only knows whither. How could poor Gup escape in a stream of people rushing away, eddying and foaming, from the entrance gates to the portals of the Theatre which were not closed, as in the case of the footish virgin of the parable.

Ah, what a sight was there to meet the straining eyes of the beholder. A blooming parterre of Solah Topees, Punjabi turbans, gold caps, Feses, bare heads, and Sari-covered heads, with an occasional Matinee hat. If the eye strayed lower, it glided down the smooth cheeks of downy youth, rubbed past the bristles of the shaven skin of developed manhood, or got stuck in the bushy overgrowth of patriarchal age. Straying lower, it rested on the variegated complexion of a whole continent, living tableaux of all the fashion plate ever designed, and of some that have yet to be designed. All

castes, races, tribes, religions, and philosophies were represented. This was indeed the realization of the visions of political dreamers. This was truly a Federation of the World. Here was Mankind in Concert, and a triumphant vindication of the Brotherhood of Man, if not of the Fatherhood of God, or the Sisterhood of Woman.

Who could scoff now, for the High Priest of the Province, Pope and Emperor in one, and even greater than these—for was he not the Lord Saheb himself?—had given official dispensation. An unconfirmed report even said that he was often behind the scenes, at least as a private gentleman, if not in his official capacity with all the paraphernalia of the Star of India and 'His Honour.'

The aroma of official sanctity pervaded the Concert as holy incense pervades a religious sanctum. Murray, the Secretary, was a fleeting vision in loose flannels, dusting chairs and benches, and arranging the seats. Indeed the Pearl gratefully acknowledged he was all attentions. She had even composed a song in his honour with a refrain something like this:—

Kiss Murray, kiss Murray, kissar Murray.

Nor was the non-official element unrepresented. Editor of the local *Leader* justified leadership by taking a leading part. Had spouted in Congress on Swadeshi, and condemned Bengal for disloyalty to Swadeshi vow. Had taunted her with export of raw material to Europe and import of same as manufactured articles. In quoting figures, had shocked audience by declaring that import of musical instruments, and chiefly gramophones, in Bengal, had increased by 118 per cent. Here was the chance to show at least lip loyalty to the raw material of gramophone records.

Curtain went up, and so did the temperature of admiration. But while the curtain remained at an unapproachable height, admiration came down several degrees below the North Pole. For it was not the Pearl! It was only the Ustad with his fiddle, and nobody cared a fiddlestick for the Ustad. Indeed he received more execrations than the first of his fraternity, who is known in Moslem literature as معلم اول or the first teacher, and is familiarly known to the English as the Devil. Shouts of disapproval cut short the fiddling and the "unhappy prologue to the swelling act of the Imperial theme" was soon over.

Then came the observed of all observers, the Pearl without price, who wore—of course in addition to other things—the Ransom of Islam and many other creeds on her ample person. The temperature of admiration went up to Blood Heat, and the

red mercury that had been lying frozen in the veins of palsied age rushed up to the heart and thence to face and eyes. But the Pearl was still silent. There was only the eloquence of motion. This was the ancient and time-honoured *nautch*, the very name of which conjures up in Exeter Hall warm visions of Tophet. But of this there was not even a bare possibility. No girl chaperoning her *ingenue* mother, no wife escorting her bashful husband had reason to blush. For there was no lack of decorum, no hint of vice, not the least suggestion of immorality. If not sublime, the *nautch* was next door to it. For it was truly ridiculous! A feminine Falstaff was exhibiting elephantine agility such as any decent circus could show. There was no reason for the skies to burst open, but the earth trembled for her safety. Here was an advertisement of some obesity reducer, labelled "Before," prouetting on the stage; or a living illustration of Sandow's exercises for a Psyche in search of her long lost figure. For the Pearl and Polaire are polaire opposites. The one represents the expansive East, while the other is typical of the narrow Waist.

After the whirling of half-an-hour, the Pearl retired from the stage. But if truth were told, she had no breath left to cool her porridge. After a modest interval, she re-appeared, and her glorious singing sent all into a trance as the mother's lullaby soothes a restive baby. Songs in all tongues of Hindustan were sung with an impartiality worthy of the Common Script Conference, and the Babel of many tongues was typical of an all-embracing Nationalism.

But all things have an end, and when the Pearl ceased from singing, the recording angels had some rest. But not before the cheer that went up to the seventh heaven as the curtain went down, and the oyster closed over the Pearl again. Hands were clapped like *feu de joie* on New Year's Day Parade. Bearded groups thunderpealed a "Wah Wah" and "Sall-ala." The "Jai" "Jai" of the younger men reverberated like the boom of cannon in the mountain pass of Khyber. What Sir William Wedderburn sought so sedulously seemed to be accomplished here at the *Sangam*, for all creeds and castes were united in the chorus of praise. And like an earnest of the future, and hopeful symbol of glorious Nationalism, rose above the din of united admiration the cry of Young India "BANDE MATARAM!"



Petty Larceny.

AN OCCULIST interviewed by the *Mirror* has been recommending one to roll one's eyes round and round as a means of strengthening the vision. The only difficulty, we imagine, is taking the eye out and putting it back again, but no doubt this only requires a practice

"WAITER, waiter, I've swallowed a bone!"

The waiter hurried forward, loosened the diner's collar, and buffeted him lustily on the back.

"Feel better, sir?" he inquired, sympathetically

"Yes, thanks," replied the diner. But why the Dickens don't you take your bones out of your confounded mince? Bring me my bill."

The waiter apologized and departed, but when he returned with the bill, the diner noticed that a shilling was marked up against "Sundries."

"What's this?" he demanded, angrily. You've charged me a shilling too much!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the waiter, deferentially. "But chokin's a hextra."

AVIATION in England has received a set-back. Damages were awarded last week to a gentleman who was injured at the Star and Garter Hotel, Kew Bridge, by a flying cork.

A LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD enquiry has been held at Wolverhampton to decide what shall be done with the South Staffordshire Small-pox Hospital, which was erected six years ago at a cost of £18,000, and has not had a single patient. It is thought that a strong appeal to local patriotism will be recommended, calling upon public spirited residents to acquire the requisite disease within a stated period.

BINGO. "I wish you would try some alcohol on this coat and see if you can get the spots out."

MRS. BINGO: "There isn't any alcohol left; but you might breathe on it."

JUDGE WILLIS, as reported in *The Evening News*:—

"I don't want to detract from the great works of Browning, but I never got any great advantage from reading his works."

Judge Willis may be at ease. He has not detracted from them

"ONE of these men, a Calabrian named Motta, went to his partner's shop and tried to shoot him while he was engaged in shaving a customer. The bullet shaved the face of a boy who was waiting."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

And very likely the lad had only dropped in for a hair-cut

"SAFE, Milner, suit tradesman, 60s., drilling machine, 70s."—*Advt in "Daily Express."*

The drilling machine should have been offered afterwards—to somebody else

THEY were discussing the eternal marriage question.

MOTHER (after a pause): "Well, there's Charles Adams."

DAUGHTER "Charles Adams! He is old, he is ugly, he is mean, he is a coward. Charles Adams! Why, he has nothing in the world to recommend him except his wealth."

MOTHER (softly) "You forget his heart disease."

MINISTER "And so, Saunders, you think that we ministers should have larger salaries? I am glad you have such a high opinion of us."

SAUNDERS: "Aye—we see we wad get a better class o' men!"

A SCOTCH student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool

"By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

"WHAT are the Christian names of the young couple next door?"

"We won't be able to find out till next week. They've just been married, and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pet."

YOUNG DOCTOR (breathlessly): "I am told that a gentleman who lives in this house has broken a leg."

RESIDENT: "Yes. Are you a carpenter?"

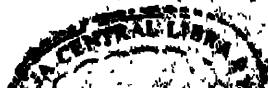
YOUNG DOCTOR: "A carpenter! No; I'm a surgeon."

RESIDENT: "We want a carpenter, not a doctor. It's a wooden leg."

A SMALL boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass.

She explained: "On your right is the east, your left, the west, and in front of you is the north. Now what is behind you?"

The boy studied a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told me you'd see the patch in my pants."



The late Principal of Doveton College and Alexandra High (Nobles) School, Bhopal, C.I., is at present open to engagement. Offers a refined home, sound education, including drawing, painting, and music, careful character training and physical culture to the sons of noblemen. Highest references given and required. Terms on application to "Omega," c/o Manager, "THE COMRADE."

A young Muhammadan M.A., Sub-Deputy Collector, of noble family intends contracting marriage alliance in the family of some Raus, Zemindar, Barrister or high Government official of Behar or up-country. For particulars communicate with A. B. c/o Manager, "THE COMRADE." 25-2-11.

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BASTI DANISHMANDAN,
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Mr. Syed Mohammad Hossb,

4-7-11. Rai, SHEKHOOPUR, BUDAUN.

Advertiser an educationist of ripe scholarship requires post of Secretary to an enlightened Indian Nobleman. Willing to travel if necessary. Apply to "Senex," c/o Manager this paper. Highest references furnished.

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Apply to X c/o Manager, "Comrade," 109, Ripon Street, Calcutta.

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Apply for terms to:—MANAGER,
"The Comrade,"
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Baidiwalla's TOOTH POWDER is scientifically made of Native and English drugs, such as Mayapahal and Carbonic Acid B. P. No. 4.
Baidiwalla's RINGWORM OINTMENT, No. 4.
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8-4-11

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3 Suits for Rs. 10-8.
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Complete Suit " 12-0 only.
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Superior quality " 7-8.
" " " 9-0 each.



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40	Imitation Silk Socks	" 4-8 "
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2	Curzon Topies	" 2-10 each.
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The Comrade.

A Weekly Journal.

Edited by - Mohamed Ali.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share.
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere.
They only live who dare!

—Morris



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Notes.

THE heart of the Punjab is still alive. Nay, the life of a generation ago has now been quickened by more education and by the growing belief in its necessity in the keen struggle for existence.

Last week we had said that the only answer which the Living Hearts of the Punjab could offer with propriety to the narrow-minded comments of a Lahore paper on the Moslem University was "to prove once more by munificent gifts their right to the title of *Zinda-dilan-i-Punjab* which Sir Syed Ahmed gave them. Well, the Punjab was not long in giving that answer, and it has proved, if proof was necessary, that the title given thirty years ago was never better deserved than to-day. From accounts that have reached us from private sources, we can picture to our selves a sea of enthusiasm rolling on and carrying away all before it. The reception given to H.H. The Aga Khan by Oudh was itself unparalleled. In the newly created record was beaten by the people of the Punjab. The Lahore station platform gave the idea of a crowded meeting in England, and as His Highness alighted from the train he and his party were surrounded in flowers. When the Lahore supply of flowers was wholly exhausted, the gardens of Lucknow and Agra were laid under contribution for providing a truly Punjabi reception. The procession started outside the station exceeded in its proportions anything ever seen in Lahore. It traversed

a distance of five or six miles, and passed through more than fifty triumphal arches. The streets were lined by crowds on both sides. Women had vied with men in decorating the streets, which presented a unique appearance. When daylight failed, the workmen had worked through the night, and when one artisan even more energetic than the rest was told that he would be awarded a medal for his zeal, he answered, "The only medal I want is our University." Mussalmans in the local courts, offices and schools had been given a special holiday, and so great was the rush that roads were blocked even so early as sunrise. One hundred and fifty young Mussalmans of good family in uniform escorted the Aga Khan on horseback. Students from all colleges and schools followed on foot, waving the banners of their respective institutions. Several bands were playing of their own accord at different places. Sherbet and milk were being supplied to the passersby free of charge. The prize distribution at the Islamia College was followed by a Garden Party given by the Hon. Nawab Fateh Ali Khan Qazilbash. On the following day, the Moslem students of Lahore presented an address of welcome to the Aga Khan, expressing in eloquent terms their gratitude for "making a living reality that grand idea which the genius of Sir Syed conceived, and which up till now was nothing more than a beautiful dream." In the afternoon of the 25th the great meeting took place, and it is estimated that more than 60,000 people were present. This mass of men represented all classes and sects. The head of the Qazilbash family presided. The Hon. Mian Mohamed Shafi, that personification of energy, read his report as Secretary of the Provincial Committee, in which he promised that his province would give three lakhs. After the speech of the Aga Khan, the promises of subscriptions were noted down, and they exceeded four lakhs. Pir Syed Jamaat Ali has pledged himself to a contribution of two lakhs from his disciples, and Khwaja Kamaluddin has promised a lakh on behalf of the Qadiani sect. K. B. Maulvi Rahim Baksh, C.I.E., President of the Council of Regency of Bahawalpur, promised a large donation on behalf of the State, subject to Government approval, and another on behalf of officials and subjects of the State. Nawab Fateh Ali Khan gave Rs. 30,000, the Hon. Mr. Justice Shah Din Rs. 6,000 and the Hon. Mian Mohamed Shafi Rs. 5,000. Smaller subscriptions exceeded a lakh and a half. These are unmistakeable signs of life, and H.H. the Aga Khan confessed that the Living Hearts of the Punjab had not only proved that they were alive, but also gave a new life to others.

خدا کی برکتیں پنجاب اور پنجاب والوں پر

This is a higher bid than that of Oudh, but we believe Bombay is going to outbid both. Well done, Punjab! Wake up, Bombay!

WE ARE glad to learn that the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association has taken steps to check some of the licence and intemperance of the Indian Saturnalia. Drunkenness among certain classes becomes at this time almost universal, and lewdness of the worst sort is the consequence. In this way, a festival connected with the Indian springtime and the vernal harvest, which would have been a natural occasion for the simple gaiety of an agricultural community, and for the earnest thanksgiving of a religious people, has been converted into a series of orgies, in which drunkenness is the substitute for genuine mirth, and filthy language takes the place of the prayers of gratefulness. These are matters in which, from very good motives, if not for equally good reasons, Government cannot interfere. We, however, note with satisfaction that the conscience of educated Indians is now awakened and they are ready to guide their more ignorant brethren. The Bombay Social Reform Association has addressed a circular letter to all Hindu Clubs, Mandals and Samajes suggesting lines of action. The distribution of written orders by *gurus* will be a useful measure. So also will be the holding of meetings in temples and public halls, and the organisation of a band of volunteers to persuade people to abstain from the customary orgies. All this, however, would be of little use unless another suggestion of the Association is adopted, and sports of a healthy and wholesome nature are organised as a rival attraction. We have no objection to *kirtans*, *bhajans*, temperance songs and lectures, but we fear they would lack the essential gaiety of the occasion. These should be one of the features of the festival, but counter-attractions like athletic sports, wrestling matches and Indian games, some of them of a most useful character, besides being very entertaining, should form the major portion of the items of the Holi programme. We would also suggest the desirability of emphasising the agricultural character of the festival, so that Mussalmans, who now keep aloof from it as a religious ceremony, may take a larger share in it as a harvest-thanksgiving. Will not Mussalmans do something to adapt their ceremonies also to the needs of the times? Islam has few festivals, and they are of a very sober and simple character. But the tragedy of Karbala is commemorated in most places as if it was an occasion for joy and mirth. In Bombay, liquor shops are closed right through the *'ashra* by order of Government. One would think this was out of respect for Moslem feelings, and highly appropriate for the celebration of an occasion when the Prophet's grandson and his family were denied even a drop of water from the Euphrates. But we must confess to our shame that the reason for this is wholly different. Mussalmans—yes, Mussalmans—used to get so hopelessly drunk on these occasions that total abstinence had to be enforced during the *'ashra* on non-Moslems as well. But not to be beaten by these tactics, the Mussalmans of Bombay now lay in a good stock of the forbidden juice long before the *'ashra*, and are as gloriously drunk as ever. We wonder which is the sadder tragedy, the awful affair of Karbala or the indulgence of the followers of the Prophet in drink, which is *haram* on all occasions, and which should have been doubly *haram* during the first ten days of the Moharram.

IN OUR issue of 28th January, we wrote on the subject of "Provincialism and the Moslem University," that "if the Government of Bombay had been a shade busier in providing for Moslem education on the lines agreeable to the Moslems, even if only from Moslem donations, than in formulating ideas schemes of its own, . . . the Mussalmans of Western India would not have had to wait so long for the first great step in their school education." We referred then to the generous scheme of the Hon. Mr. Fazulbhoy Curimbhoy Ebrahim of Bombay, which was published early in 1907. We had been informed on very good authority that action had been delayed so long as the late Director of Public Instruction of

Bombay had suggested to our philanthropic compatriot, material alterations in his scheme, but that the latter had not been converted to the views of Dr. Selby. We now learn on the best authority that Mr. Fazulbhoy has never laid that scheme before the Government. We are informed that he was preparing one, but deferred it till the return of H.H. the Aga Khan from Europe last December, and has now decided not to move until the question of the Moslem University is more advanced. This is indeed a wise step, although we were under the impression that things had gone far beyond the stage at which they now seem to be, for we had ourselves seen even detailed courses of study for the proposed school. We would now strongly urge that the gift of 3 lakhs, which the Hon. Mr. Fazulbhoy and his sister intended to make to their co-religionists, should take the form of a contribution to the Moslem University in one shape or another. He is now himself a Trustee of the Aligarh College, and can exercise the needed control over the management of its funds. We are, however, sorry that the information, on which we relied in making the remarks we have quoted, should have turned out unreliable, and unhesitatingly express our regret at imputing avoidable delay to the Bombay Government. That Government has always expressed deep sympathy with the Mussalmans of the Presidency. We would urge on them the desirability of utilizing the good feeling that has been shown towards them for the improvement of the condition of Moslem education. H.H. the Nizam made a memorable remark in his speech at the banquet given at Hyderabad in honour of Lord Minto, that it was not enough to have sympathy for the people. It was also necessary to impress them with the sympathy. We have no doubt that the action of H.E. Sir George Clarke in appealing the other day to the Mussalmans of Bombay for collegiate and female education will succeed in impressing on them that the sympathy of his Government is as practical as it is sincere.

IF ONE word is more responsible than another for a good deal of ill-feeling created between communities, it is efficiency. Efficiency.

The Hon. Mr. S. Sinha could not have forgotten the reply of Lord Curzon to advocates of a larger share for Indians in the administration of the country. Efficiency was the plea for refusing to redeem the pledges made in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858. But that soothing word did not have the same effect on Indian politicians that Mesopotamia had on a certain old lady, who told her pastor that she "found great support in that comfortable word." They have always urged, and urged rightly, that it is not just to make one of the rival candidates for office judge the comparative efficiency of the other. But when a question of Hindu and Mussalman comes before our patriots, we are regaled with lofty political sentiments such as the Hon. Mr. Setalvad expressed at the last Budget meeting of the Bombay Council, when he said there can be no representation of communities in the administration, and that efficiency should be the only criterion. He and those who think like him did not say what should be the criterion of efficiency, and who should judge it. We know what happens in practice. There is a persistent and abiding temptation to discover in a man of one's own religion and caste unmistakable symptoms of merit, and the caste-mark thus becomes the hall-mark of efficiency. The latest discovery of this character is made in the Punjab by the Hon. Member representing Behar. Mr. Sinha asked Government if they were aware that in pursuance of a Circular published by the Divisional Commander (Supply and Transport Corps), Lahore, "trained and efficient apprentices and other hands have been discharged and replaced by untrained and inefficient men, on the alleged ground of adjusting class or religious balance." The Hon. Major-General Grover, C.B., replied that "one temporary clerk ceased to be employed on the 17th October and one on the 28th November last, and *officers* Muhammadans have been employed in their places." He added that the orders recently issued refer to the future recruitment of the clerical establishment in all departments of the Army and do not affect those already in service. Appointments

(so-called), who are permitted to attend offices purely in their own interests, have no claim to special consideration." These are the "trained and efficient apprentices and other hands" in whose interests the Hon. Mr. S. Sinha put his question. It would be interesting to know on whose judgment the questioner relied before giving the apprentices a certificate of training and efficiency and condemning those appointed in their places as untrained and inefficient. We wonder whether the standard of efficiency was supplied to him by certain Post Office officials of Eastern Bengal against whom we as well as other journals have been receiving numerous complaints. We avoided the subject for more than a month, as there is no doubt that even the airing of a just grievance of this character often leads to an increase of bitter feelings between races and creeds, and for our part, we consider one individual injustice to be less harmful to society as a whole than the bitterness resulting from efforts to redress the grievance. But things have gone much further in the office of the Postmaster-General of Eastern Bengal and Assam than in the case of the two "trained and efficient apprentices" of the Punjab. Unless an enquiry is soon made into the dismissals, appointments, degradations, promotions and transfers made at the suggestion of a Personal Assistant and a Superintendent of the Postmaster-General's Office at Dacca, there is a danger of matters coming to a head, and the resignation of many Mussalman postal employees. Many tears were shed at the Partition of Bengal, which was alleged to separate brother from brother, and father from son. But if all that we hear about the grouping together of Calcutta men in the Postmaster-General's Office at Dacca be true, then the Partition seems to have made Dacca only a suburb of Calcutta. We would advise the employees in that office to have patience, and await the results of an enquiry by the Postmaster-General himself in the first instance, and if that is unavailing, by the Director-General of Post Offices. It would be a curious result if it is established that the definition of efficiency manufactured in the Punjab travelled not only as far as Behar, but reached Dacca also.

Moslem Under-graduates and Aligarh. The figures supplied by the Hon. Mr. Butler in reply to the Hon. the Maharajahdiraj of Burdwan should open the eyes of Mussalmans, and specially of those who still think that mixed Colleges have sufficient attraction for their co-religionists.

The percentage of Moslem undergraduates in the Colleges (excluding those in Native States) affiliated to the Universities of Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, is 107, 3.9 and 6.6 respectively. In the Punjab it is 11.8; but in that Province the Mussalmans are about 53 per cent. of the total population. Much has been done by the Islamia College at Lahore, and more will be done now "by the first-born of the Moslem University at Aligarh." But it is the College at Aligarh itself that is responsible for the excellent figures of the Allahabad University, where the percentage of Moslem undergraduates is 23.9 as against 14 Mussalmans per cent. of the total population of the Province. All the same, the Punjab has a strong contingent at Aligarh, and so have Behar and Bengal. A year and a half ago when the Trustees submitted a representation to the Government of India, they gave figures which showed that out of a total of 789 students then at Aligarh, the United Provinces had sent only 166 or 46 per cent., while the Punjab had sent 130 or 16 per cent., Bengal and Behar 92 or 11 per cent., Eastern Bengal and Assam 33, Hyderabad (Deccan) 58, and there was not a single Province of India that was unrepresented. Similarly, out of a total amount of Rs. 12,000 spent in 1907-1908 on stipends to poor students, those in the United Provinces received only half, and the rest was distributed over the other Provinces more or less in proportion to the number of students sent by them. In view of these figures, the Trustees of the College were fully justified in asking the Imperial Government and Local Governments other than that of the United Provinces to contribute grants-in-aid like the Government of the latter Province. The Hon. Sir John Hewett had expressed the opinion that the Trustees might with propriety ask for

such financial support, and the Government of India recognised the contention of Aligarh to be an institution rendering great educational services to all Provinces of India to be "to a great extent correct." But the Imperial Government could not make any grant-in-aid to the College from Imperial funds on account of the financial depression of 1910-11. That depression is now happily removed, and Aligarh can no longer be put off with propriety from sharing in a surplus of 3½ millions. We trust the Patron of the College, Sir John Hewett, will not fail to press the claims of his Province and of the great institution under his official patronage when the almoner of the Government of India is throwing away tens of lakhs to other Provinces and for other projects.

THE anarchist is, unfortunately, still with us, and there seems to be no probability of anarchism being rooted out of the country at an early date. Human nature being what it is, it is no wonder that

The Outrages. public attention is directed to the possible remedies only when some ghastly tragedy shocks us. But a time like that is clearly the worst for calm and dispassionate reasoning. We believe it is a rare sight to see an English constable running; for the authorities regard a cool head as far more necessary in a policeman than a faster pace. This applies to the detection of crime all the world over, specially when the crime is of such a character as the outrages perpetrated in Sikdar Bagan and Dalhousie Square. For our part, we have no desire to be quite as dogmatic as some of our contemporaries in suggesting infallible remedies; but we must confess we strongly feel that no change is necessary in the laws already passed to meet an abnormal situation. The arm of the law is long enough and strong enough. We have to strengthen the more scientific and intelligent element in our police force, men who would patiently take up each clue as it comes to them, and add up evidence bit by bit after fully sifting it. Lucky flukes often pass for brilliance, but no merely lucky detective could show a long record of success. It is the tortoise that wins the race. The people, too, owe a duty; but we have no reason to believe that they shrink from doing it from disloyal motives. It is absurd to ask them to produce the criminal. Nay, it is to libel them as the accomplices of the criminal. If they shrink from coming forward to help in the inquiry, the reason is partly the fear that the helper may himself become the suspect, and partly the lack of a keen public as distinct from a private conscience. But the educated classes now realize that the anarchist is no more throwing bombs at the foreign official but aiming a severe blow against their own liberties. The recrudescence of anarchy at this particular moment can mean nothing else. We therefore hope and believe that it will brace people up to risk something in defence of their liberties, even the risk of police suspicion.

Verse.

To—

THE light of the moon to thy splendour is weak,
The rose is eclipsed by the bloom of thy cheek,
Thy ways are so charming, thy manner so meek,
Oh, stay dearest maid, for with thee would I speak.
I have sought thee when waking, in sleep still I seek;
My strength is fast melting, my soul groweth weak.
Then stay, I beseech thee, one moment bespeak
For a vow in thine ear, for one kiss on thy cheek.
The form that I cherish—the maid I adore,
Has passed from my gaze. I shall see her no more.
My soul's like a bark sinking fast in the sea,
I scan the dark waters, for one glimpse of thee
No break in the tempest, no hope from the wave,
I've loved: I have lost thee: let the sea be my grave.

EDMUND R. ORR.

The Comrade.

The Budget.

THE Hon. the Finance Member rose to address the Council on the 1st instant in a much more cheerful mood than he could experience last year. The success of his "gamble in rain" had given him an optimism that he lacked on the last occasion, and the "gamble in opium" had brought him a windfall with which he could afford to talk of reducing capital liabilities, easing interest charges, and strengthening the national credit, and to dole out largess on a grand scale for education and sanitation. An Imperial surplus of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions is indeed sufficient to raise the spirits of any Finance Minister. But as nearly 3 millions of this were clearly due to a windfall not likely to occur again, the Hon. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson refused to dispense with the "additional strength" which the new taxes imposed last year had brought to the resources of the Government.

He has, however, seen his way to reduce the tobacco duty by a third; but as he is careful to explain, this financial measure is decided upon solely in the interests of increasing revenue. The sudden rise in the tobacco tax had dislocated the import trade. Moreover, those forms of the industry in India which depend on an admixture of the foreign with the indigenous leaf, had been hard hit by the new tax. It is now hoped that the difficulty will be removed to a certain extent, and the maximum of revenue will result with the minimum of hardship. On this assumption, the yield of the duty has been raised in the Budget for the coming year by about 5 lakhs. The Finance Member had counted on a yield of 63 lakhs from tobacco, but the revised estimates show that he has been nonplussed by the cheap cigarettes, the yield being little over 29 lakhs. The estimate of 34 lakhs for the next year is, therefore, a much more cautious one, and it is probable that the pendulum would now swing with equal rapidity in the right direction.

The silver duty has, on the other hand, more than realized the expectations of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, having gone up from a crore of his budget estimate to over 19½ crores in the revised figures. Whether this tax is as "inoffensive" an auxiliary to the general resources as it has proved "powerful," is open to doubt. At any rate, judgment must be reserved for the present, and we should await the opinions of the trade, and specially of the textile industry of Bombay so ably represented in the Imperial Council.

The budget estimate of receipts from sale of Bengal Opium was a modest 6.57 crores. It was arrived at by estimating the sale price at Rs. 1,750 per chest. Opium experts, who also happened to be interested in the dropping of the proposed silver tax, had challenged this estimate; but the Finance Member was firm. The result is that in the revised estimates the rate per chest is Rs. 2,925, and the resultant revenue no less than 10.98 crores. An excess of nearly 4½ crores may be a fortunate windfall, but it is poor estimating. No doubt that the depression from which the country was suffering last year demanded cautious estimating. But it also demanded in an equal, or, we should think, in a greater degree, cautious expenditure. How far the latter demand was satisfactorily met can be judged from the fact that the budgeted expenditure was 757 million sterling against the actual expenditure of 73 millions in the previous year. At any rate, there was no need to call in the auxiliaries when the regular forces of opium could be counted upon. It is customary to cross a river when we come to it. But the Finance Member first conjectures a rushing stream and then throws a substantial bridge across it. That is, however, ancient history to-day. The question for immediate consideration is, whether the Finance Member is justified in using the surplus accruing through low estimates of opium revenue in discharging debts. As the increase is non-recurring, it would clearly be unwise to increase recurring

expenditure under any head. But we are not so sure whether this sudden influx of revenue could not be usefully spent on education or sanitation to a larger extent than has been allotted to them by the Finance Member. We would be surprised indeed if advocates of these two necessities of India do not demand a larger share of the largess when the budget is discussed next week. As regards the principle of standardising the opium revenue according to a diminishing hypothetical scale, and using any surplus on services for which the ordinary revenue of the year would not be available, we are at one with the Finance Member. We also appreciate his desire to subordinate financial to ethical considerations in dealing with the opium revenue, and our compatriots must be grateful to him for his transparently sincere remark, that they are a sensitive and sympathetic race inspired by lofty ideals. But when India does not shrink from bearing her share of the burden, "since it will contribute to the uplifting of a sister nation," it is legitimate to ask that if China still cherishes the evil so much that it is ready to pay more than double the ordinary rate per chest of opium, the enhanced price of the vice should go to cleanse India and educate her children. The improvement of national credit is laudable enough, but we have bitter memories of the uses to which that credit is put, and would prefer a more direct return of our sacrifice.

Out of the ordinary surplus not due to opium, which exceeds a million, even after waiving the right of the Imperial Government to its full proportion of income from Land Revenue, varying allotments are made to Burma, Eastern Bengal, the Punjab, Madras and Bombay. We congratulate Bombay on its good fortune in running away with a third of a million sterling for its Improvement Trust. But the other provinces will not be so sincere in their congratulations, and we know that the United Provinces can do with a good deal of money just at present.

Turning to the provision for the next year, the estimated revenue is £77,927,600 and the Expenditure (after Provincial adjustments) is £77,183,800. The surplus of £743,800 is sub-divided into ordinary £563,400 and special from opium £180,400. This would have been still greater if the Finance Member had not to provide nearly a million for the Royal visit, and the military concentration at Delhi. No loyal subject of His Majesty would grudge this humble contribution of India for so historic and unique an event. But it is questionable whether the expenditure of half a crore on an extraordinary concentration of troops at Delhi is equally justifiable. Our army is maintained for much more useful purpose than ceremonial parades, and our King needs no help of scarlet uniform and burnished steel when he is in the midst of his own people. Far from improving the occasion, military display, we fear, would spoil the symbolic character of the Royal visit. British bayonets are a necessity for the reign of law. But they are also a necessary evil, and should not be made to obtrude on an occasion of such unique significance. What needs display is England's greatness in the arts of peace and not her glory in war.

Nailing the Lie.

THE HON. SYED ALI IMAM, as we said in our last issue, killed one "false and foul libel" in his speech at the public dinner given to him at the Town Hall, and we expressed a hope that it was now past resurrection. The only way to deal with such calumnies is to nail the lie to the counter, and in using straight and uncompromising language he did a service not only to the Government he served, but also to the people whom he in a special way represents.

But he himself has not been spared by the libeller, and it will not do to neglect "the false and foul libel" to which he was subjected during the Reform Scheme controversy. We are anxious that nothing should be said or written which may tend to reopen the old discussions. But there are some untruths that have been spun like a cat, and one of them concerns Mr. Ali Imam and those who thought like him on the question of Muslim Representation. After his well-deserved appointment as the Law Member, with three

Mahomedan journals which showered unmerited abuse on him have been silent. They have recognised that the Hon. Mr. Ali Imam is now first and above all a Minister of the Crown, and for five years at least party politics and he are poles asunder. He may have been wrong or he may have been right, in this or that particular, as a leader of the Moslem community; but that chapter is now closed, and no purpose can be served by referring to his opinions of some years ago when he was bound to consider certain questions from a point of view different from that of a Minister of the Crown. Notwithstanding this, some Anglo-Indian Journals still persist in alluding to those opinions, and the pity of it is that even at that they woefully misrepresent him.

The *Pioneer* spared no pains at first to oppose the succession of an Indian to the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Sinha. With remarkable ingenuity, it read into Lord Minto's speech at the United Service Club, when his lordship said that he had always argued that "appointments to the Viceroy's Council should be made only on grounds of efficiency in addition to general qualifications for high office," a meaning which Lord Minto very soon repudiated by his appointment of Mr. Ali Imam. The *Pioneer* wished the world to know that Lord Minto had wished to elucidate his position in this matter because his words "were meant for Home as well as Indian consumption," and he would be no party to the appointment of an Indian as Mr. Sinha's successor. This laboured interpretation was ruthlessly brushed away by the Viceroy, who showed that he meant his remarks for the consumption of those whom he was directly addressing, and that in appointing another Indian to his Council he had argued in exactly the same manner as he had done before. This was evidently too much for our Allahabad contemporary. It ridiculed the Secretary of State as well as the Viceroy; and in trying to beat the offending new Law Member, whose only crime was "efficiency" and the possession of "general qualifications for high office," the *Pioneer* discovered the right stick in his views on Moslem representation.

The Law Member has succeeded in a remarkably short time in winning golden opinions of all parties, and the dire results prognosticated by some oracles of Anglo-Indian journalism have not come about. The Hindus are no less pleased with his impartiality than the Mussalmans; and the Government has secured a tower of strength, while the "microscopic minority" has found in him a powerful advocate as well as a sound mentor. It is only the Cassandras that are disconsolate and doleful. But it is fortunate that to our knowledge they are very few, and against the large credit side of the account after the Law Member's Town Hall speech, there is only the dissent of the *Madras Times* that has to be debited.

Our Madras contemporary has fallen into the same mistake as the *Pioneer*, and shares with it the pit of a long-lived error. The *Madras Times* says that the Law Member "is against the principle of separate electorates." Well, we have no means of knowing what Mr. Ali Imam now thinks of separate electorates. The seal of office is now on his lips, and the journalistic stethoscope has yet to be invented which could indicate the working of official hearts. In fact, some even doubt the existence of that organ in the official anatomy. All that we know is that the Government of India, in which, according to the Hon. Mr. Cope, our frivolous and irresponsible comrade, he has the Moslem dowager's Anna share in the Rupee, has uncompromisingly pronounced in favour of separate electorates only a month ago. We also know that in his freer days Mr. Ali Imam was the first Mussalman to condemn the creation of mixed electoral colleges suggested by Lord Morley, and that it was from his clear pronouncement as President of the first real session of the Moslem League at Amritsar that the Mussalmans took their political cue.

Our Madras contemporary has a reputation for correct knowledge and responsible criticism, and we do not think it can afford to risk it by depending on interested rumours merely for basing its judgment on statements like the Law Member. We know that some vernacular

papers did give the impression that Mr. Ali Imam was against separate electorates, but whatsoever the motive, it was a suggestion of falsehood. In October 1909, however, when the Right Honorable Mr. Amir Ali's scheme of Moslem representation sent to the India Office was published in India, a letter appeared in the *Times of India* and the *Pioneer* simultaneously, and gave the lie direct to all such assertions. For it published the schemes of Mr. Ali Imam and Mr. Amir Ali in parallel columns, and clearly showed that Mr. Ali Imam, while asking for the same number of seats for the Mussalmans through their separate electorates as Mr. Amir Ali had done, had also asked for the participation of the Mussalmans in the mixed electorates. As the *Pioneer* and the *Madras Times* are still misled by hazy rumours sedulously circulated at a time when Mr. Ali Imam was not in India and could not contradict them, we re-publish the two schemes for their information—

Mr. Ali Imam's scheme.

(a) That the Muhammadans should have no less than 6 seats allotted to them to be filled in by purely Muhammadan electorates so that at least one representative of that community from every one of the larger Provinces of Bombay, Madras, Bengal, East Bengal, the United Provinces and the Punjab should always have a place in the Imperial Council.

(b) That out of the 12 representatives to be elected by the non official members of the Legislative Councils of the six Provinces mentioned above, at least two, one from the Punjab and the other from East Bengal, should be returnable in view of the preponderance of Moslem population in these two provinces, on the strength of an absolute majority of Muhammadan votes over non-Moslem votes.

(c) That out of the 7 representatives to be elected by the landholders of the 6 Provinces mentioned above, and the Central Provinces, at least two, one from the Punjab and the other from Bombay, should be returnable in view of the preponderance of Muhammadan landed interests in these Provinces, on the strength of an absolute majority of Muhammadan votes over non Moslem votes.

(d) That considering the representation from among the landholders of the Punjab and Bombay by mixed electorates is calculated to leave the Hindu landlords of these two Provinces in a permanent minority, and that similarly such representation is calculated to leave the Muhammadan landlords in East Bengal and the United Provinces in a like permanent minority, and that inasmuch as the social relations of landlords in these four provinces necessitate the representation to be on a more harmonious basis, the two seats returnable by Muhammadans may be so arranged as to be taken in rotation by the landlords of the four Provinces of the Punjab, Bombay, East Bengal, and the United Provinces.

(e) That in view of the position and population of the North-Western Frontier Province and Baluchistan, at least one seat should go by nomination to a representative Muhammadan of these Provinces.

(f) That where the system of mixed electorates is introduced the principle of cumulative voting should be enforced.

Mr. Amir Ali's scheme.

(a) Six of these seats should represent the General Mussalman Community by an electorate framed for the purpose in the 6 Provinces which are regarded as ripe for the larger application of the elective system, viz., the Punjab, the United Provinces, the two Bengals, Bombay and Madras.

(b) Nil

(c) Two seats should represent the Muhammadan land-owning classes.

(d) The constituencies should consist of the general Muhammadan electorates so that the landowners returned might keep in touch with the Mussalman community and not be entirely divorced from it.

(e) One to represent the Frontier Province and Baluchistan exclusively inhabited by a Muhammadan population.

From an examination of the two schemes placed in a convenient juxtaposition it will be clear whether Mr. Ali Imam ever opposed the creation of separate electorates for the Mussalmans. If his scheme is in opposition to such electorates, as the *Madras Times* and the *Pioneer* think, then words have lost their old meaning and significance.

How far Mr. Ali Imam's views were opposed to "the orthodox views of the Moslem League" [is hardly worth discussing to-day. The Behar, Bombay, and Madras Leagues, at any rate, fully shared them. Even in the Punjab, a prominent Moslem politician had joined at Amritsar in condemning the scheme of Lord Morley, and had said that he "gladly recognised that the scheme formulated by His Excellency the Governor-General in Council (and Mr. Ali Imam was all through a supporter of Lord Minto's scheme) after due consideration of local circumstances and based upon local knowledge of the political conditions prevailing in this country, provided far better representation on proper lines." If the All-India Moslem League showed any vacillation, it was only temporary. Collectively, and through its President, the League has thankfully accepted the present arrangements which do not differ materially from those proposed by Mr. Ali Imam. His Highness the Aga Khan lost no time in showing clear approval of the reforms as finally sanctioned. Mr. Ali Imam had only differed from Mr. Amir Ali in desiring to secure to the Mussalmans the benefits of participation in mixed electorates, in addition to the seats desired by both through separate Moslem electorates. On this question the Aga Khan shared the views of Mr. Ali Imam, and wrote to the *Times* of London:—"I rejoice that the arrangements made introduce the principle of Moslem participation in the general elections. My public declarations throughout have shown that while I regard separate Moslem electorates as a very real necessity of existing conditions, I look forward to a time when the various sections of the Indian population will be a united people of one nationality. Though the Mussalmans cannot hope to win more than a seat or two at best, they will welcome the opportunities for association with other communities that will be provided in general electorates. It is both our bounden duty and our privilege to live and work with the Hindus and other Indian races as loyal subjects of the Imperial Crown. . . . For my own part, I shall feel that any contribution I may make, or have made, to this end will constitute the greatest service it has ever been my lot to render to my community."

It is an irony of fate that it was only for expressing identical sentiments that some Mahomedan journals called Mr. Ali Imam "a traitor to his community." The title was indeed purchased but too cheaply, and it must have satisfied Mr. Ali Imam to find another distinguished Mussalman like the Aga Khan bidding for its possession in the open market. Those days are happily gone, and we must not rake up old memories of factiousness and misunderstandings. But when responsible journals like the *Madras Times* resort to the dissemination of idle and malicious rumours when it serves some party purpose, we believe it is best to nail the lie to the counter. With true statesmanship Mr. Ali Imam had provided, in his political career, not only for the needs of the moment but also for the ambitions of the future, a scheme accepted wholeheartedly by a just Government. Now that he is a member of that Government himself, we have not the slightest doubt that he would do the same both as servant of the Imperial Crown, and as a representative of the "microscopic minority" in which Hindus vie with Mussalmans in honouring him, the carping criticism of our contemporary notwithstanding.

CORRESPONDENCE



Behind the Veil.

Thursday, February 23rd.

MY DEAR Comrade,

If I swing for it, I must tell you my adventures and experiences of this afternoon. An opportunity that a man gets once in a lifetime occurred to me, and I should be a dolt, a fool, an idiot if I didn't make the most of it. For the benefit of mankind in the future, I had better not tell you how I came to be there—for if they once find out, the precautions will be redoubled. To exonerate myself in the eyes of the fair ones, I had better say at the very start that my knowledge was gained purely by accident. Fate arranged matters for me, and if any of them had been in my position, would they have hesitated to take full advantage of the situation?

Your curiosity is being excited to the highest pitch, my dear Comrade, I am sure, but I am striving to find words to give you an adequate description of the beauties, the splendours I saw before me, and yet not to lift the *pardah* (by Jove, I nearly let out the secret), I mean the curtain that veils the secrets I am about to betray.

Picture to yourself the Museum—the Art Section—for once worthy of its name. Benares *sarees*, sparkling jewels, not hung in dull array in showcases, but enhanced in beauty by sparkling eyes, raven tresses, rounded forms.

If I gazed long and eagerly, it was not from any vulgar curiosity, but with a purely academic interest. All the opportunities we poor men ever have, of even trying to divine the mysteries that lie behind the *pardah*, are gained from the few specimens we see in our daily lives, and I might as well try and construct a Clara Vere de Vere from 'Arriet on 'Ampstead 'Eath, as imagine the grace, the delicacy, the beauty before my eyes, from Mania the *mamsahib's* ayah.

When my dazzled eyes had somewhat recovered their normal vision, I noticed a number of my own fair compatriots amongst the crowd. How charming, I thought, to see Kipling's lines fulfilled to see East and West meet at last.

A representative of each strolled past in front of me. They stopped for a moment, and I overheard a fragment of their conversation. I was about to stop my ears, but I caught the words "beautiful dress," and I concluded there was no harm in listening.

"What beautiful dresses you English ladies wear! What a pretty pendant!" said Indiana.

"Yes, my dear," answered Britannica, "but you mustn't mind my telling you that amongst us it is not considered very good form to make personal remarks."

"Good form?" repeated Indiana, "but the Judge sahib's *mamsahib* always talks to me like that. I thought that was the proper thing to say." They moved on, and Britannica's answer was lost.

Another group came past me. What profound problems were they discussing?

One of the ladies wore an earnest look. A sola topee crowned her head, and a hobble skirt impeded her limbs. In her hand she carried a bundle of papers.

"It is such a pleasure to meet you, my dear sister; but I cannot let this opportunity pass of telling you where the true light lies. How can you persist in following the blind idolatrous faith that the ignorant heathen have taught you. Come to us, dear child" They passed on once more.

A group of Englishwomen came in view. "What a bore these *purdah* parties are—I've had enough—let's clear off."

The clock struck the hour—I must have dozed off,—for the next thing I heard was the voice of an attendant giving orders to close the place.

I beat a hasty exit, reflecting deeply on parties in general, *purdah* parties in particular, and speculating as to the precise amount of friendly interest promoted by them. I am still wondering and have arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. I wonder when we go to the Zoo and stare at the animals how much friendlier they feel towards us. I suppose they must, or I am sure the *burra memsahibs* would not have adopted this standard. Or was it more reminiscent of a charity school feast? You mix in high society, and are the comrade of all, and can answer these questions more satisfactorily than a mere

PREPENDING TOM

Female Education.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE"

SIR,

I beg to thank you for publishing my last letter in your widely circulated journal. I shall be highly obliged if you will kindly publish this letter also.

In that letter, I did not say clearly, that I required no monetary help from the general public. My annual income being very small, I would necessarily ask the Government to help me with a suitable monthly allowance.

All I want my Indian brethren to do is that they should send their girls to me, and make necessary arrangements for conducting the school successfully. Even five or six girls will do for the present to start with. The guardians of the girls will kindly arrange for their conveyance, till I get an allowance from the Government.

Gentlemen desirous of communicating with me direct, are requested to kindly quote their designations below their names.

13. Wallulla's Lane

KHATOON.

(Mrs. Sakhawati Husain.)

Census.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

I venture to claim the hospitality of your columns regarding the entries in enumeration schedules as regards Muslims. As compilations from these entries are generally used for statistical and ethnological purposes, both by the official and the non-official world in India, it is but only fair that accuracy should be the criterion in the matter. In the specimen schedule attached to the Manual of Instructions issued to the Supervisors and Enumerators, the entries under heads Religion (column 4) and Caste, Tribe, or Race (column 8) are not accurate enough, considering that Islam has various sides and is a religion as well as a fraternity. There is no *caste* or *jati* in Islam. In it the professional occupa-

tion of a person has no bearing on the question of his religious belief, although the same to a certain extent regulates his social position and standing

Therefore, in my humble opinion, the entries should be:—

Religion—Islam

Sect—Sunni or Shia

Sub-Sect—Hanafi or Akhbari

Caste, Tribe, or Race. In this column the clan name of the person returned should be written such as (1) Syed, (2) Sheikh, (3) Moghul, (4) Pathan, with the name of the particular section if desired, such as Bungush, Chaghtai, etc.

Another sub-column under head "Occupation etc.," might usefully be added, shewing if the vocation of the person concerned is "Hereditary."

S. H. OBAIDUR RAHMAN.

Hastings, Calcutta.



Gunga Mai : A Memory.

SHE was very stately that day, my lady, as she swept in smooth dignified waves under the arches of the old bridge. Such a responsible trust-inspiring air. It is no wonder that little maidens seek her at dawning, when the light lies musty and low over her bed, whispering their secrets as they fill their bright vessels. That those shadowy, white-shrouded figures, silent widows, come to unburden themselves of the sins of men, and seek solace from her, mother of all.

Who could imagine that but a short four hours ago she was coquetting in dangerously sweet pirouettes, rippling under currents of laughter, soft delicious sighs which ended in bubbles of wickedness. All so fatal to man. Still less could one believe, that it was only a week since she had ruthlessly changed her course, sweeping away in a high passionate temper a beautiful summer house and garden. Oh, she's very capricious, my lady, and alas, how she steals into one's heart, captures one's very soul. In all her moods she makes you follow her. And under her many caprices you realise her magical purity. You throw yourself into her arms in ecstasy. How tenderly she holds you, folding and unfolding her gossamer veils of dainty blues and greens around you. Her lovers are thousands, and have been millions, yet she makes you feel you are the only one. She wears your wreaths on her bosom, holds out lovely arms for your gifts, and her lips singing low seductive songs seem only yours.

Once, so they say, came a life-sick man to find peace at her side. He found it a strange sweet peace, the peace of her embrace. She unfolded her shimmering veils one by one; blue, green and silver at noon, red, mauve and gold at sunset; sapphire-tinted in the moonlight. As he gazed in rapture, she revealed her face and stretched out her arms. No human can refuse her when she calls.

A merchant was taking some jewels by boat, so runs the story. Exquisitely shone the stones in their bed of gold, destined to deck a shy child-bride. He smiled as he thought of their beauty and what they would bring him. My lady was gay that day. She broke into delicate ripples round the boat, and laid two perfect hands on its edge. The jeweller in a dream put his precious box into them, and they disappeared in the golden spray. It seemed to him a poor gift for such a privilege, and ever after he spoke of it regretting nothing. Legends surround her. Illusive stories, sad and sweet, brilliant and joyous, they lie like the mist of evening, concealing and yet revealing her. A delicate barrier between her, and a careless world.

ATO.

Short Story.

Doctor Raghunath.

AFTER twenty-five years of service I had resigned my post and was going home. One evening as I sat arranging my old letters, suddenly I came across a newspaper cutting. I unfolded the paper, and as I glanced at the first few lines, the memory of a pale young face and a pair of startled dark eyes came to me. A face from the past which faded away into the dusk and left me wondering.

It was long ago. I had then just come into the village. A great cyclone had visited the land and left the mark of its cruel rage on all nature and things. I was schoolmaster in a little village in Eastern Bengal. One evening as I sat in the verandah of my little thatched bungalow, I heard footsteps. A Bengali lad of about twenty years of age stood on the stone steps. He had on the usual loose tunic and cloth, and a scarf hanging from his shoulders. He was of small slight build with a boyish face, out of which a pair of dark eyes looked at me with a startled expression. I rose and went to him. He said in a gentle weary tone. "Sir, may I have a night's lodging here? I was hurt in the train during the cyclone while travelling home. I have been lying ill in the house of a gentleman since then, and have just left it to go home."

I took him in and learnt he was a student in the Medical College at Calcutta. As he was a gentleman's son and a student, I was glad to offer him my hospitality, and gave him a bed in my room. The boy was quiet and seemed thoughtful. That night I was suddenly roused from my sleep by a loud voice. The lad was sitting up in his bed and saying in an excited tone. "Oh God! what eyes, what a hungry horrible gap! It wants to tear out my that heart. Where are the keys? I must open the door of room! What is—!" He ceased, and fell back in a swoon on his pillow. I threw water on his face. He opened his eyes once and then went off into a deep sleep. I wondered at his strange words.

The next evening, while resting in the verandah, I turned to the lad who was seated silent at one end, and said, "You did not sleep well last night."

He looked at me quickly and said in a frightened voice.

"Why, sir, what did I do?"

"You sat up and said a great many things." The boy rose from his chair and began to pace the verandah. At last he stopped before me, and said in strangely quiet voice:

"Sir, I must tell you all, or I shall go mad. Listen and I shall tell you a tale which will startle you, but do not think me mad. God knows I am speaking the truth." He sat down on a chair by my side, and said in a tone of command. "Listen well, sir, to my story."

He seemed to hold me with "his glittering eyes," and like the "wedding guest," I sat still and listened, "like a three years' child" to this tale.—

My name is Ranjit Kumar Gupta. A month ago, our college being closed, I started for Dacca which is my home. There were only two passengers in my compartment. One of them, an old gentleman, got down at the second station. I glanced at the remaining passenger. He was a tall fair man with good features, a high forehead, and a thoughtful look in his dark eyes. His face was clean-shaven. He was dressed in a black suit—the coat being rather long. A large wooden box and a small bag seemed to be all his luggage. The words "Dr. Raghunath Roy" were printed in large letters on the lid of his box.

"Soon a great storm arose. The train trembled and quivered, passing through fields, jungles, towns, and villages. A great cyclone had come and large trees and huts were uprooted and blown about. At last the train stopped in the middle of a field, for some of the carriages were smashed and broken. The sun had set and it was fast getting dark. We stood gazing in silence at this sudden fury of

the skies when all at once I felt a stream of water on my head. A loud sound was heard, and I knew no more.

When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying down. I tried to sit up, but blood flowed from my head down my face. My head was bandaged. I sank back exhausted. My companion of the train, Dr. Raghunath Roy, was standing near me and said:

"Do not attempt to get up. Your head is cut severely."

"Where am I?" I asked.

"On the platform of Kushtea Station. Our carriage was smashed, and we were in the wrecked train all night in a field. Another train brought all the passengers here this morning. A great cyclone has come and gone and many lives have been lost."

I looked around. The station was crowded; the groans of the injured and cries for those dead were heard on all sides. Raghunath had some bandages and medicine in his hand. He left my side and pushed into the crowd. I saw him attending to those suffering and hurt. For more than an hour, silently, he bandaged, washed, and tended their wounds, bringing relief to all. Then he returned to me and said in a kind voice

"I must go home by boat now. Can I do anything else for you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied eagerly, "take me with you, for I am alone and too ill to go home now. I shall leave when I am better."

He remained silent a moment thinking, then said:

"All right, come with me. You shall remain till you are well enough to travel home by yourself."

I was carried on a plank of wood to a large boat on the river, which was a few yards from the station. For three days and three nights we sailed on the broad Padma river, passing many villages and rice fields, and then we entered a narrow *khal* (canal). At last we anchored at the ghat of a small village. From there we got into palanquin and reached our destination, a small whitewashed house about three miles from the village. It was a lonely place, the only other inmates being an aged Brahmin cook and an old half-witted maid servant. As I entered, I knew not why, a strange feeling of fear stole over me.

After a week, thanks to the care of Dr. Raghunath, I was better and able to go about a little. There were three rooms and a verandah in the house. One of them was our bed-room. There was a large hall in the centre. The walls of this were lined with large book cases filled with books, and in the centre was a table and two or three chairs. The third room, a small one, on one side of the house was always locked, and I was told it was the doctor's study.

I saw very little of Raghunath. He used to go out for long walks morning and evening. After his mid-day meal he would enter his study, shut the door from inside, and remain in it till sunset. Sometimes in the mornings he would sit and read for hours in the library. He usually returned home from his evening walk after dark. He spoke little and went about his work silently. He seemed to forget my very existence sometimes. Now and then at meals he would exchange a few words with me. One day he asked: "Have you heard from home?" "No," I replied. "I have written and asked for money, but have got no reply yet." He then for the first time asked me my name, where I lived, and what I was doing. I learnt too that he had been to Europe to study medicine. On his return he had lived with a Sannyasi for five years, in the study of some almost lost sciences of India and wonderful remedies. It was to try a difficult experiment that he had taken this little house in this lonely place and had given himself up to his work. Soon after this conversation, another day, Raghunath said:

"You must feel very lonely all day. As you are studying medicine, perhaps you would like to read the books in my library. You are welcome to use them."

I was glad to avail myself of the permission. I found the book-shelves full of priceless volumes in Sanskrit, Arabic, and

English, of Science and Medicine, both modern and ancient. I could read only Sanskrit and English. I took down some, and the days were no longer dull.

One day I said to my host, "Sir, can I help you in any way in your work?"

He looked at me in a startled suspicious way, and said abruptly:

"No, thanks my lad, there's nothing you can do."

Two more weeks passed and yet no letter came from home. I began to weary of my exile here, for I was quite strong and recovered from my injuries. A strange feeling of impending danger stole over me too. A mystery seemed to be within the doctor's little closed room.

At the village, in my walks, I learnt that Raghunath tended the sick as a labour of love and that he was respected by all. But no one knew anything more of him.

Gradually a change seemed to come over this strange man. He became more silent and seemed always to be lost in some anxious thought. Sometimes he would pace up and down the verandah restlessly muttering to himself. I often found his eyes fixed on me with an intense look in them. Sometimes he would sit listless and idle for hours without entering even his little room.

At last I became anxious and eager to leave this lonely place, and be rid of the company of this strange silent man. I looked forward to my letter and money from home daily.

One evening, as I sat in the verandah looking at the view of the village and river in the distance touched by the red glow of the setting sun, Raghunath returned from his walk earlier than usual. A small brown canvas bag was in his hand, and as he walked past me hurriedly, a horrible smell reached me. He took no notice of me, however, but entered his study and shut the door.

I did not see him at supper that night. The next morning when I awoke it was raining heavily. By the evening the wind and rain grew worse, but Raghunath with a bag in his hand, went out as usual. A storm arose at night, and yet my host had not returned. I took my supper alone and went to bed, wondering where he could be in this awful weather. Early next morning the old cook roused me from my sleep saying:

"Sir, Master returned home after midnight dripping wet. He was shivering and looked ill and is in bed now. Will you go and see him?"

I rose at once and found my host lying on his bed in high fever, almost unconscious. Now and then he was muttering to himself. I nursed him all day. Towards evening he became very restless and lay with his eyes open. Suddenly he sat up and with a wild look said in a loud voice: "All is ready, my work nearly done! What cannot man do with the help of science? India will be the better for it. It will be peopled with a new race of strong men. Sin!—is it a sin to perfect science, to benefit mankind? All is ready. Only a heart is wanted."

He was silent for a while gazing wildly around and then continued:

"A newly-uprooted heart,* warm and beating with life, to fill the gap! Where shall I get it? Why should I delay? What is a boy's life sacrificed to science? Will all my efforts be fruitless for the want of one thing only? Oh God, give me courage and strength! A cyclone!"

Raghunath ceased and fell back on his bed in a swoon. I listened in horror to his ravings. Slowly, the meaning of his strange words was borne on me, but my brain and mind refused to believe its awful meaning. At last I rose determined to find out the mystery in the doctor's little room. I searched for the keys and found them in the pocket of the unconscious man. With quick steps and a wild fear at my heart I went to the room, and with trembling hands I turned the key of the door. It was a

small room with two small windows high up on the wall. The walls had shelves all round, and on them were a great many bottles, boxes, curious looking instruments, and some bones. A large table stood in the centre, and on it was a large oval tub covered with a white sheet. I knew in an instant that the secret of the doctor, the mystery of the room, would be revealed as soon as I lifted it. A horrible feeling came over me, and yet a strange attraction drew me towards the table. I lifted the sheet. Oh, God!—

The boy covered his face with his hands, as if trying to shut out some dreadful sight. Then he lifted his head and continued:

"I stood horror-stricken, gazing at the sight which met my eyes. My heart seemed to stop beating, my blood froze within me! It will haunt me all my life. Floating in the tub in a yellow liquid, was the huge body of a naked man, nearly twelve feet in length. All the organs of the man's body and limbs were perfect, even the blue veins could be seen. The eyes, a deep black, were staring up, void of expression. Only one thing was wanting. A large gap gaped at me from the spot where the heart should have been. Like the hungry jaws of a demon, the empty place seemed to want something. I knew then, that as soon as its want would be supplied, this unnatural man would become alive. I gazed fascinated at this silent creature, lying staring up at me, neither dead nor alive, dumb, and without a heart. As my eyes remained fixed on its black vacant ones, it seemed to me that a cruel hungry look came into them. They seemed to say, 'Give me a heart and life, I have none.' It seemed as if the creature would spring up and tear out mine with its two huge hands. A cold shiver went through me. I closed my eyes and knew no more. When I opened them again I found myself on the ground, leaning against the wall. A gentle cool breeze was coming in through the door, and the morning had come. By degrees I remembered everything, and I rose and went out without looking back, and locked the door. Raghunath was still unconscious on the bed. I flung the key on to the floor, and left the house that instant. Soon I reached the village. The sun was high in the heavens, and the green fields, the river, and village touched by its golden rays made a pretty picture. The peaceful scene seemed to say, 'It is only a dream, it cannot be true.' But from among the trees in the distance could be seen Dr Raghunath Roy's little white house. I had a few annas with me, and crossed the river in a ferry boat, giving the boatman all I had. Since then I have been walking from village to village in search of lodging till I can get home."

The lad had ended his tale. His lips were parched, his face drawn and pale, and beads of sweat stood on his brow. I thought to myself, "This boy has weak nerves, and he should never have gone in for medical study and the dissecting of bodies," for I did not believe his story then. A week later money arrived from his home, and he left.

About a month after this, I came across the following paragraph in the Padma weekly:—

"A LIVING HUMAN MONSTER—A startling horrible tale comes to us from the little village of S—on the banks of one of the branches of the River Padma. We are told that a monster man, about twelve feet in height, appeared suddenly one morning in the village, and went about killing men, women and cattle. He was quite nude. No one could say from where he came. He was first seen to issue from Dr. Raghunath Roy's house, three miles from the village, in a lonely place. After going about among the panic-stricken villagers, and roaming about in the jungle near by, the monster returned at night to the doctor's house. The next morning the creature was found dead by some wood-cutters in the jungle. From the appearance of the dead body, which was torn and mangled, it seemed as if he had been killed by some wild animal—probably a small tiger or leopard, which are often seen in these parts. It is difficult to believe that a living Rakshas appeared in these times, but nevertheless about thirty or forty villagers solemnly affirm the truth of this horrible tale. Doctor Raghunath Roy was subsequently found dead in his room. A huge stone was lying on his breast.

SNEHALATA SEN.

*It is a well-known fact in medical science, that after death for some time the functions of the heart and some of the organs of the human body are still active and

Anecdote.

THE following anecdote is related of the late Lord Glasgow.

His lordship was travelling by rail one day, and tendered a "fiver" to the booking-clerk for a ticket.

"Put your name on it," said the youth.

Lord Glasgow endorsed it as requested and handed the note back.

"Here, you old idiot!" cried the clerk, "I want to know who you are, and not where you are going to."

ALLUDING to the accidents of birth, Lord Warwick told an amusing story recently. Some years ago when he was connected with the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and drilling his men on the common, a man in very poor circumstances and indifferent health came up and said, "Good morning, Colonel; I know you very well, my lord." The peer answered that he did not remember the man, whereupon the latter rejoined, "My lord, I am the baby that you were vaccinated from."

THERE was no greater admirer of the qualities of Lord Fisher, who, having attained his seventieth birthday, retires from the active list of the Navy, than Queen Victoria. A delightful story is told of how, when a certain French admiral was about to pay a visit to Portsmouth—this was when Sir John was Admiral Superintendent at the dockyard—the Queen requested him to be sure and "be very nice" to the visitor. With a face as impassive as a Chinese mandarin the Admiral replied, "I'll kiss him if you wish it, ma'am!"

WHAT he afterwards laughingly described as a "nerve racking experience" once befell Lord Loreburn, the Lord Chancellor, who is a great smoker. During the course of an important speech in the Commons, he was pulling a bundle of notes out of his pocket when a much-smoked briar-root pipe rolled on the ground. Flinging his memoranda on the seat behind him, he made a dart for the pipe, and, amid the breathless interest of the House, examined it carefully to see if it was damaged. With an air of relief he restored the precious object to his pocket, and the House cheered sympathetically.

IT was really as a lecturer that Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whom someone has described as "the darling hope of romantic fiction," first became famous, and many an interesting anecdote he tells of those days. Once, speaking at a small Scottish village, the chairman, having referred to "the mon wha's come here tae broaden oor intellects," remarked that a short prayer would not be out of place. "And O' Lord," the good man went on, "put it intae the heart o' this mon tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth, and gae us grace tae understand him." Then with a glance at Mr. Hewlett, he added, "I've been a lecturer mesel!"

WHILST Lord Archibald Campbell was at Eton, he and his elder brother, the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Ronald Gower were commanded to Windsor by Queen Victoria. Her Majesty turned to Lord Gower and asked what form he was in. "In the fourth, ma'am," he replied. She put the same question to Lord Lorne, and received the same answer. "And what form are you in Archie?" Her Majesty said to Lord Campbell. "Nonsense, ma'am," he replied. The Queen was puzzled. She repeated the question. "Nonsense," repeated Lord Archibald, unabashed. Eventually it was explained that "Nonsense" was really the name of the form, to distinguish it from the "Sense" form, the difference between the two being that in the latter the Latin verses had to make sense, and in the former the boys might write nonsense so long as it scanned.

Selections.

Bureaucracy and Democracy.

II.

WE ARE not required to examine the whole long list of the fatal vices imputed to democracy as a form of government (as if all democracies were alike), how it is sworn and devoted to mediocrity; how it has no time to reflect, and therefore has no guide but its instincts; how idealist it is, and therefore how contemptuous of the real nature of things; how impatient it is of any delay between a desire and its satisfaction, between a decision and its effects. The defect that concerns us here is the passion of modern democracy for simple ideas and absolute principles. There is the weakness and there is the danger; and the value of Mr. Chisolm's book is that nobody can read it without perceiving, if he never perceived it before, how impossible it would be, and if possible how mischievous, to transplant simple ideas and absolute principles into the hundred disparate communities that make India. Reaction, too, by the way, has its simple ideas just as revolution has. As the present writer put it three years ago in language quoted by Mr. Chisolm: "We shall get through this clouded moment, but only with self-command, and without any quackery or cant, whether it be the quackery of blind violence disguised as love of order, or the cant of unsound and misapplied sentiment, divorced from knowledge and untouched by cool consideration of the facts."

In discussing the government of dependencies by a free State, Mill declares that in this age of the world there are few more important problems than how to organise the rule of more backward populations by the agents of the more advanced, so as to make it a good instead of an evil to the subject people, providing them with the best attainable present government, under conditions most favourable to their future permanent improvement. "The ruling country in such cases ought to be able to do for its subjects all that could be done by a succession of absolute monarchs, guaranteed by irresistible force against the precariousness of tenure attendant on barbarous despotisms, and qualified by their genius to anticipate all that experience has taught to the more advanced nation." On our immediate point of responsibility, he draws a just distinction between governing a country under responsibility to the people of that country, and governing one country under responsibility to the people of another. Be it so. Still our question remains, to whom, then, is the paramount authority in India responsible? Mill is scarcely at his best on this topic, for he wrote at the moment of the transfer of Indian administration from the Company to the Crown; it agitated him a good deal, and as an important servant of the Company for the longest part of his life, he always took its dissolution to be a profound and irretrievable blunder. This personal accident is one thing that detracts from the weight of his line of argument in the Indian discussions of to-day, and another is the transformation that has taken place during the fifty years since he quitted Leadenhall Street, in the internal conditions with which the Indian statesman has now to deal. We may note in passing how many changes in the system of government have been made by Parliament as time has gone on; how many different arrangements have been set up since Warren Hastings—the Acts of 1784, of 1833, of 1853, of 1858, of 1861, of 1892, the Councils Act of 1909. The mutation in the political temper and aims of influential schools of thought or feeling in London, Simla, Poona, Bengal, has only been matched by successive mutations in administrative machinery. This long series of alterations in the schemes for Indian government are only less remarkable, if indeed they be less, than the expansion of territorial dominion from the first British factory at Surat in 1612, or the acquisition of Madras in 1639, into the vast confines of our present day. But to return to Mill and his proposition that "while responsibility to the governed is the greatest of all securities for good government, responsibility to somebody

else not only has no such tendency, but is as likely to produce evil as good." Ill, ill would it become me "to lay hands on my father Parmenides," but this proposition seems to bring us within sight of the doctrine, always quite ready to assert itself, or at least to exert a private hold in minds of a certain cast and habit, that the whole deliberative, executive, and judicial experience concentrated at Westminster and Whitehall, and all the lessons and ways of looking at the art of government derived therefrom, are a commodity for which "they have no use" in the administration of Asiatic communities. It is not necessary, however, to say more on this because Mill comes at last sufficiently near for practical purposes to the point now before us. "The responsibility," he says, "of the British rulers of India to the British nation is chiefly useful because, when any acts of the Government, are called in question, it ensures publicity and discussion; the utility of which does not require that the public at large should comprehend the point of issue, provided there are any individuals among them who do; for a merely moral responsibility, not being responsibility to the collective people, but to every separate person among them who forms a judgment, opinions may be weighed as well as counted, and the approbation or disapprobation of one person well versed in the subject may outweigh that of thousands who know nothing about it at all. It is doubtless a useful restraint upon the immediate rulers that they can be put upon their defence, and that one or two of the jury will form an opinion worth having about their conduct, though that of the remainder will probably be several degrees worse than none. Such as it is, this is the amount of benefit to India from the control exercised over the Indian Government by the British Parliament and people." Though set out with something less than his usual lucidity and force, and by no means exhausting the case, this may content us. No Government can be trusted if it is not liable to be called before some jury or another, compose that jury how you will, and even if its majority should unluckily happen to be dunces.

Our British demos so far has done nothing to warrant any scowling apprehensions. Consider the most recent experience. The House of Commons elected at the beginning of 1906 represented the high-water mark of all the opinions, leanings, principles, sentiments, convictions, that would naturally be most jealous, critical, and suspicious of any system necessarily worked upon non-democratic principles. Yet has any House ever shown more reserve in handling Indian business? Embarrassing questions of all sorts have been asked. So they were, and always will be, not only about India, but about Egypt, about foreign policy, about the Navy. To prepare the answers, consumes wastefully but perhaps not wholly without profit the time of the Minister and the office. They are a nuisance to ambassadors and sea-lords and overworked secretaries at Simla. After all, they are like bad weather, of which both officers and men have to make the best, and the best is not so bad as to be at all unbearable. Impatient critics should note this, moreover, that if a question is serious in the degree of its embarrassment, and if the Minister says so, says that to answer is against the public interest, the thing falls. The Indian questions in Parliament since 1906, to any Minister who should happen to have undergone the wearing and sometimes ferocious ordeal of Irish questions—not seldom, in troubled times, forty, fifty, sixty, in an afternoon, almost as many as Indian questions in a session—have been child's play. At about the same date as the election of 1906, from causes explored by Mr. Chisolm in these pages, difficulties and dangers of no common gravity advanced on the Indian horizon. They were met in their more violent and lawless forms by stern measures of repression. These measures assuredly did not escape notice in the House of Commons, nor would it have done the House any credit if they had escaped. Vigilance over such things is just what the House of Commons exists for. Here is not the place for a single word upon the right or wrong of the measures themselves, but this at least is certain, that no vote or speech or motion or chain of troublesome questions

in the House of Commons arrested, or was seriously designed to arrest, their operation. If any imperfectly informed disputant chooses to contend that their operation might have been more extensive and still more efficacious, but for the knowledge and the fear in the mind of the Government of minatory misgivings in Parliament, then he is really arguing that the Secretary of State at Whitehall and the Governor-General at Simla should between them be free to make and execute any laws they like, without responsibility to anybody either in India or at home. *Quod est absurdum.*

Argumentation of this sort, thus put into plain words, recalls some pungent language of that stout-hearted lawyer, Sir James Stephen, about persons in India who in his day objected to what they regarded as over-legislation, not, as he says, because they objected so much to any particular laws, as to the government of the country by law at all. "It is a favourite doctrine," he says, "that the Government of India possesses the absolute power of the old native States, subject only to such limitations as it chooses to impose upon itself by express law." This was written in 1875. No more remarkable advance has taken place in the generation that has intervened, than the gradual decline of the state of mind that Stephen here analyses and rebukes. The temptations are obvious. Executive short-cut is so much simpler than a circumspect tribunal. Yet everybody in his cool moments will own that nothing could be worse than any revival of the old ill-omened opposition between the King's Courts and judges on the one side, and the Company's Courts and services on the other. The King's Courts in such untoward circumstance may be expected to stand firm. No worse shake could be given than their acquiescence in any attempts to dislodge them—to set up executive convenience as rival or superior to judicial decision. No sure gain can be imagined than the steadily increasing confidence among the people of India in the inflexible justice, impartiality, and competence of the Courts. The connexion between political and judicial institutions is always close and deep, and the best working administrators in either will tell us that our ascendancy is best secured in both by steadfast regard for the virtues of humanity and strict good faith.

One slightly ominous sign of possible mischief at home both to India and to Parliament may be detected in a suggestion made by an important representative of the Labour Party in the House of Commons, that two or three members of that assembly should always have a place on the Indian Secretary's Council. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is already prominent as an excellent debater and a clear writer; he knows how to think, and he has paid what I may call a sensible visit to India, and shown that he knows how to learn, though, like other people, he cannot always help thinking wrong, or sometimes learning amiss. That a man of this temper and position should be for planting two or three members of Parliament in the Council of India at Whitehall is an intimation of future chances and risks that is not to be overlooked. Alarmists, to be sure, will hardly avoid the regulation references to the French Revolution, they will remind us of the despatch, first by the Constituent, then by the Convention, of a couple of representatives and commissaries to each of the armies to keep the generals up to the mark, as well as a pair or more to keep the judges straight upon the criminal bench. Apart from this consecrated historic parallel, there are those who would make a present to Mr. MacDonald of a rival suggestion of exactly opposite tenour, namely, that instead of putting two members of Parliament on the Council here, everybody appointed by the Secretary of State to the Governor-General's Executive Council at Calcutta should by way of probation undergo two years of hard labour in the House of Commons.

If choice were unhappily inexorable between the two, we had better take the latter. The Council of India was founded, apart from a supreme voice in certain questions and occasions of finance to be a consultative and advisory body for the Secretary of State.

This Minister is himself a member of one of the two Houses, and he is a politician with a seat in the Cabinet. What use either to him or his colleagues in the Council would be two or three consultative and advisory politicians sent, I do not know precisely how, from the House of Commons? What could they tell him that it is not the concern of himself and his Parliamentary Under-Secretary to know without them? If these two or three assessors are to go beyond advice and consultation, and take part in executive power and responsibility, what becomes of the sound doctrine sufficiently well expressed in one of Mill's Parliamentary Speeches? "When a popular body knows what it is fit for, and what it is unfit for, it will more and more understand that it is not its business to administer, but that it is its business to see that it is done by proper persons, and to keep them to their duties. I hope it will be more and more felt that the duty of this House is to put the right persons on the Treasury Bench, and when there to keep them to their work." In this everybody who has either thought about such points, or had to do with them, will agree. But it will be a mistake if invincible dissent from the particular suggestion were to prevent wise readers, official or non-official, who try to forecast the future course of Indian affairs, from noting Mr. MacDonald's cogent words that when the Crown became responsible for India the intention was to make Parliament supreme in its government, and that Parliament should challenge at every point any claims to the contrary. If statesmen in India or here overlook such language as this, and all that it means they are as the courtiers of King Canute. How fortunate, if these threatened challenges are delivered by men of the calibre, the strong heads, the close industry of Fawcett, Bradlaugh, and others in the seventies—men to be described, as Fawcett was, "confining himself to discussing questions upon which he could speak with authority, and to enforcing principles within the line of practical politics."

While considering the action of democracy at Home, we cannot shut our eyes to its action in Commonwealths over the seas. One of the most impressive chapters in Mr. Chirol's book is that dealing with the position of Indians in the Empire. There is no excess in the prominence that he gives the intensely difficult, if not desperate, question of the attitude adopted in British Colonies generally towards Asiatic immigrants. His warmth will surprise nobody who has seen the anger blazing in the eyes of the most accomplished and highly trained of our Indian fellow-subjects—as good in every way as the best of men in Whitehall—at the thought that if he presented himself in South Africa he would there and then be packed off bag and baggage on to his boat again. An Indian member said at the recent meeting of the Viceroy's Council: "Indians are hated on account of their very virtues. It is because they are sober, thrifty, industrious, more attentive to their business than the white men, that their presence in the Colonies is considered intolerable." "No single question of our time," said Mr. Gokhale on the same occasion, "has evoked more bitter feelings throughout India than the continued ill-treatment of Indians in South Africa." Not a single attempt was made, says Mr. Chirol, who was present, by any member of the Government to controvert either this statement or "the overwhelming array of facts" showing the nature and extent of the ill-treatment. The whole tone of the debate he describes as "extremely dignified and self-restrained, but no Englishman could have listened to it without a deep sense of humiliation. For the first time in history, the Government of India had to sit dumb, whilst judgment was pronounced in default against the Imperial Government upon a question that has stirred the resentment of every single community of the Indian Empire." One point in this account of the universal resentment has a very direct bearing on the general question submitted in this paper. People in India know, says Mr. Chirol, that the British Labour Party, while professing great sympathy for their political aspirations, yet "has never tried, or if it has tried it has signally failed, to exercise the faintest influence in favour of Indian claims to fair treatment with its allies in the Colonies,

where the Labour Party is always the most uncompromising advocate of exclusion and oppression, and they know the power that the Labour Party wields in all our Colonies."

LORD MORLEY—(*Nineteenth Century and After.*)

The Bombay Council's Attitude to the Mahars.

AT THE last meeting of the Bombay Legislative Council the Hon'ble Mr. Garud of Dhulia moved that members of the depressed classes such as Mahars and others be accorded equal opportunities for employment in the public offices and for admission to the Government schools. It is a significant circumstance that though the Council consists of Hon'ble members boasting of culture and higher education, Mr. Garud's proposition was unanimously lost, the only members voting for it being the mover and the seconder, the Hon'ble Mr. Rafiuddin Ahmed. We can understand the official members voting against Mr. Garud's proposal, for there might be practical difficulties in the matter of enforcing equal treatment for all, although the attitude of Government towards the Mahars will undoubtedly be one of benevolent sympathy. The action of the non-official members is inexplicable except on the assumption that Hindus are not advanced enough to admit, even in theory, that low castes have under the British Indian Government certain rights which they should be allowed and encouraged to exercise. If so the incident will afford matter for reflection to those who are never tired of proclaiming that India, with her most varied, and often conflicting interests, is fit for self-government. If Indians cannot be trusted to treat the despised and down-trodden Mahars with justice, our countrymen's claims for autonomous Government must rest on a very slender foundation indeed. The speech of the Hon'ble Mr. Sharp, Director of Public Instruction, who replied on behalf of Government, was characterised by cynical indifference, as remarked by the *Statesman*. Mr. Sharp mentioned that in a particular office the clerks threatened to resign in a body if a certain Mahar peon was appointed, and therefore, he argued, action should be deferred on this account. The Maharaja Gaekwar under similar circumstances acted with a firmness which displayed his statesmanship to the fullest extent. When the students of a certain College in Baroda threatened to give trouble if a Mahar student was admitted into the College, the Gaekwar rusticated the ringleaders and declared them ineligible for service in any of the offices under his Government. The difficulty conjured up by Mr. Sharp could easily be surmounted by a trifling exercise of authority. The Government while admitting the theoretical equality of all classes, professed their inability to take special steps to remove the disabilities operating adversely against the Mahars. Although in theory educated Mahars are eligible for public appointments in common with others, they are as a matter of fact shut out from public service by a sort of tacit understanding between caste Hindus who have the upper hand in Government offices, and who would on no account brook the spectacle of a Mahar clerk working at the same desk with them. They would keep out such men on specious excuses which they could impose on the European heads of offices, who are thus made unconscious parties to an act of injustice to the low castes. This is an aspect of the problem affecting the depressed classes which ought to appeal forcibly to Government who, we have no doubt, are sincerely anxious to extend equal opportunities to all.

(*United India and World Service.*)



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

THE POLITICIAN (to the Depressed Voter): "Brother, give me thy vote, but away with thee!"



The Council.

By THE HON MR. GUP.

"As large a charter as the wind to blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

THIS the gala performance specially given by the Imperial Oratorical Company for the benefit of the functionary at the Box Office. But there were some preliminaries to go through, and two of the performers signed their contract for the season. Grover walked up to the table where Mac presides in a gait suggestive of seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. With soldierly precipitancy used a full-throated oath after the fashion of the Mess Room, and was enlisted as a member of the Company. Alas for poor Grover

Farewell the blooming troops and the big wars
That make man-slaughter virtue! O, farewell,
Farewell the spirit-stirring Mess, the ear piercing mirth
Of martial banquets, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,
That swells the Budget and the warriors' heads,
And manufactures all the K. C. R.'s.
And, O immortal soldiers, whose rude throats,
The tin-god Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
When travelling first class on a lower ticket,
Farewell! For Grover's occupation's gone!

He will now be playing the rôle of a simpering legislator, and meeting the deadly arrows of the interpellator with the breastplate of patient replies, and resisting the onslaughts of the mover of resolutions against the existence of the Army with soft speeches of a Civil nature.

The Undesirable Alien, as the new Foreign Secretary is generally known in the ranks of the Civil Service, followed his comrade in arms; but he did so with all the composure and stolid mien of the practised diplomat, and took the oath of allegiance with the customary diplomatic finesse.

But the curtain did not go up even after this. The orchestra had to discourse sweet music for a while, and Bootlair Sahab began with a short solo in double bass. The Mild Hindu had asked for some figures about the supply of filtered water, as he was afraid of Bootlair Sahab's inclinations in favour of the cellar. So the master of the pantry vindicated his temperance by showing how Government had contributed upwards of half a million sterling on water. But as nearly the same amount had been paid for

drainage, Bootlair Sahab's figures show that a million which could drown the British Garrison in a sea of seething champagne had been thrown into the sewer. That was the Indian Drain Theory, and a good answer to the Mild Hindu.

Madge began the interrogatories with something about the Anglo-Indian, *alias* Domiciled, *née* Eurasian community, but found Grover to be well versed in the law of legal and customary prescription and a practised hand at legal definitions. In the soldiers' legal lexicon there is no difference between *de jure* and *de facto* cantonments, and in most things the doctrine of *factum valet* prevails. The Hon. Cross-Bencher played another overture for the benefit of untrained and inefficient Mussalmans. Later, flogged the dead horse, "Afghan", which had started with too slight a handicap. Burly Raja was in a statistical mood. Asked percentage of Moslem Undergrads in view of a contemplated princely contribution to the Moslem University, and then went on to correct the Army orthography about Pakschhattriyyyyas wrongly spoken of as "Khattris." Grover confessed the error but did not admit it was so slight as the Burly Raja supposed. His people were not wrongly called "Khattris" in the Army, but after the fashion of the Mackintoshes of Scotland were known as "Chhatris." Their number was over 32,000, but not as good as Burly Raja wanted. The reason was plain. If all were not as rich as the Burly Raja they were still too well off for the Army. The "faul" is the Indian version of the workhouse, and none but the starving stalwart need apply. It is only *in forma pauperis* that an Indian can beg the benign Government for the privilege of dying for his King and country.

As silence was losing its fashionableness for Rajas, Dig-er-Patty rushed in where commoners feared to tread. Government, however, still found silence in fashion, and hushed the inquirer. Sir Guy was, more communicative, and told the questioner that they made no difference between Indian and European about house allowance of officers drawing between Rs. 500 and Rs. 2,500 per mensem, although the Rs. 2,500 per mensem were still "roughly speaking" a European preserve. Sandow II. also informed him that so far as he knew no paper was allowed to make a dishonest penny by Government advertisement. Of course the Rs. 65,500 of the Rai Bahadur exceeded the penny limit, and also happened to be honestly earned by another form of advertisement, of Government.

The curtain then rose up and disclosed Sir Guy in a pose of wonderful financial hilarity.

There was a sound of revelry—by day. India's capital had gathered then her Beauty and her Oratory, and all went merry as a marriage bell. But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell. Did ye not hear it?—Reclining on the cushioned green bench in the high hall sat Sir Douglas, the Staff's well favoured chieftain. He did hear that sound the first amidst the oratory, and caught its tone with the soldier's practised ear. His hand rushed to the pocket where the soldiers keep a packet of playing cards or failing that a book of psalms—to stop a chance bullet straying in the vicinity of the heart. Out came the watch that on many a battle-field had kept time to a beating heart. But, alas! it was only 12-30, and not the welcome sound of the 1 o'clock gun which adjourns the inanities of orators for an hour and a half of the serious business of lunching. It was only the booming of cannon for a belated Raja's special!

Sir Guy was optimistic, but not so optimistic as to do away with the additional vim provided by silver and tobacco. Subjected the latter only to a slight correction, as the former correction had nearly killed the weedy creature. Referring to the weather, that ever-green topic of hair-dressers in England and financiers in India, said even that was contaminated by the unrest in the Lower Provinces, and "some anxiety was caused by the behaviour of the Bay of Bengal current." Like the Undergrads of Bengal, it was "precocious and feeble." It advanced into India much before its usual time and then displayed considerable weakness.

Referred to increase of revenue unaccompanied by an increase of working expenses of the Railway. "That campaign of special renewals and repairs," when Wyne accompanied by a host of coolies armed with axes and spades went to war to the great dread and embarrassment of Sir Guy, was not repeated this year. In spite of the Mild Hindu's malicious smile, approved of his last year's budget cloud that had a silver lining. Encouraged a lot of sedition by ridiculing the politician still true to salt.

Had less to say of expenditure, and the less said the better. Proudly pointed out that out of a Budget of 757 millions had saved 4 millions, or the magnificent fraction of $1\frac{1}{3}\%$ per £. Excess over budget provision occurred in Opium and in the Political charges. Latter due wholly to fluctuations in the drawings of his subsidy by the Amir. His Majesty must now draw his subsidy with a steady hand, and not with the shaky hand of legislators when drawing the cork after midnight.

Out of the cave of Adulman, first selected Debt and wished to clear it out by devoting two-thirds of the Opium windfall to it. The remaining third to be devoted to Discontent, in the shape of Education. But nothing for Distress, and left it to feed on the taxpayers.

In doling out to Education referred to Bootlair Sahib as the Fundit. The cat is at last out of the bag! For it is known on good authority that Bootlair Sahib was taken back into the fold by the Shudhi Sabha during his recent tour to Pryag for *pryaschit*.

In forecasting the finances for 1911-12, trusted that Famine, Plague and War "will pass by our doors." This has formed a *casus belli* between Sir Guy and No-More-Kay. It was bad enough to associate the Army with Scarcity and Disease, but worse still to close the hospitable doors of 15, Kyd Street to H.E. the C-in-C.

Looking round, said, "So far as we can scan the horizon, there is no danger signal in sight at present." Had hardly finished the sentence when the Red Chuprassie blazed forth into the room, and handed perhaps sealed orders to Grover to be ready for any emergency on the Frontier.

Found considerable difficulty in separating the normal movements of the figures from the Cakewalk and Contortion Dance and the Catch-as-catch-can of provincial adjustments. Referred to opium as "that restless and baffling Head of Revenue." Opium could certainly baffle the Head of the Finance Department, but don't know how *Pishunr Samisteyan* could make the new Sage of Chelsea, the Head of Revenue, restless. While praising

all others, found Interest and Customs to be the only defaulters. Customs do change and often for the worse, but to have to complain to the Council about lack of Interest was indeed humiliating for the Finance Member. But he had to do it. The A.D.C. had only just used the Free Lance as a medium of communication, and sent to Dig'er-Patty a letter, which, if not a *billet doux*, was suspiciously like a reminder from his constituents not to go to sleep. But little did they know how deeply the Financial Statement was saturated with opium. Bhupen Babu, Longfellow and the Cross Benchers were keeping themselves awake by repeating jokes, presumably out of the *Comrade*. The Administrative Orphan, Bootlair Sahib, Robertson and the Moslem Dowager either pinched each other all the time or passed on their demi-official correspondence for the edification of each other. Baby Brunyate had just been roused by a puffing and snorting Tuff-Tuff outside, and was busy looking at it.

Going on with the estimates, Sir Guy had a few words for the Expenditure. Had generously provided close upon a million for the Durbar, including "minor episodes in the Royal progress," such as the champagne cups that were quaffed in the Press Camp in 1903.

Turning to Provincial finance, complimented Meston, Government Orator by Special Appointment. Saw the official cheek for once suffused with blushes. But they were of modesty, not of guilt, and the miracle was hardly noticed.

The tears of poor Gates were wiped by Sir Guy with true maternal solicitude. Apologised for Burmah's "temporary inconvenience" caused by its new settlement. But when he said that "better for India as a whole that a province should tax itself than that it should live on its neighbours," the Mild Hindu was fiercely gleeful, and shook a naughty finger at Mister Gates.

But consolation again came to Burmah's representative in the shape of a rebuke to Bengal. Burmah had only aped the rich when she was a pauper. But rich Bengal was a veritable monster. In its earlier days its appetite was terrific. When the present L-G. came out to weigh it short rations of bread from his bakery, he found that it had not only swallowed the daily bread but had also gobbled up the balances. When Bengal was to be weighed in the balance, the balances were found wanting!

After the Financial Statement, the law making began. Sir Guy commenced the programme with an extra turn by introducing the Indian Tithi Amendment Act. Don Pedro and Tabs were jubilant among the strangers in the gallery, between them they had brought a Minister of the Crown to his knees. A Finance Member is certainly a Finance Member, but a cheap cigarette is the smoke. Sandow II. moved that Criminal Tribes Bill be passed. Free Lance an authority on criminal tribes and an expert on cattle lifting, with an originality too rebellious for a loyalist, sought to bring secret societies within the meaning of the Act. Also Sannyasis. But left out the sellers of three-legged horses, *asafoetida*, and *sala's misri* from the category. Issued heaps of invitations to Magistrates. "The Honourable Honorary Lieutenant Free Lancer, *See-Aye-Ee*, requests the pleasure of A. B.'s attention to his original suggestions R.S.V.P. Border Lodge." Was familiar with several offences "worse than robbery." So not desiring a monopoly, wished to include in the Act all non-bailable offences. As an authority on grammar, detected terrible flaw in the King's English of the Government and wished to substitute "King's coin" for "Queen's Coin." Wished Government to be lenient to land owners, and followed the Golden Rule by being quite lenient towards framer of the Bill. Said the Lancer, "Even if my suggestions are not accepted, the Bill should be passed." Mild Hindu for once followed the Free Lancer. Said he did not know if he had understood the Lancer correctly. Well, he might as well have asked if the Lancer had himself done that. 'Tis the Sphinx's own riddle, and must be referred to the Browning Society. Sandow II. gracefully referred to the fraternity of Robin Hood and left the Free Lancer to the free-booters of the Border and elsewhere.

Bill became law. So did Bootlair Sahab's Port Bill, and Wynne's little Bill of Tramway Act Repairs. The Administrative Orphan limped a little on Factory hours, and then Bootlair Sahab again on his legs. In sleepy and contemplative accents introduced a Bill about the treble events of Birth, Death and Marriage. But why the precedence of Death before Marriage? Perhaps Bootlair Sahab still sighs for single blessedness and thinks that men should sooner die than marry. Object of the Bill nothing more than convenience of the parties. New-born babies need no longer toddle on their pink toes to the Registry Office. Married couples need not delay the honeymoon trip. The sepulchre wherein the dead are quietly inurned need no longer open its ponderous and marble jaws to cast the dead up again. No longer need their ghosts revisit the glimpses of the moon making night hideous. Bootlair Sahab has given the dear departed their quietus. The first-borns of India have only to ring up the Registrar and inform him of their safe arrival. The married couples have only to send a wireless like the kisses they communicate to each other when in company. As for the dead, well, for a small fee Charon could bear a message back across the Styx, or the Theosophical Society and Mr W. T. Stead's Julia would do it free, gratis, for nothing. Here endeth the first lesson!

After this legislative effort drawled out in the tone of a High Churchman, Bootlair Sahab turned towards the Universities Act. Must give his old Chief a chance of being generous to the B.A's. So gave him the option of having some fellows elected by the graduates or partly by the graduates and partly by himself in his capacity as the Senate of the Allahabad University. And here endeth the second lesson!

The Sage on Co-operation was truly sagacious. MacLagan followed with rapt attention, ready to prompt, while the Sage uttered Reflections—of the Secretary's wisdom.

Then came the turn of Bhupen Babu. With a shaven upper lip and chin had tried cleanliness at the time of the last meeting. Not liking it at all, fell back on the godliness of a white beard. Reflecting sadly on his own lengthy years, but still fond of conjugal comforts, wished to make marry-age (as he took care to call it) easier for the unorthodox. His was a facile faith. You could do everything so long as you called yourself a Hindu and took care that the Census man noted it down correctly. Discoursed on the evolution of a Sudra into a Brahmin. Praised the late Dwarka Nath Mitter "than whom an abler lawyer had not adorned the Bench of a High Court." You see, Bhupen Babu prefers to be a solicitor, so the late Dwarka Nath is safe. Said "people cannot afford to marry upon mere legal opinion." Well, we know nothing about marriage, but many a child is born without legal advice, and heaps of people have died on it.

Bhupen Babu considered the Islamic law of marriage very liberal. But someone on his right—some think it was the Free Lance—whispered with concentrated bitterness that only four were allowed.

While Bhupen Babu discoursed on *Lux loci* Act, the Sage retired within himself with remarkable detachment, and throwing the right hand under the privacy of his waistcoat, manipulated his shirt button.

Butly Raja told the Council why he disapproved of Brahmoism and would have preferred Raja Ram Mohan Roy to have walked into the Council Chamber and moved the Bill. Further judgment was reserved and the life of the culprit who had the audacity to move the Bill is still in suspense. The thickness of the rope is, however, unknown.

Breezy Tiwana discoursed on the Anand Marriage Act which was an "Act but had not the use of an Act!" Another puzzle for the Councillors to solve. In poetical mood compared the meeting of different classes to a rainbow. Is that why he does not run after the rainbow?

Day's Fatty thought "people were not entitled to marry according to their lights." Only what guided some to the altar was a feeble and flickering rush-light. His argument was that he could not see why a man should be excluded from his religion simply because he did not wish to follow it.

Nawab of Jaunpur had to consider the Bill from the point of view of the Qazi, and had grave doubts about the status of the issue of a Hindu-Moslem marriage. But Honourable Longfellow easily rose to the height of the occasion, and referred the Nawab to the *fatwa* of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, Mulla Jalaluddin Mohamed, Akbar, Badshah Ghazi. Having a Jodhbai himself in view, referred to that historic precedence. Sobraon, from high caste Madras, considered the Bill revolutionary. Under it "anybody could marry anybody else." Terribly afraid of a repetition of Mr. Pickwick's embarrassment, and began to compose dignified but firm answers if his Dhobi's wife or the ayah of his neighbour popped the question.

The Note of Interrogation was unusually silent at question time. But came out now with a short and pointed speech. Parsis who had graciously been included in the Bill didn't want it. But discussion at this stage was useless. Let Bhupen Babu introduce the Bill, and there would be enough music to face them.

Sandow II., anxious to preserve the peace of the Home Department, rose to speak for the Government. All that he had to say was that a man could not be Hindu and yet not a Hindu. He had to be one thing or the other. Poor Sandow was a man of muscles, and the subtleties of metaphysics and law were too much for him. Little did he know that according to philosophy one could be both and still float placidly in seventy intermediate existences.

Bhupen allowed to introduce the debutante, curtsied to Government, and then withdrew the other Bill.



Petty Larceny.

"WE STAND," says the *Field*, "in a much better position in aviation relatively than we did in motoring ten years ago. Our aviators run probably into three figures." Yes, the motorists run into more than that.

FLIPSON: "Young Fatty has got the laugh turned against him in his little joke against the Blazes Fire Insurance Company."

FLOPSON: "How?"

FLIPSON: "He insured 500 cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim on the ground that they were destroyed by fire."

FLOPSON: "And they laughed at him, I suppose?"

FLIPSON: "No, they had him arrested on a charge of setting fire to his own property."

"High Buildings, Sir?" remarked an American contemptuously. "Why, in England you don't know what height is! Last time I was in New York, it was a blazing hot day, and I saw a man coming out of a lift, wrapped from top to toe in bearskins, and I said to him:

"Why are you muffled up on a broiling day like this?" "Waal," he said, "you see, I live at the top of the building, and it's so high that it's covered with snow all the year round."

DAY CONSTABLE (relieving night man): "How's the Missus?"

NIGHT CONSTABLE: "I don't know. I haven't seen her this seven years."

DAY CONSTABLE: "But you and she live together, don't you?"

NIGHT CONSTABLE: "Yes; but she is a charwoman and is out all day, and I'm out on duty all night, so we haven't met since we settled after our honeymoon."





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The Week.

The Secretary of State.

LORD CREWE, who was suddenly taken ill at the house of Lord Morley and had a concussion of the brain, is progressing satisfactorily. During his illness Lord Morley will officiate as Secretary of State for India. It is rumoured that Mr. Haldane may be appointed to the India Office in case Lord Crewe finds the pressure of work too much for him.

The Vote.

A noteworthy point in Mr. Runciman's speech on the evening of last March was the following.—"Government can never agree to the scheme of the reform of the Lords which extinguishes the hereditary right of peers, because this would destroy the prerogative of the Crown which is the only means of settling deadlocks between the two Houses."

Mr. Lyttelton said that both Parties should place all the cards on the table and enable the country to see where the real disagreement lay. The Unionists, Mr. Lyttelton said, assented to the result of the majority at the Election, small as it was. The Unionists were in favour of a change in the powers and the constitution of the Lords, but if the Government refused to meet them in any way, they would oppose a resistance which, they believed, would be indispensable because it was justified.

The House was crowded when Mr Balfour rose. He said that, although he held that a democratic form of Government was the only form under which it was possible for us to live peaceably, and carry out effectively our national and Imperial work, it was folly to say that we should have nothing of the hereditary principle. It was impossible to avoid a Second Chamber rivalling the First, unless we used the principle, though not to the extent it was used now. The party of rapid change ought to have a constitutional check, so as to ensure that the changes should be approved by the people, and that was more necessary in the case of the Liberals than of the Conservatives. It was of the utmost importance to have a Second Chamber strong enough to carry out its functions. As the Government wanted a Second Chamber, he supposed they wanted a real and not merely an ornamental and useless one. The Government could not be trusted to amend the Constitution in a responsible and impartial manner, because they were not independent, they were coerced by the Irish, otherwise this Bill would never have appeared in its present shape. After an interval without an efficient Second Chamber, during which a great constitutional revolution was to be carried out, the Government proposed to turn to a system under which aberrations on the part of the representative body would be prevented. "The result," Mr. Balfour declared, "will probably be disastrous to the country, and certainly discreditable to yourselves. You are doing what you have no right to do in using the transfer of relatively a few votes fundamentally to change the Constitution. You are going to carry out by coercion what you imposed upon the country by fraud." (Prolonged uproar, and cries of "withdraw.") Appealed to on the point of order, the Speaker ruled that there was no objection to the word "fraud" when applied to a party, and not to an individual.

Mr. Asquith then addressed the House. They now knew, he said, that the Tory anxiety to reform the Lords was to make it, however composed, stronger against the chosen representatives of people. Mr. Balfour had charged them with fraud, and with advocating a scheme which they did not believe to be just in order to obtain the support of the Nationalists. His answer was that the Bill originated with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's motion in 1907, when the Liberals were independent of all the Parties. They had not deviated one hair's breadth from the lines then laid down, without any reference to Party convenience. Referring to the hereditary principle, Mr. Asquith said it was because they were a fettered and enslaved House of Commons that they meant to carry the Bill into law. Constitutional checks were abundantly provided for in the Bill. They must presume that the representative House was the true mouthpiece of the people,

therefore no further check was required. The preamble of the Bill distinctly declared that any reconstruction should be postponed until the operative clauses came into force. Therefore, in assenting to the Bill the country had endorsed the course they were pursuing. His view as to the desirability of a Second Chamber was not changed in the least, but the Commons must be predominant in legislation. The only functions of the Second Chamber must be those of consultation, revision and delay. It must be a relatively small body, not resting on an hereditary basis, and it must be a body which in its origin, composition and attitude must not be governed by fearfulness tempered by panic. That was a body not easily created, nor were those conditions satisfied by any schemes adumbrated by the Opposition. All of those schemes perpetuated the predominance of one side. The Opposition asked them to hold their hands till a vast, and hitherto crude and formless, change of the Constitution was thought out. "Meanwhile," Mr. Asquith concluded, "we shall see all legislation blocked by the Veto. It is not on such an errand that we were sent here. It is the plain and reiterated command of the constituencies that the Government's first and paramount duty is to pass this Bill into law."

The House then divided on Mr. Austen Chamberlain's amendment urging the reconstruction of the Lords. The figures were for the amendment 244, against 365. On the motion that the Bill be read a second time, the figures were for 368, against 243.

India in Parliament.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS Mr. Burgoyne asked a question regarding the action of the Maharajah of Kashmir in forbidding the slaughter of cattle for food, and the importation of beef in any form, thus depriving the majority of his subjects and hundreds of Europeans of the most natural diet. Mr. Montagu replied that the matter related entirely to the internal affairs of a Feudatory State. Lord Crewe had no official information, and an enquiry would be unprofitable, as he would not propose to take any action in any case.

Sir Herbert Roberts asked for the proportion of the income derived from the sale of intoxicating liquors to that of the total revenue of India for the years 1874-75, 1884-85, 1894-95, 1904-05 and 1909-10. Mr. Montagu replying said that the percentages were 4; 5.7; 5.8; 6.3 and 7.2.

Labour and India.

THE *Times* announces that a movement is on foot in Great Britain to promote an organisation of industrial workers in India. A meeting of trade union officials will be held in London to consider the question. It is proposed to form a general workers' union, acting under the guidance of the Federated Committee of the Trades Unions of Great Britain. One of the first objects of the new organisation will be to agitate for a Workmen's Compensation Act and also to organise the cotton operatives in India. At a meeting of representative Trade Unionists in London, it was decided to ask the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress to approach Lord Crewe for the purpose of securing consideration of the questions of the hours of labour, weekly instead of monthly wages, and a concession of the right of combination in the case of Indian industrial workers.

South Africa.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN Parliament has been devoting attention to the Asiatic Immigration Question. Mr. Merriman pleaded for fair play for vested interests. Others suggested compulsory deportation of the Asiatics. Mr. Smuts, the Minister of the Interior, paid a tribute to the manner in which the Indians stood together and suffered for what they regarded as their rights, but, he said, the only way to deal with the difficulty was to stop immigration, and that was the Government's policy. The

Imperial Government had been informed of this, and had asked that a limited number of Indians be allowed to enter. He saw no difficulty in agreeing to that, as the number would be so limited that it would not affect the stream of the country's life. The Government further proposed to restrict the movements of Asiatics to the particular provinces in which they were domiciled. Referring to trading, Mr. Smuts said it was impossible to ignore vested rights. The Government's policy was not the confiscation but the limitation of licenses. He foreshadowed legislation in that direction, and pointed out that the law must be carefully and vigilantly administered in order to keep the evil within normal bounds. The Government did not wish to interfere with the decision of the Indian Government to terminate emigration to Natal, though it was necessary for the Union Government to see that Natal's industries were not jeopardised. A Bill would shortly be introduced dealing with the general control of immigration. It is understood that the latter measure will provide, without distinction of race or colour, for the exclusion of any person failing to write to the satisfaction of the immigration officer fifty words from dictation.

China.

A PEKING message states that with reference to the Burmo-Yunnan frontier, the Press contends that Pienma has for generations been subject to Chinese jurisdiction. Public opposition is increasing against the British occupation, which has been arranged for April. The immediate consequence has been the despatch of a Chinese tax-collecting expedition. Government is pacifying the Viceroy who is still unduly excited.

Negotiations have been proceeding between Wai-wu-pu and Sir John Jordan, the British Minister in China, since the latter's return regarding the restriction of the importation of Indian opium into China. The general idea is that the importation should be reduced proportionately to the lowered production of China, though some people in China hold the view that the production and importation should cease immediately.

Persia.

SIR EDWARD GREY, replying to Mr. Mitchell-Thomson said, that the British Minister at Teheran had already made representations regarding the robberies on the Bushire-Ispahan road. Mr. Mitchell-Thomson pointed out that the incidents had been repeated during the last few days. Sir Edward Grey said, "This is not British territory. We have made representations to Persia and quite admit that things are unsatisfactory, but we must remind the Persian Government of their responsibilities." Teheran messages state that, in consequence of fresh robberies on the Bushire-Ispahan road, the British Minister has drawn the attention of the Persian Foreign Minister to the situation. An article in the *Times* on the morning of 28th February makes eulogistic reference to Nasr-el-Mulk and recommends the Persian people to listen to the wise advice of the Regent, who realises that the regeneration of Persia lies in the development of the national resources and reform of the administration, and who is fully aware that Persia owes her independence to the Anglo-Russian entente. In the Mejlis at Teheran, the Foreign Minister delivered a speech marked by the most cordial and conciliatory tone towards Russia. The speech is regarded as marking a new direction in Persia's foreign policy. Reuter wires from Teheran that two Englishmen, Messrs. Kay and Haycock, travelling in the direction of Teheran, have been robbed of everything, north of Ispahan.

Baghdad Railway.

THE NEGOTIATIONS with Turkey and Germany regarding the Baghdad Railway are making good progress. It is expected that they will be concluded within a few days, whereupon direct negotiations will be opened between Turkey and Britain with reference to the section of the railway from Baghdad to the Persian Gulf. The Ottoman Minister of Finance has announced that a German company will build a railway as far as Baghdad.

The Council.

Returning to questions of the Hon. the Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan, the Hon. Mr. Butler said that the tomb of Nur Jahan was in a dilapidated condition even before the occupation of the Punjab by the British. It was periodically repaired by the P. W. D. of Punjab. An estimate was framed by the Punjab Government and is to be examined by an officer of the Archaeological Department; and the Government of Bombay intended to preserve the tomb of Sivaji under the Preservation of Ancient Monuments Act.

In reply to the Maharajadhiraj's question, the member for Education said that there were no special scholarships for Mahomedans in any University. There are two Government scholarships for Mahomedans at the Medical College, Madras, 16 in Bengal for Arts, 39 in Eastern Bengal and Assam, 14 in the Punjab, and 2 in the N.-W. F. Province. There are some more scholarships given by Mahomedans to Mahomedans.

Sir T. R. Wynne replying to the question re the insult to Mr. Hasan Imam by a servant of the E. I. R. said, that the Agent had dealt personally with the matter and steps had been taken which would prevent a recurrence of such an incident.

H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, in answer to a question referring to the insult offered to the Hon. Mir Allah Baksh Khan Talpur, member for Sind of the Imperial Legislative Council, by a military officer at the Karachi Cantonment Station, said that suitable punishment had been meted out to the officer, and that steps had been taken to prevent the recurrence of such incidents. The Government of India consider the measures taken by the Commander-in-Chief adequate.

The Hon. Mr. Butler, replying to the Hon. Mr. S. Sinha's question re Census enumeration, said:—The standard instructions issued by the Census Commissioner for India are as follows:—

"The answer which each person gives about his religion must be accepted and entered in column 4, but care must be taken not to enter Jains and Sikhs as Hindus. If a man says that he is a Jain or a Sikh he should be entered as such, even though he also says that he is a Hindu. Some Jains consider that they are Hindus and others do not; but what is desired to ascertain at the Census is the total number of Jains, and this cannot be done if some of them are entered under the general head "Hindu." Similarly Brahmins and Aryas should be recorded as such."

At the present, as at all the previous Censuses, there will be a separate return for Jains and Sikhs. In order to obtain full information it is necessary to enter as Jains and Sikhs all persons who say that they belong to these denominations, even if they also say that they are Hindus. If any person says that he is not a Jain or a Sikh but a Hindu, he will be entered as a Hindu without any question. The local Census authorities in the United Provinces have been requested to make this clear. It is open to any one who considers that Jains and Sikhs should be classed as Hindus to add their number to that of Hindus as given in the Census Tables. Persons returned as Aryas and Brahmins will, as in 1901, be classed in the final tables under the main head "Hindu."

The Hon. Mr. Mazharul Haque withdrew the resolution standing in his name, substituting the removal of the duties imposed on Petroleum last year for a reduction of the Tax on Tobacco, and submitted an amendment to the Tariff Act Amendment Bill. It was lost.

The Hon. Mr. Shamsul Huda's resolution to increase the Imperial grant to Eastern Bengal and Assam for sanitation from £60,000 to £1,00,000 was lost.

The Hon. Mr. S. Sinha's resolution asking for an increase in the special grant to Bengal from 76 to 30 lakhs was lost. His second resolution asking for an increase in the assignment to the Punjab under the new settlements, so as to cover the cost of raising the Chief Court to the status of a High Court, was also lost.

The Hon. Pandit M. M. Malaviya moved that the grant proposed to be made to the United Provinces for relief of Municipalities from the burden of Police charges be not made, and that the Land Revenue share of the United Provinces be raised from 4 to 5%. The motion was lost.

The Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale's resolution regarding the creation of a Separate Opium Fund out of opium windfalls, which could be used in tiding over financial difficulties when the opium revenue ceased to come, or in the alternative the devoting of the surplus to non-recurring expenditure on Education, Sanitation and Medical Relief was lost.

The Hon. Mr. Dadabhoi's resolution with reference to the abolition of the countervailing excise duty on Indian cotton was lost by 20 against 32. All the Indian members present voted for Mr. Dadabhoi.

The Hon. Mr. Bhupendra Nath Basu's resolution asking for a reduction of Rs. 62,500 from the special grant to Bengal, which sum the Bengal Government proposed to give as a subsidy to a local vernacular paper, was lost.

Bombay Mohurram.

THE GOVERNMENT OF BOMBAY has published a resolution in connection with the recent Mohurram disturbances. It says "The Governor-in-Council is of opinion that the police acted throughout with great discretion and restraint, and that the final appeal to the military was necessary for public security. The Government cannot allow the recurrence of such disturbances, and it has become necessary to consider whether processions of *tabuts*, with their attendant *tohs*, should not be prohibited next year. The Governor-in-Council will be ready to give the most careful consideration to any proposals for the future, but it will be possible to adopt them only if they seem to provide a reasonable guarantee against any future disturbance of peace."

The Moslem University.

THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT of the *Englishman*, describing the Aligarh Association Dinner, writes as follows:—

The first mention of the Moslem University scheme and its founder, coming from Sir James La Touche in proposing the toast of the Aligarh College, at the Dinner of the College Association, London, was received with cheering so long-continued that one wondered how half a hundred people could keep it up. Sir James said he had often talked over the University ideal with Mr. Beck and Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, but the time had not then come to bring it to fruition. The time, however, was now approaching, and he hoped the occasion of the Durbar visit of His Majesty would see the dream of many years accomplished and a beginning made in raising the College to the status of a University. This much-appreciated remark shows what Sir James's attitude is likely to be when the question of granting a charter comes before the India Council. Though obviously any application of the kind will raise some great general questions, Sir James does not foresee any failure of the project on that account, or, indeed, any great delay. The fact that half the initial amount required has already been secured or promised emboldened him to prophesy that when the next dinner is held a year hence the speakers will be able to refer to Aligarh University instead of Aligarh College.

Nawab Abdul Majid, of Allahabad, has given Rs. 20,000 to the Moslem University, and the Bhawalpur State one lakh. Nawab Muzammilullah Khan, of Aligarh, has given Rs. 20,000.

Sir N. G. Chandavarkar presided over the meeting of Moslem students which presented an address to His Highness the Aga Khan. The Aga Khan said he had committed a mistake in estimating the cost of the University at 20 lakhs. It would require more—perhaps a crore. His Highness thanked the Rajahs of Mahumudabad and Jehangirabad and other workers for the help they had given him. Sir Narayan had said that he was surprised to find himself presiding over a meeting of Mussalman students. His Highness felt it was not a matter for surprise. All controversial questions could be easily solved if only efforts were made in the proper way. He appealed to the students present to beg from door to door and serve Islam.

TETE À TETE



IN RESPONSE to numerous requests from our subscribers we have added a new feature to the paper. A summary of the week's news will in future be given, and we hope this will satisfy those

The Week.

of our subscribers who do not subscribe to a daily paper, and in some cases do not even have a library near enough to avail themselves of fresh news published in the dailies. We fear those of our readers who are in a better position with regard to news will have to skip these columns. But we trust they will realize that we have made the new departure in the interests of the largest number, and will still find sufficient matter to interest them in the remaining columns.

IF THERE is any movement that can truly be called an All-India movement it is that for the Moslem University. Calcutta and Bengal were the first to join it, and if the enthusiasm of a few weeks ago is maintained, the contribution of Bengal would be really generous. In Oudh the response was magnificent, but the Punjabis were too manly to own defeat and went one better. Bombay, however, seems now to be slowly but steadily gaining, and we shall not be surprised if H.H. the Aga Khan's own townfolk contribute the largest amount. The last intelligence that we had received was that 3¼ lakhs had already been contributed by about 30 donors whom His Highness and his party had been able to visit. Many more had yet to be visited, and it was confidently expected that the total would soon reach 5 lakhs. We must remember that this is the response of a single town, and generally of rich people. The poor have yet to contribute, and we feel sure that the contribution of Bombay would be well worthy of the *Urbs Prima in Indis*. A Khoja gentleman, who has preferred to remain nameless, has given Rs. 50,000 and Mr. Qasim Ali Jairajbhai Purbhai has given Rs. 1,25,000. Among the heartiest workers for the University are Mr. Fazalbhoy M. Chinoy and Mr. Mohamedbhoy Hajibhoy Lalji. Of course, Aligarh's latest Trustee, the Hon. Mr. Fazulbhoy Currimbhoy Ibrahim, is also a keen supporter, and we hope we shall soon have the pleasure of announcing a very large donation from him and his sister. The Presidency is still untouched, and we pray that God would sufficiently enlighten the wealthy residents of Rander in the Surat district to make them realize the importance and benefits of the University. Even if they spare their own pockets, they have the management of numerous rich Trusts, such as the Rota Waki, from which large annual grants aggregating more than a lakh could easily be made to the University. We are glad to note that the Hon. the Raja Sahib of Mahmudabad is shortly going to Karachi in the place of the Aga Khan, and we trust Sindh, the gateway of Islam in India, would respond to the call of duty in a truly Islamic fashion.

THE latest fashion in Provincial administration is the subsidized newspaper. The fertile Province of Bengal is *facile princeps* with an annual contribution of Rs. 62,500. Eastern Bengal is a bad second with Rs. 20,000. Bombay is more thrifty and spends only

Rs. 15,000. But the Provinces that are by comparison miserably parsimonious are the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. They seem to have haggled with remarkable success, for they have bought up the essence of freedom, called "The Independent," for the sum of Rs. 900 per annum. The official justification for this expenditure is that whereas in England all shades of opinion are expressed in newspapers conducted by private enterprise, it is not so in India, and amongst journals in the Vernacular, upon which the greater part of the population has to depend for its information, the views of Government meet with but slender support. It has, therefore, been considered desirable to place the views of Government within the reach of all, so that they may at least hear both sides before deciding for or against the Government. Now, the Hon. Mr. Gokhale, who intimately knows the editor of the projected paper with the largest subsidy, told the Council that he was the last person to whom the title of a paid hack could properly apply. This we are ready to believe. But if he is not that, how is the Bengal Government assured that the views which his paper would place within the reach of all will be "the views of Government"? It is our belief that discipline has to be maintained very strictly in the case of Government officials, whose pronouncements—including post-prandial facetiae—have to run the gauntlet of official censorship, and cannot be altered thereafter even to the extent of a comma or a colon. Who will now act the part of the censor to the Rai Bahadur, and satisfy himself that the commas and the colons are fully authorized? The Rai Bahadur cannot label his paper "The Independent," or something equally indicative of free opinions, and yet express the views of Government. He can eat his bread or have it. But he cannot do both. The same is true of the Bengal Government. It can either pay for the wider circulation of the Rai Bahadur's free opinions, or depose Sir Edward Baker and his Council and fill the vacancies by announcing that the Rai Bahadur is the Government. Either course is open to it, but if it tries to sit between two stools, the compromise would land it somewhere in the middle. We do not profess to have intimate knowledge of Bengal journalism; but as other Governments have followed the fashion also, we may ask if the subsidised papers are presumed to have the monopoly of loyalty or good sense or whatever else that is goody-goody and is to be preached by them. In the Bombay Presidency there are several Vernacular papers that cannot be accused of giving "slender support" to Government. In the United Provinces the critics of the Government are the exception and whole-hog "loyalists" the rule. What then is the necessity of a subsidy? In Bengal the *Indian Mirror* may shine like "a good deed in a naughty world." But the other subsidised papers cannot boast of equally deserving editors, nor discover equally suitable foils for the brilliant gems of journalism. There is, therefore, every likelihood that the policy of subsidies would encourage envy and cause resentment. It may even chagrin the neglected journals to leave loyalty to the journalists who are loyal by profession, and encourage them to launch on a career of criticism. These, however, are not the only possibilities. Before the Hon. Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque spoke on this subject in the Council, we had put into type a letter received from a correspondent, which we publish to-day, demanding a share of the subsidy for his own community in the shape of joint or sub-editor who would put the point of view of his co-religionists on questions in expressing opinion on which even the Rai Bahadur could not escape an unconscious bias. We fear the Governments concerned have not fully appreciated the practical difficulties of subsidised journalism. It is true that this is an experiment. But if our neighbour showed any intention of trying the experiment of putting out his kitchen fire by pouring on it a gallon of petrol, our first duty would be to try an experiment ourselves and see if the asylum was not a more suitable environment for our venturesome neighbour. We are far from suggesting that such an experiment has now become necessary. But we hold that, if not pregnant with positive mischief, the experiment of subsidies is likely to prove entirely barren of good results. In curious contrast to this policy is the significant

of certain Local Governments is another matter connected with journalism. Evidently they believe that if they took care of the penmen journalistic archangels could be left to take care of the pounds. This is shown by the refusal of certain Local Governments to supply their official publications to newspapers published outside their limits. We admit that it is easy to raise the voice of envy at the pitch of virtue. But that is no reason for denying to well-conducted newspapers the chance of studying the results of the benevolent activities of Local Governments even in their own reports and gazettes. If these Governments cannot offer such journals a chance of viewing their excellent features in their own official mirrors, they should not be shocked to see people look and laugh at the distortions seen through the concavities and convexities of uninformed journalism.

It is a source of satisfaction to us to know that the tombs of Nur Jahan, the beautiful and gifted Queen of Jahangir, and of Sivaji, the great founder of the Mahratta power, are receiving due attention. Lord Curzon did a great service to the country in the preservation of ancient monuments, and we trust these two old-world memorials will be preserved in a fitting manner. May we plead for a similar treatment for the tomb of the luckless Bahadur Shah and his consort? Only a plain marble slab in the compound of a private house in Rangoon roughly indicates the spot where they are believed to have been buried. That is hardly the fate that Zafar deserved, though it seems to have pathetically anticipated it in its lines—

*Na gor-i-Sikandar, na hai gahr-i-Dra
Miley namon ke nishan kaisay kaisay.*

- History has not yet settled the truth about his complicity in the Mutiny. But even if he took a willing and active part in it, have we not left those terrible times far behind, and need they interfere with the rights of the dead and the duties of the living? The Persian proverb sums up the situation tersely. مرد بد سبب زند

We have more than once expressed the opinion that Hinduism is a progressive religion in a sense that revealed religions cannot be considered to be, and it is quite possible for those hostile to it to-day to become part and parcel of its orthodoxy to-morrow without the least change in their own opinions. Jainism, Buddhism, Sikhism, Brahmanism and Aryanism came into the world as distinct departures from the tenets of Hinduism; yet Hinduism would claim them as its very own to-day. It is no wonder then that some Hindus should be ready to concede that nobody can be placed outside the pale of Hinduism even if he refuses to follow its marriage laws. As the Hon. Mr. Basu says: "Under the law as it stands at present inter-marriage between members of different castes of the Hindus is of extremely doubtful validity, if not an absolute nullity." This is the Hindu law, and it is for the Hindus to change it if it pleases their fancy. It has moulded its skin before, and it may do so again. But the alteration which Mr. Basu recommends in the special Marriage Act goes far beyond the needs of Brahmos who may wish to revert to Hinduism, and of Hindus who hope to reclaim them. It would sanction the marriage of a Mussalman believing on one God with a lady who believes in a number of deities, and of a man worshipping idols with a Wahabi lady who would refuse to look at the tomb of the holiest of saints. It is true that what becomes legal does not necessarily become a common practice. Chewing stones is perfectly legal yet few are known to substitute them for bread. But it is quite conceivable that inter-marriages may take place between members of different religions when the proposed law validates them. The child born in such a wedlock would no doubt escape the bar sinister. But it would inherit a world of doubts about its status, its rights of succession, and a thousand and one other matters which the little Bill has refused to recognise. What laws would decide the difficulties? Certainly not those of the religions according to which the inter-marriage itself is "of extremely doubtful validity, if not an absolute nullity." The Hon. Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque, however, had no such doubts in his mind. Akbar and

Jahangir had gone and done it, and left the lazy sons of law to settle the question of validity. But Akbar was sometimes a prophet, and often a god; and Jahangir also happens to be the author of the terse aphorism that kingship knows no kinship. The legislative facilities of god are denied to mortals who have to follow an inelastic code; and as for His Majesty Nuruddin Mohamed Jahangir, had he in ignoring kinship even married within the prohibited degrees, as a King he could have done no wrong. But if, as Mr. Basu says, people cannot afford to marry on merely legal opinion, they can afford still less to marry on a royal precedent. When Prince Selim rebelled against Akbar and wished to succeed to the throne before his father was dead, he had no idea that he was creating a legal precedent about Islamic succession. When Shah Jahan killed off all near relatives on his accession to the throne he did not intend to legalise murder for other Musalmans. In our own times there is a ruling family in a certain State which looks with contempt on that fetish of the vulgar, the institution of marriage. But the vulgar still worship the fetish, and, we hope, will continue to do so. Under these circumstances, the Hon. Nawab Abdul Majid was perfectly right in directing public attention to the drift of this innocent looking little Bill. He is a lawyer of considerable reputation, but in these days everything is looked at through political spectacles, and we are not astonished to find the *Leader* of Allahabad condemning the participation of Nawab Abdul Majid in the debate, and acclaiming the Hon. Mr. Haque as Daniel come to judgment. We often find ourselves in hearty accord with the views of Mr. Haque, and occasionally differ from those of the Nawab. But we have to judge measures and not men, and in this matter in particular we are astonished at the breezy indifference of an able lawyer like Mr. Haque to the difficulties with which the question bristles. It is indeed a legislative porcupine.

We reminded the Government of India in our last issue about its promise to give Aligarh a grant-in-aid from Imperial funds when better times returned. We have now to announce that Government has kept its word honourably, and the Hon. Mr. Butler has allotted 2 lakhs to the College. He and the Government of which he is so distinguished a member deserve the thanks of all lovers of education and specially of those connected with Aligarh. A gift horse should not as a rule be examined too closely, and we are too grateful to ask, like *Oliver Twist*, for more. But we should like to emphasize that such grants should be given to Aligarh on a recognised principle. The Local Governments spend a certain amount on collegiate education within their territories; but, as the reply of Mr. Butler to the Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan showed, a very small percentage of Mussulmans attend these colleges. On the other hand, Aligarh has special attractions for them, and although it provides accommodation and scholarships for a very large number, it has to refuse admittance to a considerable portion of the applicants every year. This is as it should not be, and it can be remedied if the Imperial Government and the Local Governments made grants-in-aid to the College per capita at the average rate which it costs these Local Governments to educate each student. This is only bare justice and we hope it will soon be done.

We had announced in our first issue the gift of a Muhammadan philanthropist who had placed Rs. 1,500 at our disposal wherewith to supply the paper at reduced rates to poor Muhammadan students, and we have already invited applications for the concession. To-day we have great pleasure in announcing that a Sikh benefactor has sent us a cheque for Rs. 300. We wish to mark our gratefulness for this appreciation by inviting applications from Sikh and Hindu students for the supply of the paper at *half* the ordinary rates. The Manager will realize the reduced subscription of Rs. 6, usually in advance; but in special cases, even this would be realized by instalments.

The Comrade.

Indians in the Public Service.

MUCH as educated Indians may run down the bureaucracy and talk sonorously in borrowed phrases about democracy and "one man one vote," they are themselves inclined to be bureaucrats, and the country cannot do without a Government of officials by profession. They are held fast to the old-world moorings and cannot be suddenly wrenched off. The service of the Sircar has always been the ambition of educated India, excepting certain castes, and in spite of the stimulus given by British rule to the professions, India is still a land of the services. To one Indian who understands the true significance of democracy and would like to see it prevail, there are lakhs whose hereditary instinct leads them to desire that an indigenous bureaucracy should exist along with the foreign. It was this instinct which made India as a whole welcome the inclusion of an Indian in the Executive Government far more than the reform of Indian Legislatures.

Even if it be granted that this bureaucratic instinct is out of date and an anachronism on the twentieth century even in India, we hold that in the present conditions an Indian Collector of a District or Commissioner of a Division proves far more useful to his countrymen than an average Member of the Imperial or Provincial Legislature. Before the reforms it was unquestionably so, because without any power of moving resolutions on questions of general administration, the Councils performed only one of the functions of Parliament, namely, legislation, and in a country the problems of which are mostly administrative, the arrangement was like giving to Indians the shadow when they had asked for the substance. Things have moved forward, but even the Councillors will not seriously contend that it is preferable to be an occasional critic of an administrator than to be that administrator himself. We believe, therefore, that in creating Legislative Councils in which Indians were to take a part, without providing for a larger admixture of the Indian element in administration, the British Government had in the past placed the cart before the horse, and it is one of the most important duties of the Indians in the reformed Councils to try to put the motive power before the vehicle. We also believe that this is a duty shared by the British officials as well, for in keeping the Indians out of the pale of trained and practical administrators, while allowing them a readier admittance into the Council Chambers, they are placing a premium on criticism that must from the nature of things be to a large extent uninformed, and at the same time discounting the active and judicious support of the administration which they could receive from their Indian colleagues. The untrained colt would naturally kick at the traces where the horse broken to harness would pull well with his companion of the stable and move forward the heavy coach of State.

With true statesmanship, the Hon. Mr. Gokhale recognised that a demand for a larger admixture of the indigenous talent in the service of the State was immeasurably higher than a mendicant policy that begged for the loaves and fishes of office. With patient labour he had collected figures of rising establishment charges in several departments, and skilfully used them as a lever for the larger employment of Indians. In the end he withdrew certain motions and lost the rest, and we grieve with him for the minority of 10 to 43 on the motion relating to Railway Working Expenses. But we would any day prefer to lose with Mr. Gokhale than win with his adversary. For the speech of the Hon. Sir T. R. Wynne proved the moral bankruptcy of the State Railways administration. In defending his administration he had to brush away the dust and cobwebs from official apologies hoary with age and dishonoured by time. Against 7,283 Europeans and 9,698 Anglo-Indians (the new official phrase for the Domiciled community) there were as many as 498,722 Indians, or 97 per cent. of the total Railway staff.

What more could Mr. Gokhale desire? But the Hon. Mr. Bane asked if coolies had been included, and the reply in the affirmative destroyed the value of Sir T. R. Wynne's statistics. When figures like these have been quoted with a flourish of trumpets, it is utter bathos to refuse to consider those of the superior staff and seek to turn away the questioner with the platitudes that "there is no bar to Indians rising to the top" in the Engineering branch, that appointments are now being made of Indians to the Traffic branch, and "gentlemen appointed have the whole field open to them for the future."

We are familiar with the argument that certain services are too unattractive or too taxing for Indians, and familiarity does not as a rule breed feelings of respect or admiration. We do not ask for the extinction of the European element in the Railways. But we hold that if the opinions expressed by the President of the Board are, as he says, his deliberate opinions, we regret to have to say that we expect little improvement in the present condition.

We are, however, at a loss to understand the antipathy of Sir T. R. Wynne to the application of Politics to Railways. Has he also evolved a theory of Principal and Agent such as that of Mr. Chisol, or does he wish to share the prerogative of Royalty and claim for his Department that its officers can do no wrong. If the Imperial Council has power to review the administration of India, it has every right to make the Railway Board run the gauntlet of questions and resolutions; and the Board's only chance of safety lies in conforming to the wishes of the Council or placing itself outside the pale of Indian administration. To-day it parades its antipathy to Politics. Who knows that to-morrow it will not flaunt its aversion to Ethics. Sir T. R. Wynne makes Commerce his fetish. So let it be. Has not the Hon. Mr. Stewart-Wilson found Indian agency commercially successful? Has not the textile industry in India relied largely on indigenous talent in controlling masses of factory men? Or are we to believe in the paradox that in Commerce the dearer you buy the more you gain? But we think we know what has misled the President of the Railway Board. His ideal is Australia, which refuses to send its mails at a cheaper rate if the ships are manned by coloured lascars. Let him then follow Australia, and disband the army of coolies that swell the ranks of Indians in the Railways to the magnificent total of 5 lakhs.

It is a relief to turn from such specious reasoning to the breadth of view of the Finance Member, and the effect of his speech will be heightened if Indians read it after the pronouncement of the President of the Railway Board. One word was too often profaned for Sir Guy to profane it. He made no boast of his sympathy for Indians, nor do we think had he any need to do so. Good wine needs no bush, and the Finance Member needs no self-praise to advertise his genuine sympathy for the Indians. We have learnt to accept it as an axiom, and only pray that it should be equally self-evident in the case of all European administrators. He weighed Indians in the same balance as Sir T. R. Wynne had done it, the balance of Commerce, and did not find them equally wanting. Sir Guy knows that Todar Mal, one of the greatest financiers and administrators of any age or country, was an Indian; and if his policy is continued for another generation at least, we can confidently hope to discover as great financiers among Indians as there are lawyers and judges in the nation. From the ranks of Accountants and Auditors to the proud position of an Accountant-General, we find more Indians in the Department to-day than we could find some years ago. The Deputy Comptroller-General is an Indian. So also is the Comptroller of Indian Treasuries. Even the sanctuary of the Secretariat has been invaded and its innocent aroma are no longer to Indians an *hls* hid by the veil. This is a progress that adds to rather than takes away from the prestige of the British, and it is a progress which Indians would like to be an object-lesson to the other departments. What adds to the significance of the example is the fact that Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson did not discover in his assistant a realisation in disguise. The Hon. Mr. Meston is actively associated with him in his policy.

and we congratulate the Province that should soon have him as its rajah.

It is often said that the land-holders have a stake in the country. So they have, and so have all of us. But if it means that they are likely to prove more loyal than other Indians we must agree to differ. The man who has the largest stake in the Indian Government is the servant of the Sircar. Old title-deeds of land are generally recognised by succeeding administrations. But loyal servants of one Government find no such solace when their Government is supplanted by another. In this sense, therefore, every new appointment of an Indian is a fresh nail in the coffin of anarchy, and we wish success to the undertakings of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson and Mr. Meston.

Provincial Finance.

THE Finance Member was fully justified in saying that by far the most important event of the coming year would be a notable change in the financial relations between the local Governments and the Government of India, and the names of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson and his able lieutenant, Mr. Meston, will be honourably associated with the most progressive financial arrangement hitherto effected.

- There can be no finality in these things. The new settlements are no more permanent than the so-called "quasi-permanent settlements" which they displace, nor do we think finality could have been achieved by substituting a system of Provincial tributes for Imperial doles. So long as the needs of the Government of India and of the various Local Governments continue to vary from time to time, settlements will have to be revised in order to save progressive Local Governments from the crippling effects of fixity or to rescue the Imperial Government from unforeseen bankruptcy.

- But the new arrangements are a long stride in the direction of Provincial independence. Previous to 1870, Provincial Governments were absolutely dependent for the maintenance of their administration on sums annually assigned to them by the Central Government. In 1870-71, however, the major Provinces were made financially responsible for the administration of police, jails, medical services, registration, education, roads, and buildings, and printing, by assigning fixed sums from which expenditure was to be met. Increased expenditure was to be provided for by savings on existing charges or even by local taxation. Detailed allotment to the different branches of the administration was left to the discretion of the Provinces. The Indian Budget gave no details of Provincial expenditure, nor did the Government of India check or alter the detailed Provincial estimates.

In 1877-79, further changes were made; but while they marked further progress in one direction, they took the Local Governments back to the days of Lord Mayo's predecessors in the matter of financial independence. The new settlements gave the Provincial Governments financial responsibility for expenditure and control over services connected with general administration, land-revenue, excise, stamps, law and justice. To balance the extra expenditure, they were given revenues raised from law and justice, excise, stamps, and the license (now income) tax. But they introduced a new principle, *viz.*, the sharing of revenues. Any increase or decrease of the revenues as they stood at the time of the assignment was to be shared with the Government of India. This gave the Local Governments an incentive to develop their resources, but it also laid the foundation of the system of divided heads of revenue which has continued to this day. It necessitated the older detailed scrutiny of Provincial Budgets, and the inclusion of greater details of Provincial receipts and expenditure in the Budget of India. Moreover, as the income from shared heads of revenue was insufficient for the needs of the Provinces, it had to be supplemented to a large extent by fixed grants which, as experience

has shown, tend to become larger and larger every year. The liberty of Local Governments to meet a deficit in current revenue by drafts on Provincial balances was also curtailed.

In 1882, however, fresh settlements were made. Receipts from customs, salt, opium, post office and telegraphs, remained wholly Imperial; those from forests, excise, income tax, stamps and registration, were divided between the Central and the Provincial Governments; while the receipts classified under the head "Provincial Rates" were made entirely Provincial and local; and those from law and justice, public works and education, were also provincialized. The major portion of the revenue from railways and irrigation was still Imperial. In spite of these adjustments there was a balance of expenditure—liability for which generally followed receipts—not covered by the increase in revenue. To meet this deficit, a percentage of land revenue, which was an Imperial receipt, was assigned to each Province. Another feature of these settlements was that Provincial Governments secured the same financial control over expenditure under divided heads as they had over expenditure under wholly Provincial heads. These settlements were professedly temporary, and revision took place every five years. The chief result of this was that land-revenue became in reality a divided head, deficiencies of Provincial revenues in meeting normal administrative requirements being adjusted by special fixed assignments under that head.

In 1904, Sir Edward Law initiated the system of permanent settlements. The object was to avoid the periodical revision which was, in the words of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, a fertile cause of friction, improvidence and waste. The Government of India, however, retained the power of revision, though it was to be exercised only in cases of grave imperial necessity, or when a settlement became unfair to the Central Government, or to other Provinces, or to the Province itself. Under these settlements the Government of India retained certain administrative services which it is considered inexpedient to hand over to Provincial Governments, and they reserved the revenue from those services and such a share of the other public revenues as they considered adequate for the expenditure falling upon them. The remaining services were entrusted to the Local Governments, and an income sufficient for their needs was assured in the form of a defined proportion of the revenue under certain heads which were shared, in addition to their revenue from certain other heads which were entirely Provincial. Opium, salt, customs, mint, railways, posts and telegraphs, and tributes from Native States came under the category of purely Imperial heads of revenue and expenditure. On the other hand, registration, police, law and justice, education, jails, medical relief, stationery and printing, Provincial civil works and minor irrigation works were wholly Provincial. Under the third category of divided heads, came excise, stamps, income tax, larger irrigation works and forests, income from and expenditure under these heads being generally divided equally between the Imperial and the Provincial Governments. Receipts from land-revenue were also divided similarly, but expenditure incurred within the Province in connection with land-revenue, which included district administration, was wholly Provincial. The bulk of the Provincial revenues was derived from the divided heads, and as the expenditure was generally greater than the income from sources assigned to the Provinces wholly or in part, the difference was made up by fixed assignments under the land-revenue head.

Provincial surpluses were not to be resumed by the Government of India as was the case before, and thus an incentive to economy in expenditure was provided side by side with a more substantial and enduring interest in the management of Provincial resources than had previously been possible. Nearly one-third of the total revenues of India (excluding those of local bodies) were in this manner made over to Local Governments.

But in spite of the important and far-reaching consequences with which the new departure was fraught, it did not go far enough.

Full Provincial independence was still very distant, and recurring assignments had again grown to nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ crores. Advocates of change offered three remedies. One set of people suggested that divided heads should be made wholly Provincial, and instead of assignments by the Central Government or doles given by it out of surpluses, it should exact benevolences for its own needs from Local Governments. Another view was that some of the divided heads should become wholly Imperial and others wholly Provincial. A third view was a compromise between the last and the system that existed. According to this view, heads of revenue should remain divided, but heads of expenditure should be provincialized, the extra outlay being covered by an increased share in the divided revenues.

All these suggestions were considered by the Decentralization Commission, but it refused to be wholly converted to any of these views. The first suggestion appeared to the Commission to convert Provincial Governments into Tributaries paying a certain tribute, which, if a fixed sum, would result in the same friction as the revision of settlements were causing, and if a fluctuating contribution, would introduce uncertainty. The entire separation of heads into Provincial and Imperial was considered by the Commission to be a scheme which narrowed the basis of Provincial and Imperial revenues. Fluctuating seasons would play havoc with one or the other and upset all the arrangements made for normal times. This scheme would give greater independence to the Provinces, but the Commission thought that it would take away a good deal of the interest which the Government of India now feels in the Provincial administration of important services, and thereby prevent the exercise of that general control which it should exercise as the Supreme Government. The third scheme had obviously little to recommend it, and it is probable that Local Governments would be deterred from improving the services connected with divided heads if all the increase in expenditure fell upon them while only part of the revenue resulting from improvements came to their share.

The general conclusions of the Commission were that no sudden and violent changes should be introduced, but that fixed grants aggregating a considerable sum should be converted into a larger share of growing revenue from a divided head. This is exactly what has now been done. A total recurring assignment from Imperial to Provincial revenue of Rs. 334.08 lakhs has been altered into a net recurring benevolence of Rs. 13.63 lakhs from the Provincial to the Imperial Chest. But the suggestions noted above have not proved fruitless. Forest has now become a wholly Provincial head in all the eight Provinces, while the assignments of Rs. 85.10 lakhs to Bombay, and of Rs. 38.87 lakhs to Eastern Bengal and Assam have been exchanged with the Imperial share of net excise revenue, which is, therefore, completely provincialized. The adjustments in Bengal, in the United Provinces, and in the Central Provinces have also been made in the same head of revenue, the Provincial shares being raised from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. This inclines us to believe that like forests, excise, too, will gradually be provincialized completely.

The Decentralization Commission, while justifying the close control hitherto exercised by the Central Government over Excise policy in the Provinces, had recommended considerable diminution in the future. That recommendation has borne fruit, but we doubt whether the advocates of temperance would welcome the change. One of the justifications of the close control exercised hitherto was that the Government of India had more than once pledged themselves not to regard the increase of excise revenue as an object to be sought *per se*, and they had therefore to ascertain whether their policy was fully understood and loyally carried out. We do not know whether the Government of India is now entirely satisfied on these scores. But we do know that the advocates of temperance are not, and we await Bombay's opinion in particular on the subject of its new settlement. If the conversion of a fixed assignment is intended—as admittedly it is—to stimulate the development of Provincial resources, then the provincialization of Excise is bound to result in the non-fulfilment of the solemn pledges of the Government of India that increase of excise revenue is not desired *per se*. We have

considerable experience of local Excise officials; and however decorously they may disguise their intentions by the use of official counters and catchwords, there is no doubt that they desire an increase of revenue far more ardently than sobriety, as the former is the most convincing as it is the most tangible proof of their merit. Like the servants of the late John Company, Provincial Governments will publish the most self-denying ordinances worthy of Puritans, and yet the policy of expansion will go on as it did in the case of the Company, till the faces of the drink-sodden wretches from whom most of this revenue will be derived will be coloured as red as the map of India has been.

To pass on to the adjustments, land-revenue is to be equally shared between the Local and the Imperial Governments, except in Burma where the Provincial share is to be five-eighths partly on account of its contribution from land to Imperial resources in the shape of an export duty on rice, and in the United Provinces where the Local Government will receive three-eighths wholly on account of its misfortune and the timidity of its official representatives. The enhanced Provincial share of land-revenue, therefore, affects Burma and the Punjab only.

In addition to these two chief adjustments, Panjab will gain by getting half instead of three-eighths of the revenue and expenditure under Major Irrigation Works, and Bengal will share with the Imperial Government its losses under Major and Minor Irrigation which were hitherto entirely Provincial. Madras is to lose $3\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs of its recent assignments without any corresponding gain, and Bengal gains a special recurring grant of $7\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs chiefly for Police reform. Certain minor adjustments keep the recurring assignments at about 55 lakhs. But Imperial benevolences of $68\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs, help to make the result a net Provincial tribute of 13.63 lakhs to the Imperial fiscus.

This is the tale of the new adjustments. But the changes point in another direction also. Sir Steyning Edgerley and Mr. Hichens, two members of the Decentralization Commission, were bolder than the others in suggesting reforms, and had asked for a definite movement in the direction of some separate powers of taxation for Provincial Governments. They had complained that, on the one hand, Local Governments had no responsibility for adjusting their expenditure to the capacity of the public for bearing the burden, and, on the other hand, the Provincial tax-payer had little inducement to consider the cost of improvements in administration which he pressed on the attention of Local Governments. The Bombay Government also had asked for power to raise and revise Provincial taxation of all descriptions. But the other Commissioners thought that such Governments had not as yet a sufficiently separate fiscal sphere to render this policy desirable, and had feared their tendency to add straw after straw on the strained back of the tax-payer. It is not clear from the statement of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson whether such powers are now given. But he declared that "it may be better for India as a whole that a Province should tax itself than that it should live on its neighbours."

We do not think such powers can safely be conferred on Local Governments before the Provincial Legislatures have realized to the fullest extent their latent strength, and can act as real checks on Provincial Governments. When Provincial Swaraj is a reality, Provincial taxation is bound to come in! That, however, is not the only direction which financial reform should then take. It would then be clearly desirable to displace the system of divided heads by one of absolute separation, and the progress marked by the new settlements brings the goal appreciably nearer. We, however, trust that in the interval between that hope and its fulfilment a more impartial outside authority, better qualified by prior training and less liable to extravagance than the Civilian personnel of Provincial Secretariats, will be placed in charge of Provincial finances. It is not always possible to secure an outside financier of the type of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson even for the Government of India. But Provincial finance will be all the better for a larger field of choice than the Civil Service. It is true that the Hon. Mr. Meston is a Civilian. But if few outsiders are like Sir Guy, fewer still are like Mr. Meston even in that distinguished and remarkably talented service.

CONFIDENCE



The Subsidized Paper and Mussalmans.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

It is now a matter of common knowledge that two newspapers in the Bengali vernacular are about to be shortly started in Calcutta and Dacca, the capital cities respectively of this Province and that of Eastern Bengal and Assam, under the auspices of and subsidized by the two Provincial Governments. I may observe at the outset that I am, like every one else, opposed on principle to any newspaper being subsidized by Government in this wholesale manner. But since all public criticisms have so far been unavailing, and despite universal protest the decision arrived at by Government seems to be irrevocable, the only sensible course for us is to accept the decision, like some other Government measures of a more or less unpopular nature, as a "settled fact," and to make the best of a bad bargain. Approaching the subject with this attitude of mind, I have a suggestion to offer, and in doing so, I venture to think I am seeking no "special privileges."

It is a notorious fact, that in dealing with questions affecting the Muhammadan community, or concerning the relation and policy of Government towards that community, Hindu publicists generally betray lack of sufficient knowledge, insight and breadth of views, which, not unoften, lead to serious misunderstanding, and this in its turn causes considerable embarrassment to Government, and throws on it a lot of unnecessary trouble. To obviate these inconveniences and drawbacks, it is both necessary and expedient that some qualified Muhammadan Bengali writers should be associated with the conduct and management of the subsidized newspapers in the capacity of either joint, sub-or assistant editors, who, by their direct and intimate knowledge of the needs and circumstances of their own community, will assist in dispelling any misunderstanding that may arise. My proposal is, therefore, that Government should be moved to arrange with the authorities of the subsidized newspapers, as a condition precedent to the grant of the subsidy, to take competent Muhammadan writers on the editorial staff of the journals. Should, however, the Government feel that it is not justified in interfering with the internal conduct and management of these papers, by the imposition of the aforesaid condition, I have an alternative proposal to suggest, namely, that a proportionate share of this subsidy should be given to a Muhammadan vernacular paper, and where no such paper exists—as is the case in Eastern Bengal—steps should be taken to establish such a paper with the aid of a Government subsidy. The latter arrangement is perhaps the better plan, in view of the fact that for obvious reasons the Muhammadan masses are not given to reading newspapers edited by non-Moslems. Seeing that the subsidy proposed to be granted to the vernacular journals referred to above, will come out of the public revenues to which the Muhammadan subjects of the Government also contribute, it is our duty to see that the expenditure is laid out to the best advantage, and that Muhammadans also derive proportionate benefit from it.

MUNIR.

A Talk about Biography.

"Some tiresome philosopher," said I, "has classified intelligences in three degrees, according to the subjects that most appeal to them; the highest are interested in ideas, the second in things, the third, and lowest, in persons." "M. A. P.," interjected the undergraduate thoughtfully. "Exactly," said I, "mainly about people; and yet biography is mainly about people." "Well," said the undergraduate, "he wasn't the only philosopher. There was Pope, you know, with his proper study of mankind is man." "Pope," I rejoined, "was certainly interested in persons—and in personalities. Look at his interest in Homer"—"who wasn't a person, you know," said the undergraduate.

"I don't know," said I, rather pettishly. "But to resume, why do you tell me that my intelligence is of a low order if it doesn't soar for ever among abstractions, each beginning with a capital letter?" ("I never told you so," said the undergraduate.) "Why," continued I, ignoring the interruption, "why am I to be located in the third class because people interest me more than machines? It was said in my hearing the other day, that one couldn't be a man of one's age unless one is able to discuss the interior economy of motor cars and the respective merits of bi-and monoplans." "They are interesting, though," said the undergraduate, "you should hear Jackson, one of our men." "I don't want to hear him in the least. I have an ineradicable confidence that Jackson can't teach me to live better or to die better—to die more rapidly, he *might*—however fluently he may prate about carburettors and wind-gauges. We shall have the superman by and by with a vengeance, hundreds of him above us and upon us before we know where we are. We shall realise quite soon enough that Jackson is a man of weight." ("Why, he only rows nine stone seven," said the undergraduate.) "Never mind," said I, "that is quite heavy enough for the purpose. But as for me, my airy spirits crave no such plumbeous suppression. They want to soar, though my body doesn't. And if the study of man helps me to carp more vital airs than do chilly abstractions or mechanical things that creak and buzz, who is to say I am a fool for my pains?" "Not I," said the undergraduate soothingly.

"What a wonderful thing," I went on, "is biography! How it explains things! How it makes them clear! Imagine yourself shown into a drawing room some dull winter afternoon. The room strikes you, perhaps, as being as dull as the weather. The fire is low or sulky. The outlines of the furniture are blurred, there is nothing individual about the room. It is not alive. Then in a moment out bursts the sun, floods the room with sunshine, and shows "That it wants dusting and that the carpet is threadbare, which you hadn't noticed before." "It may show you that," I rejoined; "it may show one that—but it shows me more. It shows me that the room has a soul, though a dusty and perhaps a shabby one. But a soul, for all that. Now that is just what biography does, in the hands of a master. Where, I ask would Dr. Johnson be without Boswell? Why, in the limbo where two-thirds of the poets would lie whose careers he chronicled, if he hadn't rescued them from total eclipse by writing their lives." "But the dust," said the undergraduate, "and the threadbare carpet? Isn't it a little unkind of the sunshine to show them up?" "Wait a bit," said I, "consider for a moment what that carpet stands for. We know what it meant in Dr. Johnson's case. It meant the sharing of his hardly won home with a pack of querulous people whose backerings must have tried him horribly. Do you think a man less admirable because he is worn threadbare in the service of his family, his friend, or the public? Take the case of John Ogilvie, of which Mr. Edmund Gosse has just reminded us, who, great scholar though he was, apprenticed himself to a dancing master in order to get his father out of a debtor's prison; or that of Mrs. Oliphant (another Scot, by the way) constantly, as she herself told us, working against time and overtaking her imagination, in order that she might educate her sons. Or that of Keats, breaking his heart for a woman who could not appreciate its worth. Trust me, there

in much pathos in the threadbare carpet. The sunshine, to my mind, falls upon it very tenderly."

"But the dust, you know" the undergraduate persisted. "Ah," said I, "the dust. There you touch upon a point very vital to biography. Of course, there oughtn't by rights to be any dust at all in the room; and there oughtn't to be any flaws in character. And, so Mr. Gosse has been telling us, the latter-day biographer has a happy knack of lighting upon flawless subjects for his pen. Of course, it doesn't do. 'Paint me as I am,' said Cromwell; and who is really flawless? The kind of biographer to whom Mr. Gosse takes exception produces, at best, but a colourless lay-figure, either an admirable Crichton in whom it is impossible to believe, a model of every virtue, an adept in every field of activity, or a creature only to be described by negations, such as Mr. Kipling pilloried in his *Tomlinson*, who had been nothing, and done nothing, either good or bad. Mr. Gosse thinks, and no doubt has cause for thinking, that now-a-days too much consideration is paid to 'the snobbishness, the weakness, or blindness of relatives, and too little to the claims of truth.' If this be so, it was a grievous fault. Discretion is the excellence of the biographer, false delicacy his vice. Think what a figure false delicacy would make of Henry Fielding! There is plenty of dust upon his person, the faults are thick enough, but the great heart of him, his love for his children, his inspiring devotion to the public service—qualities which all may read in the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, and which are attested now beyond dispute—do not these atone, humanly speaking, for his faults? There is no dust upon *Tomlinson*: how should there be? Fielding has gone out into the world; he has had a fall or two, and bears the mark of them; but he has done good as well."

"Besides," I continued, after a pause during which we both stared thoughtfully at the fire, "biography, ever since the days of Plutarch, serves an ethical end, if any branch of literature does. Incidentally, I mean for truth of portrayal, truth to nature is its primary aim, and the conveyance of a story—don't we all love stories?—its primary delight. It is exactly the same with a play of Shakespeare or one of the old Greek masters. You can't read one of these and you can't read a good biography without getting clearer notions about goodness and badness, about things that are admirable and things that are to be continued. 'Mainly about people,' I admit. But we need, as men, to know of what man is capable, both for warning and for encouragement. It is just the same in every-day life, unless we shut ourselves up or hide behind a wall, like Plato's philosopher. We are seeing, in the lives of our friends and acquaintances, bits of biography in the making. It is with no impertinence that we watch them; our motives are partly altruistic, and partly we desire to pick up from contemplations of the lives and difficulties of others a few wrinkles for our own."

"I expect you're right," said the undergraduate. "And now I must be off, for I'm going with Jackson to pick up a few wrinkles about aviation from a flying man we know. Won't you come, too?" "I hardly think so," said I. "I leave that to the rising generation. Hand me down my third volume of Boswell, like a good fellow, before you go."

H. C. MICHIE.

Short Story.

Divorce a la mode.

WHEN a man's fiftieth year looms big ahead of him he craves the solid comforts of life, and this situation faced Mr. Peter Dieboldt, citizen of U. S. America. He did not ask much. He only wanted to smoke his pipe, and drink his occasional glass of beer, with a clear and untroubled conscience. Perhaps he might have done both without reproach, but for an unfortunate tendency to be slovenly. When he smoked he liked to place his feet on the chintz-covered sofa, and spill the ashes from his pipe on the floor. All this, and many other careless traits, wrought on the nerve of his wife Christine. Now Peter was Christine's second

matrimonial venture, and she had won her divorce and the sympathy of the Judge, by testifying in startling phrases, to the cruelties which her first love had inflicted on her, and she had been forthwith freed from bonds which chafed her by a considerate and kind-hearted court. But had she done this only to fall from the frying pan into the fire?

"Sure, Christine," said Peter dryly one morning, when he had been reproved for his careless habits, "I know I am a loafer, that Herman of yours (husband No. 1) would never have made you so much trouble as me. It's a wonder to me, you ever had the nerve to divorce him. Such a fine man as he was." And as he ended he unfortunately let the ashes from his pipe fall on the immaculate floor.

"There you go again," scolded Christine. "I never seen such a man. Herman never spilled no ashes on the floor."

"May be he didn't," grumbled Peter, "but I have heard he always licked you when he got drunk."

"He never did," flared Christine. Peter grunted unbelievably, and left the house, and betook himself to his best friend, Gustave Sprenger.

"What ails you," asked Gustave solicitously: "You look like a boy what had been licked for fishing on Sunday."

Peter sighed. Gustave's lively remark seemed to him ill-timed.

"It's Christine," he replied. "She blows me up every day."

"That's the way with women. They ain't none of them happy, unless they can fight all the time with some man," observed Mr. Sprenger philosophically. "That's the reason I never married, Peter. I wouldn't walk on a chalked line for no woman."

Peter nodded solemnly. It did not occur to him that Mr. Sprenger, being a bachelor, had no knowledge of domestic angles, neither could he gauge the emotional temperament of womenkind. So when his friend, after a prolonged conversation, advised him to put in for domestic comfort by getting a divorce from Christine, Peter sat up straight, and told him he was not at all anxious to get rid of his wife.

"Most of the time we get along fine; it's only when she kicks I feel bad. I couldn't get any other woman so good-looking, no. No, I couldn't get along without Christine."

"Peter," said Mr. Sprenger presently, "Herman has come back to town."

"That doesn't help me," said Peter gloomily.

"Sure, it helps you," insisted Mr. Sprenger. "You hunt Herman up, and take him for a boarder. I guess when Christine sees how he acts, she won't have so awful much to say when you spill ashes."

"I don't want any loafer around the house," objected Peter.

"You need only have him till Christine is cured. You can fire him out if he gets too bad."

The more Peter thought about it, the stronger was his belief that the plan was worth trying. He had grown very tired of having Christine's first husband held up as a model, and he was quite willing to put up with the drunken Herman for a short time, if he could thereby demonstrate his superiority. That evening as usual Peter spilled the ashes on the floor, and as a matter of course Christine "talked."

"Herman has come back to town," remarked Peter during one of the pauses in the conversation. "He is a nice man and I told him to come and board here. To-morrow afternoon he brings his trunk."

For once Christine had not a word to say. The situation was entirely beyond her control.

The next afternoon Herman arrived, while Mr. Dieboldt was out.

"Christine," he said, "you look now as nice as when I married you. It was friendly of you and your man to take me for a boarder."

"I never did; it was Peter," she said.

At supper that evening Herman exerted himself to please, and when they all went into the parlour, Peter offered his package of tobacco to Herman.

"Smoking's an awful dirty habit," said Herman impressively. "A man who smokes always spills his ashes around, and it, always smells up a clean house terribly."

Peter eyed his boarder narrowly, and produced a well filled whisky flask and passed it to Herman. That gentleman, however, declined it, and exclaimed loudly: "Drinking whisky is a terrible bad habit. If I were you I would cut out this smoking or drinking. It isn't good for a man. I've seen myself how it can burst up an awful happy home."

Christine threw a triumphant glance in Peter's direction. A week later, Mr. Dieboldt entered the shop of Mr. Sprenger, and made no attempt at conversation.

"What is it that ails you," asked Gustave. "You come into my shop like as if it was a funeral. You have got your good clothes on, and your hair all brushed up, you won't smoke, and you won't drink any beer. And you look as if you had broken out of jail, or had a pain in your stomach."

"It's that Herman. You have fooled me, Gustave."

"How did I fool you," asked Mr. Sprenger.

"You said he got drunk all the time."

"So he does."

"Well, he has boarded at my house for a week, and he did not get drunk once, nor smoke. He has acted all the time like a gentleman."

"He must be in love," hazarded Mr. Sprenger.

"Who could he be in love with. He has seen no woman but Christine."

"Well," asked Mr. Sprenger, "I don't see any reason why he shouldn't be in love with Christine. She is a good looking woman, and a good deal younger than you are."

Peter left the shop hastily, slamming the door behind him. The suggestion did not meet with his approval.

That very evening, Peter, with that reckless tactlessness which is characteristic of men in affairs of the heart, asked Christine what she was keeping Herman as a boarder for. "Is it that you are in love with him again?"

"I am not the one that asked Herman to board here. Besides he don't smoke nor drink."

"I don't smoke nor drink now," urged Peter timidly. After this Peter added fuel to the flames by stubbornly staying away from home as much as possible.

"Peter doesn't love you any more," Herman told her, commenting on the aberrantism of husband No. 2. "And you know if you loved me once you love me always."

At first Christine denied it, but gradually came to believe it herself, and in the end she promised to go away, with Herman, Peter, as she believed, having ceased to find her necessary to his existence. On Thursday evening Peter always went to Lodge, and on a Thursday they planned to go away. At a quarter to nine Christine heard some one at the door, and hurried to open it. There stood Peter.

"Oh!", she gasped. "How early you have come home."

"I'll tell you how it is," he explained. "When I went down town with Herman, he acted all the time like a man who has made up his mind to get drunk. I was afraid he might come home and scare you."

"Herman doesn't drink" I said Christine stiffly.

At that moment Herman himself appeared under the electric light at the corner. From his mouth an immense corn-cob pipe protruded, while he joyously swung an empty whisky flask in either hand. He was trying to sing, and the words which reached Christine and Peter sounded like, "Christine she loves me, she loves me, she loves me."

Herman had evidently been celebrating his second conquest of Christine.

Christine shivered and swayed towards Peter, and he, with commendable presence of mind, put his arm round her waist. "Ain't he awful, Peter?", she whispered.

And then she gently drew him into the house and locked the door in Herman's face.

"Come on, Peter," she said softly, "come on—you can smoke your pipe, and put your feet on the sofa."

A CURRIE.

Selections. Turkish Constitutionalism.

THE grave and serious tone of the Marquis of Lansdowne's condemnation of the Young Turk atrocities in Macedonia has been immediately noticed by the Press of Europe. Few manifestations of fanatic savagery have more deeply disgraced the worst annals of Turkey than the proceedings of the Young Turk armies in Macedonia and Albania during the past two years and especially during the past twelvemonth. Men have been flogged and bastinadoed by the ten thousand. Tortured cripples by the hundred still survive to drag their twisted and broken limbs through the terrorised villages. Christian priests, especially Greeks, have been the object of peculiar brutality and insult. But, though the principal fury of the uniformed demons of "Constitutional Turkey" has been directed against Christians of Greek and Bulgarian race, many old-fashioned Moslems, like the semi-independent Albanians, have been treated with a ferocity hardly inferior. The Albanians cherish their distinct nationality and language with unbending pride, and it is the despotic craze of the Young Turks to make the Turkish language and customs obligatory on all Ottomans. The fierce insurrection of the Arabs of Yemen and Asyr has been similarly stimulated by the Young Turk outrages to the Arab language and letters.

Lord Lansdowne speaks of the belief in Turkish "Constitutionalism" which has been "shattered." Shattered, indeed, beyond the hope of repair. But will the grave words of Lord Lansdowne teach moderation to the oppressors, or bring hope to the oppressed? Until recently the authority of England stood highest in the Eastern world. The coming of the Radical party and policy to Westminster has lowered the prestige and sapped the strength of the Mistress of the Seas and the Empress of the Orient. It is a horrible incident of the German scramble for ascendancy that the Berlin Press curries favour at Constantinople by open recommendation of the "bloody clearance."

It is a symptom of the general unrest in the Near East that the relations between Turkey and Italian opinion are increasingly hostile. On a couple of occasions the two Governments have had differences, which have been settled temporarily by the Turkish Government apologising for acts of violence or fanaticism at the expense of Italian subjects. But there is no doubt that a very deep feeling of dislike has developed between the representatives of public sentiment in the two countries. The Young Turk organs are often insolently denunciatory of Italian policy, and the journals of Rome and Naples especially contain bitter complaints of the intolerable lot of the Christian populations under the brutal hypocrisy of the pretended "Constitutional Administration."

Remorse and Reaction in Young Turkey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NATION."

SIR,—The recent outcry in Turkey caused by the references of Lords Crewe and Lansdowne to Macedonian affairs, and by the criticism of the Balkan Committee, has shown how sensitive the Turks are to Western opinion. The outcry has been mainly one

of protest, of course. It is never popular to agree with foreign critics. But there is another section of the public which takes the criticism in the friendly spirit in which it is meant. The *Sabah* and the *Yeni Gazette* plead for a serious consideration of the views of English statesmen, supported, as these have been, by recent comments in the English and French Press. They ask for a proper inquiry into the charges made by disinterested friends in Europe. Turkey may be leaning, for the moment, towards the Triple Alliance, but the Young Turks recognise that the good opinion of the Liberal Powers is important to them, from the point of view of cheap money, no less than of moral support.

And this imposes a responsibility on those who wish well to them. We cannot wash our hands of the whole affair. We have to consider carefully what our attitude should be. I submit that it should be one of respect towards a Power which we wish to be self-respecting, combined with vigilance, and, when necessary, with perfectly frank and outspoken criticism.

I may be told that the time has gone by for an attitude of respect. Such an attitude implies a belief in the possibility of gradual improvement in the government of the Ottoman Empire. That belief was justified, it may be said, at the time of the Revolution of 1908, but it is no longer possible to-day. I cannot admit this.

Memories are short, and it is worth while recalling the position which English Liberals—and, indeed, most Englishmen who had studied the subject—took up in July 1908. We believed that the Young Turks ought to have a chance—and a good chance, an ample chance, in point of time—of showing what they could do. What were the grounds of that belief? Not that we expected a sudden and complete change; nor that we thought that a temporary gust of enthusiastic brotherliness would become a steady wind, blowing the ship of State along a course of liberty, equality, and fraternity; nor that we trusted the mere forms of a French Constitution to alter the habit of centuries and produce a spirit of real constitutionalism. We cherished no such illusions. We took into account the difficulties in the way. We also took into account the force of the modern spirit among educated Turks, acting under the impulse given to it by the fear of foreign intervention. Lastly, we took into account the only alternative policy—that of discrediting the new régime—with all its consequences. It would have meant war—war, primarily, between Turkey and Bulgaria, but involving, in all probability, other Balkan States, if not the Great Powers as well. The defeat of Turkey would not have settled the problem, the Christian States would not have been in a position to agree as to the disposition of the severed territory. It was not unlikely that they would have been robbed of the fruits of their success by the refusal of the Powers to acquiesce in it. Further, there was the possibility of a Turkish victory, establishing a still more martial Turkish Government, with a still firmer hold on European Turkey.

Such was our view in 1908. And I contend that the position is essentially the same to-day. A policy of mere opposition to the Turkish Government, unless, indeed, it were wholly ineffective and fruitless, would produce the same terrible effects as we contemplated then. The only other alternative—the policy of more or less pacific "intervention" by the Great Powers—has been dropped, at least, for some time to come.

On the other hand, I contend that the possibility of improvement has not disappeared. There are hopeful signs. There are men of genuinely Liberal opinions in high places. There is criticism in Parliament and in the Press. There is an increased feeling of security, showing itself in an upward movement of commerce and industry and a rise in the value of land. Disorder has been lessened; the roads are more frequented; the markets are better attended; the Army is more regularly paid, and the soldiers are no longer compelled to live by pillaging the population. The

gendarmerie, under the influence of European officers, is less arbitrary. Most important of all, a really remarkable educational movement is in progress. It could not be expected to have any influence as yet on the course of affairs, but it is bound to bear fruit in the future, unless a catastrophe occurs before it has time to ripen.

All is not well, it is true. The past year has been disgraced by barbarities in Macedonia of which readers of the *Nation* have been kept informed from time to time. These barbarities were the inevitable outcome of an aggressive policy against the Albanian, Bulgarian and Greek communities, based upon a Chauvinistic and militarist sentiment, and an exaggerated fear of hostile designs across the frontier. We have, in fact, been witnessing a militarist reaction, during which the men of Liberal opinions have lost influence, and have even been affected by the Jingo atmosphere themselves. If this process were to continue, it would mean a gradual reversion towards anarchy, bankruptcy and the break-up of the Empire. It is not proved, however, that the reaction is more than temporary. There are already some signs that it has spent itself.

It is too early as yet to form a final judgment on the Young Turks. It is only since the so-called Counter Revolution of 13th April 1909—a period of less than two years—that they have had an opportunity of trying their hand. And that event was an unfortunate one. It deprived the Turkish Revolution of its bloodless character. It brought the Army into undue prominence as the "saviour" of the Constitution, and so profoundly changed the balance of power within the Young Turk movement.

The Young Turks would, in any case, have been confronted with the ignorance and occasional fanaticism of a vast Moslem population; with the deep-rooted suspicions and hatreds of the non-Turkish peoples; with habits of corruption and of brutality, the luxuriant weeds of long years of despotism; with the almost complete absence of honest and capable officials. To these were now added an increased fear of conspiracy and sedition, an increased reliance upon force, and the dominance of an Army whose ablest men have been trained in the Teutonic school. The Liberal section of the reformers were bound to walk more warily than ever. They have preferred a damaging compromise with the militarists to running the risk of a dictatorship.

The conflict in modern Turkey is generally believed to be between old-fashioned Moslem prejudice on the one side, and, on the other, a small group of intellectuals with a Parisian education and outlook. That is not the true way of looking at it. The political problem is beginning to assume a new setting, more like that which it assumes in Western States. It is true that the instinct of the mob must be reckoned with, and that no party can afford to neglect them. But the tendencies which are to-day struggling for mastery are the desire, on the one side, for military strength and national self-assertion, and the desire, on the other, for conciliation and internal development. It is not Religious Bigotry *versus* Free Thought, it is Jingoism *versus* Liberalism.

To conclude, the question before us is not whether the present Turkish Government is all that was hoped for by the optimists; nor whether it is a truly constitutional government; nor even whether it is the best that the circumstances of the Ottoman Empire admit of. We might answer all these questions in the negative and still prefer it. The question is whether it is preferable to any alternative which is, at the present time, possible.

To think it so preferable, is not to think that it should be immune from criticism. On the contrary, such criticism is desired by the best elements in Turkey—even in Government circles, and still more outside them—and, so long as it is not expressed in a purely hostile spirit, it tends to strengthen the hands of those who are working for real progress.

On the other hand, we should treat Turkey as a self-respecting State. It should be understood that we express our opinions not because we wish to interfere in her internal affairs for humanitarian sake, but because Turkey herself claims to be a self-respecting State.

into accord with Liberal opinion in Europe, and wants to know what that opinion is, and because we have responsibilities under the Treaty of Berlin towards the Christian subjects of the Porte. These facts justify us in following more closely the course of affairs in Turkey than in other foreign states. While criticising, we should, at the same time support and help the Young Turks in their efforts towards progress and not fail to give them full credit for the advance they have already made. This attitude of respect tempered with vigilance is not a simple and easy one to take up, and our Foreign Office does not seem to have succeeded in assuming it. But we are faced with a more complicated and difficult situation than in the old days, and to that situation our policy must adapt itself.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

Constantinople.

The First Suffragette.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: THE GREAT PIONEER.

THE oldest contribution to the Woman Question is the great Sphinx sunk in the Egyptian sands. Generations and generations of puny men have gazed on that vast animal-body with the woman's head and have pondered its meaning in vain. To-day, however, there are a few who offer a reading of the riddle. The Sphinx they say, symbolises the union of the animal nature with the divine. The animal nature, fierce and strong, is subdued and controlled by the divine; and, so guided, it acts as an impetus, a driving force upon the whole being.

The fierce passions, the burning desires of the physical body are thus translated into power, and the Sphinx, in its ageless calm, is an image of tremendous forces dominated by mind. In a word the Sphinx has won that eternal peace which follows the reconciliation of body and soul, of mind and matter, of intellect and emotion, of reason and desire. But the secret of that reconciliation remains hers. And, lacking this key, those among us most largely dowered with the two natures are those who experience the most shattering conflicts and the most cruel sufferings. "So many people have to blunder along through life with a lop-sided development, either emotional poets or cold-blooded thinkers," writes Mr. Stirling Taylor in "Mary Wollstonecraft: A Study in Economics and Romance" (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net). "Mary Wollstonecraft was both. That is the main reason why she was a great woman. It is these two sides of Mary Wollstonecraft's nature, both so clearly defined—her penetrating intellect and her strong passions, her lucid reasoning and her warm emotions, her brilliant wit and her large pity—that have for a brief moment recalled to memory the double nature of the great mystical woman-beast of the desert.

Mary Wollstonecraft is admittedly the great pioneer of the Woman movement. By her vigour and her vehemence, by her heart-whole earnestness and her passionate sympathies, she may lay claim to the title of the First Suffragette. Before her time there had been a few tentative tracts on female education, "Serious Proposals" that amounted to very little. The "Vindication of the Rights of Women" sprang, like Minerva, glittering and full-armed, with tremendous dazzle and shock upon the smug respectability of that most conventional of all centuries—the eighteenth. The book still stands, brilliant and unassailable, and few on the same subject can take their place beside it for sheer logic and insight. The "Vindication" was born out of suffering and bitter experience. Mrs. Browning says in "Aurora Leigh" that life-blood is necessary to the making of a great book, and though the "Vindication" holds its importance as a piece of reasoning, yet it is Mary's very life-blood that gives its arguments vitality. Born in 1759, her pity—the "aching passion" as she calls it—was first claimed by her own mother and the very dogs of the household, subjected to the caprice of a brutal father. Then her difficult struggles against poverty, her painful attempts to earn a living by keeping school, her something of the harshness of the outside world. "In-

dependence," she writes in her dedication to the "Vindication," "independence I have long considered as the grand blessing of life, the basis of every virtue, and independence I will ever secure by contracting my wants, though I were to live on a barren heath." How modern it all sounds! Translate the "Rights of Women" into language a little more colloquial, and you have the very ring of the arguments used on all the Suffrage platforms to-day.

Mr. Stirling Taylor brings out very well in his sympathetic study of Mary Wollstonecraft the fact that she vindicated, not so much the rights of women as the rights of human beings. She had already vindicated the Rights of Man in a powerful pamphlet written in reply to Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," and she expressly says in her dedication to the "Rights of Women," "It is an affection for the whole human race that makes my pen dart rapidly along." Her main contention is that if women are not prepared by education to become the companions of men it will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue. She advocates the vote as a necessary step in emancipation. Mr. Stirling Taylor's book is written in an easy conversational style, and without going at all profoundly into his subject, he succeeds in giving a lively picture of Mary Wollstonecraft's life and works—of her entry into the intellectual circles of London, of her visit to Paris and her passion for Imlay, and of her marriage with Godwin and the birth of her daughter Mary, afterwards the wife of Shelley. Mr. Stirling Taylor's book forms an excellent introduction to Mary Wollstonecraft's own works. Two of these at least ought to be known to every student of thought and character. These are the "Vindication of the Rights of Women," which goes with a swing and a rest which make its pages delightful reading, and the "Letter to Imlay," which are among the most tragic writings ever penned by woman or by man.

Mary Wollstonecraft was of opinion when she wrote the "Vindication" that the problems of sex could take care of themselves. Yet in her own case her love for Imlay caused her intolerable suffering, and undoubtedly hastened her early death at the age of thirty-eight. She was thirty-four years old when she met in Paris Captain Imlay, a young American officer. They were registered at the American Embassy as a man and wife probably for the better protection of Mary in the dangerous times of the Revolution, but they were certainly never legally married. In due course a child was born. Imlay was constantly away on business and on pleasures, and Mary's love letters form a collection almost too harrowing to be borne. Imlay was not faithful, and it needs courage to read the transcript of Mary's torn and anguished heart. We stand abashed before her splendid intellectual achievement, but to the writer of the "Letters to Imlay" we give our sisterly sympathy and our tears.

All work that is strong must have its roots in humanity as well as its branches in heaven, the two natures, well balanced, the physical and the divine, the emotional and the intellectual, go to the composition of all great books. In the case of the First Suffragette, both natures were vital, but they were at bitter war. Among the women of to-day there is a hope—faint and dim as yet—that before very many years have passed we shall learn the secret of the Sphinx—the secret of the reconciliation of the double nature.

ETHEL ROIT WHEELER—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

Verse.

Summer Dawn.

In grandeur gray, the summer night
Is parted by the first dawn light,
A thread of promise, pearly white.
Then, through the stillness, faint and low,
The thrush's first glad love words flow:
And in the heavens a warmer glow.
On, on, he sings; each note more gay,
Till love's rose light o'er all holds sway.
And God has given another day.

F.E.H.

Madge invited the Mild Hindu to *café au lait*. The *café noir* of whole-hearted support too black for his tastes. "I am not one to run down opium." Oh, no. Madge only runs down Chowringhee when the British Garrison of 70,000 stalwarts is not there to fight the *Assault* of Harrison Road riots.

Meston not against parables, but feared some people used them too literally. Some people had in fact taken him to be a good Samaritan in the flesh, but they would soon discover their mistake. Now the device of the Mild Hindu was clumsy, for Vital Thackeray might open a Share Bazar in the Council Chamber for another 2 millions. Reserve was a double-edged sword, as young ladies had often found it when they had hesitated and not forced him in his greener days to a committing declaration. Government was after all human in spite of the divinity that doth hedge it on Olympian heights. "The influences which make for economy (and here he looked doubtfully at his aged and bent Chief) are not always as strong as the influence which make for expenditure and even extravagance." Here he looked through the corner of his left eye at the alert figure of the C-in-C. and Grover who played cavalierly with the hilts of their swords. Then addressing the chair, he added: "The tendency is to overrule pleas for caution and economy. New taxation (and here he looked at silvery Sassoon, trichy Sobraon, and the consumer of petroleum on his right) unormously strengthened the powers of economy." He considered metaphysics contraband cargo in the good ship "Finance", and would not look at moral dividends. If loans for schools, why not jail debentures? Accused the Mild Hindu of keeping his baker and tailor and shoemaker unpaid, and of greedily eyeing his motor-car instead of being contented with the rumble-tumble pony-cart which he could afford to keep. A miser at home, he was the prodigal of the Government. There was much which posterity could share with them. His well-reported orations, for instance. Let it not have the *damnum hereditas* of their debts, but trust to the C-in-C. of the future to equalise the liabilities. Asked the Council to give him and his Chief all the credit, and let go the cash for the benefit of the creditors.

The Mild Hindu replied briefly. For 25 years he had been the Argus of Indian finance, and had jealously watched the *Ios* with whom Jupiter had often trod the primrose path of dalliance at Jakkro or Jutogh. Always found *Ios* in days of deficit making fresh drafts on the love which should have gone to Juno, and squandering the excess of passion in redeeming her credit with Mrs. Grundy of Lombard Street, London. As for the "sleight of hand" about an extra loan that could be had without borrowing, gave out the secret that he had been taught the financial *legerdemain* by a *guru* who was no other than Meston, and his only fault was that he was an apt pupil. The miracle, at last! *Ecce signum!* A deep scarlet, like the livery of his Corrupt Lictor, the Chuprasi, spread over the pachyderm of Meston; and this time it was not the practised hue of modesty at the sound of praise, but the deep blush of genuine guilt. Sandow II. scowled. The Sage was wild. Sir Guy whispered "O, fie!", and the whole of the Executive shouted "Well, I never!" Resolution put to vote in parts, but hopelessly lost in spite of the partition.

Petty Larceny.

(By OUR SPECIAL KLEPTOMANIAC.)

[MOTTO.—"Wit is your brightness, therefore steal it wherever you find it."—*Rigmarole Veda.*]

SHORTLY after the return from their honeymoon, a young couple of Cleveland undertook housekeeping, the bride being especially desirous to put into practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.

Returning home one evening, the husband found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

"Dearie," she gulped, "it does seem too awful that the very first meat pie I should bake for you should be eaten by the cat."

"That's all right, my love," said the husband, patting her on the shoulder, "I'll get you another cat right away."

A SOLEMN hush settled over the court; the judge had summed up and the prisoner received his sentence without a tremor. He was a barber by trade, and he scowled round the court, glaring defiance at everyone.

The judge was merciful. "Prisoner at the bar," he said, "you have the right to express a last wish, and it will be gratified if possible."

A look of joy and anticipation brightened up the barber's ferocious countenance. He rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"My lord," he replied, "I should dearly like to be allowed to shave the prosecuting counsel."

I WAS standing in a Baltimore drug-store the other day, when a rather undersized newsboy, with a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth, entered and, sauntering up to the counter, leisurely asked the clerk for a match.

"Go chase yourself," said that dignitary; "I can't be bothered with you kids."

The urchin drew himself up to his full height, took a nickel from his pocket, placed it on the counter, and said:

"Mister, I'll buy a box of matches."

The clerk handed him a box. The boy took a match from it, lighted his cigarette with a few deliberate puffs, tossed the box back to the astonished clerk, and with a deep inhalation thus delivered himself:

"Mister," he said, "next time a gentleman comes in here and asks you for a match you can give him one out of my box."

A HOMELY, hard-featured, elderly temperance speaker of the feminine persuasion, in the course of a lecture before a somewhat mixed audience, found occasion to say:

"Friends, as I passed along the street at an early hour this morning, I saw, lying in a drunken stupor, amid the ooze and slime of the gutter, a poor, fallen, besotted fellow-being. No good Samaritan came his way; the passers-by hurried on, with merely a curious glance, and left him to his shame. But as I pause beside him as he lay, the thought came to me that, fallen as he was, this man had, perhaps, a wife, a mother, a sister, who loved him. So kneeling, I brushed aside the stains from his face, and smoothed the matted hair back from his brow—and, friends, I kissed him."

Thereupon from the rear of the auditorium came the sympathetic comment of an interested hearer:

"And you just about served him right!"

It is related of a preacher, who was to be absent from his pulpit for a fortnight, that he announced after the sermon—

"The preacher for next Sunday will be Mr. Firstly, and the day for the Sunday after, you'll find hanging up behind the door on the other side of the vestry."

PROFESSOR. "Any one there?"

VOICE (from under the bed): "No, nobody."

PROFESSOR: "Strange, I made sure I heard someone." (Goes back to bed again.)

"HELLO, my good man, you were in exactly the same position here when I passed you four hours ago. Whatever do you do with yourself all day?"

"Well, I watches tide go out."

"Is that all?"

"No, I watches tide come in."

"Rather slow work; don't you do anything else?"

"Oh, of course—I answer a lot of silly questions."

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Power Standard Sir Edward Grey repeated Mr Asquith's definition, but said that a better phrase than the Two Power Standard was Mr McKenna's, namely, a fleet sufficient to hold the seas against any reasonable or probable combination. He referred to Mr. McKenna's difficult task and the stand he had made against a scare, notably during the election in January 1910. It must not be supposed that because our estimates had increased our foreign relations were strained. With gradually disappearing differences between groups of foreign powers, a rapid increase of armaments was a paradox and was more dangerous than war. It was impossible to hope that by any agreement Germany would part with or alter her navy law but within the limits of that law an agreement might do something. Sir E Grey always held that a frank exchange of information between the two Governments through their attaches would guard against surprises and have a pacific effect generally. Perhaps an agreement to ensure that no addition be made to the present German programme was all that could be the subject of discussion between the two Governments. Sir E. Grey continued "Arbitration is the only thing able to affect such world expenditure. President Taft in March and December 1910 sketched a step in advance in arbitration more momentous than anything any practical statesman had ventured to say before. We have no proposal before us, but supposing the two greatest nations of the world made it clear by such agreement that they would never go to war again it would be bound to have beneficial consequences. We should be delighted to have such a proposal made to us. It would be so far-reaching that it would require the sanction of Parliament, but I believe that it would be obtained." Mr McDonald's resolution was rejected by 276 votes to 56 Mr King's amendment, which Government accepted, was passed unanimously.

Sir Edward Grey spoke deliberately and impressively of the tremendous expenditure on armaments and said that the burden on the working classes will be such that they will revolt. The Foreign Minister laid emphasis on the statement that the cordial relations of Great Britain and Russia had not been diminished by the negotiations at the Potsdam meeting and said that Government regarded the understandings between their friends and other Powers with satisfaction.

Sir Edward Grey's statement on the subject of Arbitration has evoked a chorus of approval from all parties and all sections of the Press. Sir E. Grey is urged to hasten negotiations with President Taft.

The papers in Vienna rejoice at the tone of Sir Edward Grey's speech. The semi-official *Fremdenblatt* is convinced that the speech ends the Anglo-German antagonism.

The Week.

The Navy.

The Navy estimates amount to £44,392,500, an increase of £3,788,500 over the estimates for the previous year. New construction cost is £13,063,877, an increase of £1,784,047. This will include five large armoured ships. There will be an increase in personnel of three thousand men. The "Daily News" gives prominence to the increase of thirteen millions in naval expenditure under the Liberals, including six millions for construction as compared with a German increase of 2½ millions. In the House of Commons Mr Murray McDonald moved his resolution that the House viewed with alarm the increase in the Navy and was of opinion it should be diminished. Mr Joseph King moved an amendment suggesting an international agreement for restriction. Mr. McKenna, replying, said that we advise the building of ships in such numbers as will enable the British Navy to secure us against all contingencies. We must have the freedom of the highway on the ocean and we cannot secure that unless our Navy is supreme against any foreign Navy and any reasonable or probable combination that we might have to meet single-handed.

Mr. Balfour thought that Mr. McKenna's defence was good. He abstained at present from criticising the estimates, but pressed Government for a definite statement regarding the Two

German press comments upon the Naval Debate in the House of Commons are generally suspicious of British sincerity regarding disarmament. The semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* hails with sincere satisfaction Sir E. Grey's and Mr McKenna's utterances as doing justice to the German standpoint and opening gratifying prospects of the development of Anglo-German relations. The journal, however, is sceptical whether arbitration will remove international misunderstandings.

Army Estimates.

INTRODUCING the Army Estimates on March 14th Mr Haldane deprecated any scheme of compulsory service which would interfere with recruiting for the regular army. During the discussion on the Army Estimates much criticism was directed against the official publication of General Sir Ian Hamilton's Memorandum on compulsory service. Lieutenant General Sir R. Pole Carew, who was making his maiden speech, said that Sir Ian Hamilton's book was like himself flighty and unreliable and written to order chiefly for the advertisement of the writer. "It was our fault if we were short of officers. The pay of the subalterns was the same as that of Mr. Haldane's butler." Mr. Holt moved that the establishment be reduced by 15,000 men. He drew attention to the size of the South African garrison and asked what justification there was for retaining a larger force than in 1892 and 1898. Mr Haldane replied that we were under an obligation to maintain the South African garrison at any rate while the new Government was organising its forces, which would take several years. It would be extremely inexpedient to take away at present any part of the garrison as it might well be wanted if there were a native rising. But, Mr. Haldane pointed out, the garrison was not only for South Africa. It could not be too distinctly understood that what defined the size of the British Army was its garrisons overseas. There was a garrison in India which no wise person proposed to reduce. It was responsible for the safety of three hundred million persons, including many excitable populations. That garrison was certainly not too large and it might have to be reinforced at any time. The object of the South African garrison was firstly for the sake of South Africa and secondly to save the cost of an emergency force in Great Britain. It was because the Army in India could not be diminished that we were unable to reduce the Army at home to any extent. Mr. Holt's motion was negatived and the Vote for effective was adopted.

China and Russia.

THE Russian Minister at Peking had a long interview with the Wai-Wu-Pu. It is understood that an ultimatum was presented. The papers at St. Petersburg publish strong anti-Chinese articles and predict a rupture of relations unless China yields. The *Times* urges China to promptly accept unequivocally those Russian demands which it does not mean seriously to contest and to negotiate earnestly on the others. It scents the idea that Japan has not been a stranger to the supposed Russian demands and that she sought her own interests in supporting them. Japan, says the *Times*, realizes too clearly the calamity of an eastern crisis which such action would entail.

Baghdad Railway.

THE *Die Post* says that the negotiations between Turkey and the Baghdad Railway Company have resulted in an agreement regarding the Gulf section and that an understanding which will offer a basis for negotiation with Britain will shortly be reached.

Replying to a question regarding the Baghdad Railway, Sir E. Grey said, that if a Conference were suggested by Germany or Turkey or both, of course the suggestion would receive consideration.

Moorish Rebellion.

NEWS from Fez states that a mahalla commanded by Instructor Mangin and by French Officers has defeated the rebels with heavy loss after a ten hours' battle. Besides reinforcing her own troops, France has agreed to advance the Sultan of Morocco a sum of money

which will enable him to organise 5,000 men for the maintenance of his authority against the tribesmen.

Turkey.

A NEW departure in the matter of trade has been taken by the Turkish authorities at Baghdad. A sample room has been opened at the head-quarters of the 6th Army Corps in that town and the local branch of the Ottoman Bank will act as an agent for accredited foreign firms, taking its commission on transactions.

Persia.

REPLYING to a question regarding the robbery of two Englishmen, Kay and Haycock, in Persia, Sir Edward Grey said that he had no information about this attack, but had received a telegram respecting caravan robberies. Sir John Barclay states that the Persian Government is alive to the gravity of the situation and is making a serious effort to carry out its undertaking to restore order on the Southern roads.

The new Cabinet has been presented to the Majlis. The Sipahdar is the Premier and Minister for War and Muhtashem-us-Sultaneh Minister for Foreign Affairs. The programme of the Cabinet includes extirpation of terrorism, despatch of expeditions to various parts of the country to suppress disorder, conclusion of negotiations for a loan and financial reform through American advisers.

Replying to Mr Wedgwood in the House of Commons on the 15 instant, Mr McKinnon Wood, Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office, said that according to reports from His Majesty's representatives on the spot, Persian Baluchistan was most disturbed throughout 1910. Despite the warnings of the consuls at Seristan and Kerman and of the Political Agent at Chagai, there were numerous raids by Baluchi Chiefs upon Kerman. Sir G. Barclay, British Minister to Persia has expressed his opinion that though the situation in Persian Baluchistan and Kerman is undeniably serious, the arrival of a new Governor-General may improve matters.

The evacuation of Kazvin was completed on the morning of the 15th instant except for eighty Cossacks left as a Consular Guard.

S. African Immigration.

THE House of Assembly has passed the second reading of the Immigrants Restriction Bill. General Smuts, Minister of the Interior, declared with emphasis that the provisions of the Bill could only be applied to undesirable aliens, among them being Asiatics. A suggestion has been adopted admitting a limited number of educated Indians annually.

At a meeting of Indians at Durban, a resolution was passed strongly protesting against the South Africa Immigration Bill, which the meeting viewed with alarm. The meeting authorised Mr. Ritch to make representations to General Smuts, Minister of the Interior.

The Cape, Natal and Transvaal Indians are sending a petition to Parliament in connection with the Immigration Bill. Transvaal Indians are satisfied with the Bill but fear that immigrants may be compelled to register under the unrepealed Transvaal Act of 1905. The Cape and Natal Indians are alarmed at the deprivation of their rights and suggest that certificates of domicile be granted to Indians before they leave South Africa and that Indians, armed with such certificates, be relieved of the necessity of submitting to the test in the event of returning.

India in Parliament.

IN THE House of Commons to-day Mr. Montagu, replying to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, said he was aware of the objection to the appointment of High Court Judges in India as Members of Executive Councils and had addressed the Government of India with the object of securing that due weight should be given to the objection when recommendations were made for their appointment as Members of Council.

Mr. Yate asked whether the arrangement of the Bengal Government with the paper the *Indian Mirror* would be recommended for favorable consideration to the Local Governments of other provinces. Mr. Montagu replied that the experiment made by Bengal was in response to a circular suggestion by the Government of India to the Local Governments. Lord Morley had acquiesced in the action taken, but was communicating with the Government of India as to further experiment in the same direction.

Delhi Durbar.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith announced that the King would be absent on his visit to India probably from the middle of November until the end of January.

A Parliamentary Committee has been formed to arrange for a visit of Peers and Members of the House of Commons to Delhi in connection with the Coronation Durbar.

The Moslem University.

A MEETING of Muhammadians was held at Bombay on the 9th instant at the Anjuman Hall, the Aga Khan presiding. The Aga Khan addressing the assembly said that twenty lakhs was the minimum initial amount to enable them to begin negotiations with Government for the charter and constitution of the University. This sum they now have at their disposal, but in order to gain the end one crore was necessary. He remarked that he had heard it said that the Moslem University would lower the standard of education. It would be sheer madness on their part to do so. In their own interest, they would keep it as high as possible and even raise it. He said he was going to England on Saturday to open negotiations with Parliamentary lawyers to draft the charter which he was sure they would get.

Old Abghians organised a mass meeting at Ajmer for collecting funds for the Moslem University on Sunday last, Sahibzada Abdul Wahid Khan, B.A. (Oxon.) presiding. The Agent to the Governor-General wrote expressing full sympathy with the scheme and wishing it success. Rs. 3,590 was promised on the spot. A widow drawing pension and having two dependent children, gave her full pension for a few months as a donation. Many of those present on the occasion subscribed to the fund.

Provincial Budgets.

Bengal.

THE Hon. Mr. Duke in laying before the Council the Revised Financial Statement for 1911-12 stated that when the revised estimate for 1909-10 was laid before the Council last year, the receipts were estimated at Rs. 577.43 lakhs, and the charges at Rs. 548.49 lakhs, and the closing balance at Rs. 87.37 lakhs. The accounts of the year show that the actual receipts amounted to Rs. 581.81 lakhs, the charges to Rs. 549.81 lakhs and the closing balance to Rs. 91.17 lakhs. The revised estimate for 1910-11 as now passed shows:—

	Sanctioned Estimate.	Revised Estimate.
Opening balance	Rs. 87.37 lakhs	Rs. 91.18 lakhs
Receipts	" 558.06 "	" 588.74 "
Expenditure	" 575.46 "	" 556.85 "
Closing balance	" 70 "	" 123.08 "

In presenting the budget estimate for 1911-12 it was stated that the estimates as approved by the Government of India show receipts aggregating Rs. 548.4 lakhs, and an expenditure of Rs. 585.71 lakhs, and a closing balance of Rs. 85.77 lakhs. This showed an increase in expenditure of Rs. 37.31 lakhs over the income; this was due to the proposed payment of Rs. 11.5 lakhs to the Calcutta Improvement Trust and Rs. 17 lakhs on non recurring charges of the Education and Sanitation Departments for which a special assignment was given by the Government of India in 1910-11.

Bombay.

The opening balance of the year 1910-11, estimated in the Budget at Rs. 76.84, lakhs was changed to Rs. 87.21 lakhs on the closing of the accounts of 1910-11. The total Provincial revenue for the current year is now estimated at Rs. 708.70 lakhs against Rs. 623.40 lakhs entered in the budget. The increase of Rs. 85.30 lakhs is accounted for mainly by special imperial assignments of Rs. 50 lakhs for subvention to the City of Bombay Improvement Trust and of Rs. 15.27 lakhs for expenditure on education and sanitation and by enhanced receipts under land revenue due to favourable season. The total provincial expenditure is estimated at Rs. 643.44 lakhs. The Budget for 1911-12 opens with a balance of Rs. 152.47 lakhs which, it is anticipated, will be reduced to Rs. 78.27 lakhs by the close of the year. The total revenue is estimated at Rs. 678.62 lakhs and the total expenditure at Rs. 752.82 lakhs.

The chief feature of the debate was a three hours' discussion of a resolution by a member for increased grants for primary education and the training of primary school teachers. The Government contention was that it was not a proper policy to increase the number of schools at greater pace than they could be established on an efficient basis with proper teachers. Government and their critics professed the policy of one village one school, and the supporters of the resolution wanted 500 schools opened in the ensuing year instead of 375 which Government said was the utmost practicable. Both propositions were lost by large majorities.

Madras.

During the current year the receipts amounted to 598.30 lakhs, expenditure 585.03 lakhs, the opening balance 120.07 lakhs the closing balance 132.74 lakhs. The Government of India's grants included a lumpsum of 10.82 lakhs towards non-recurring expenditure on educational and sanitary objects which emerges in the balance. The realisations under excise and sanitation is expected to fall short of anticipations by nearly 3 lakhs, due chiefly to a temporary set back in prosperity caused by the adverse character of the N. E. Monsoon of 1909-10, and to a consequent check on the consumption of liquor. It is expected the year will close with a surplus of 21.24 lakhs, an improvement of 40.51 lakhs on the Budget anticipations. The revised estimate shows an increase in the balance from 132.74 lakhs to 153.98 lakhs. It is proposed to draw from this in the coming year 37.57 lakhs for special non-recurring expenditure. The closing balance is estimated at 116.42 lakhs.

United Provinces

Sir John Hewitt presided over a meeting of the United Provinces Legislative Council on the 13th instant, when the Financial Statement was explained by Mr. Burn. The Raja of Jehangirabad proposed a resolution to the effect that the amount set apart for the new High Court at Allahabad should be deleted. Another speaker proposed that an amalgamated High Court should be at Lucknow which was strongly opposed. His Honour said it was evident from the discussion that there would be no unanimity on the matter. The resolution was lost. Mr. de la Fosse referred to the decrease in the number of Primary Schools. He said the situation might be summed up in a line—"the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." He hoped that funds of a recurring nature would become available in order that the department might set to work to remove the reproach of illiteracy brought against these provinces. The revised financial statement for the United Provinces shows that the income of the current year will be Rs. 595.72 lakhs or an increase of 32 lakhs upon the original budget, and the expenditure of Rs. 562.48 and the closing balance 83.24 lakhs against an estimate of 40.24 lakhs. In the coming year provincial receipts are estimated at 572.71 lakhs and an expenditure of Rs. 598.31 lakhs, leaving a closing balance of 38 lakhs.

Burma

The Hon. Mr. G. F. Arnold presented the revised financial statement to the Council. The opening balance he said was Rs. 35.08 lakhs. Revenue is expected to be Rs. 497.28 lakhs and the expenditure Rs. 471.99 lakhs, the closing balance is Rs. 61.27 lakhs. The figures are entirely provincial.

TETE À TETE



OFFICIALS and non-officials alike must deplore the necessity of abnormal repressive legislation, though opinions may differ about the existence of that necessity. It is true that where liberty of speech is restricted mischievous opinions work underground and the mischief is not as easily detected as before.

The Seditious Meetings Bill Again.

It is also true that when there is a general tendency for liberty to degenerate into licence, the liberty of speech becomes very much like the liberty of sedition. Both of these are right views and useful guides for action. But statesmanship consists in seeing things in their proper perspective, and choosing between two evils. The Seditious Meetings Act of 1907 was undoubtedly an abnormal measure, but that was not by itself sufficient reason to condemn it. Abnormal situations demand abnormal remedies. But it was needlessly repressive. It gave powers to officers too apt to smell gunpowder in every innocent packet, and to Local Governments not sufficiently detached from the prevailing excitement to reason calmly or act deliberately. It was vague and gave rise to unnecessary fears, and it had shifted the burden of proof from the complainant to the accused. Thanks to the present Government of India—which has perhaps a larger admixture of native sagacity than acquired and hardening experience in its composition, and has the further advantage of including an Indian lawyer familiar with the feelings and fears of his people and the practice of official underlings in dealing with suspected crime—the more obnoxious features of the old Act are removed. But the evil removed is more than balanced by the added evil. Whereas the Act of 1907 was to be in force for three years only, the present Bill intends to make an abnormal, if justified, repression a permanent feature of Indian law. To this we are heartily opposed, and we trust, and in fact believe, that the permanence is only meant to give some work to the large Select Committee appointed to consider the Bill, and that its removal is intended to be a concession to popular opinion. Apart from minor alterations which may improve a naturally unpopular measure, we feel sure the Committee would change the permanent character of the Bill. When the Committee was first appointed we were shocked to find that the Provinces most concerned were wholly neglected. But evidently wiser counsels prevailed later, and the addition of the names of the Hon. the Maharajah of Burdwan and Messrs Basu, Mazhar-ul Haque and Shams-ul Huda removed a very genuine grievance. Such mistakes do not suggest much sagacity or deliberation, and only create an impression that repression is to be legalised by another form of repression.

WHETHER it may be sublime or not, the duty of the administrators of justice is "to make the punishment fit the crime." We had referred to the cases of the insults offered to Mr. Hasan Imam and the Hon. Mir Allahbakh Khan in a recent issue, and are glad to learn from the authorities that they have been duly dealt with. But

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief did not state what punishment had been meted out to the offender, and we have no means of judging whether the punishment would prove deterrent. The Hon. Sir T. R. Wynne did not even say that any punishment was awarded. We are, perhaps, more curious than others; but we certainly think that the questioner in the Council was hardly curious enough, for he neglected an excellent opportunity of learning necessary details by means of supplementary questions. It is, however, something more than mere curiosity that impels us to refer now to this matter. The awarding even of exemplary punishments will not suffice unless it is supplemented by the publication of the punishments. We have reason to say this, for only the other day, presumably after the punishment of the guard and the subaltern, a European passenger was heard by a Mussalman Member of the Bengal Legislature, complaining to the stationmaster at a certain station on the E.I.R., that his companion in the compartment "snored like a pig" and spoilt his sleep. Evidently this gentleman had an intimate knowledge of the ways of the pigmy. But he was woefully ignorant of law and manners—for he threatened the sleeper with a cold douche if he snored again. On this eventful journey, the Red Chupprasi given by the Government to this legislator was, it is reported, turned out of a first class compartment in which he guarded his master's luggage when the latter was in the dining car. The assailant was again a European and a Railway servant of the E.I.R., who, by the way, had his own bearer in the compartment. The circumstance specially worth noting is that the peon is alleged to have been turned out when the train had started, that he held on to the railing of the carriage with great difficulty during a run of three-quarters of an hour, and thus escaped great injury if not death itself, and that his prayers for mercy and admittance into the carriage proved wholly unavailing. This disgusting story had a peculiar denouement. When the peon, under his master's instructions, reported the matter to the police at the next station, the police officer in charge is alleged to have refused to take down the complaint and to have offered to prosecute the peon for being on the foot-board while the train was in motion! We learn that an inquiry is proceeding, but we also learn that the accused, a Mr. Speechly, does not dispute the facts, but only explains that the position of the peon did not entail danger. It would be in the fitness of things if Mr. Speechly was forced to travel in that position from Calcutta to Bankipore. We do not think that an answer like that of the President of the Railway Board would satisfy the curiosity of the public much longer. Mr. Dring may again deal personally with the matter, or the President of the Board may do so himself. What we would like to know is whether the steps taken "will prevent a recurrence of such an incident." The President of the Railway Board has not succeeded in the rôle of a prophet. Let us hope this time he will succeed at least as an administrator who would tolerate in his subordinates no such flagrant acts of savagery.

IN THE debate on Army Estimates in the House of Commons, Mr. Holt proposed a reduction of the establishment by 15,000 men and drew attention to the size of the South African garrison, believing that there was no justification for retaining a larger force than in 1882 and 1898. This proposal emphasises the success achieved by the Liberal Government in pacifying South Africa after a war into which the Unionists had led the country. The struggles round Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley, and the disasters of Spion's Kop, Magerfontein and Nicholson's Nek are all forgotten in a bare decade, and the garrison which was kept at first for fear of the Boers—although the cost was originally intended to be borne in part by India—is now only needed, according to Mr. Haldane, "if there were a native rising." The new Government of the Union is organising a force of Britons and Boers together, and then even the British garrison would not be needed in its present strength. It is, said Mr. Holt,

that the Secretary for War is forced to refer to the internal needs of India as a justification for big battalions scattered at Home and over the Empire. If voting for large military establishments was the only way of expressing our loyalty to the British connection we would unhesitatingly do it. But we ask if that is the only way. Our own answer is that it is not, that the true expression of loyalty would be a larger participation of the educated classes in the Indian Army and in the British Army, and that a beginning can be made—no matter how cautious a beginning—in the way of enlisting Indians as Volunteers. What has led to the pacification of South Africa and the *camaraderie* of Boer and Briton? Liberality and trust. Would not the same prescription suit the Indian troubles? Liberality reproduces itself, and trust breeds trust. The remedy is not yet tried as it should be. The dose has been given tardily and has generally been too weak. Heroic measures are not always efficacious, but a bold conception is not unoften better than extreme caution and the habit of suspicion. Lord Minto and Lord Morley made a bold experiment. But when Indian Members of Council who are sufficiently bold and independent in condemning the countervailing Excise duty can yet unhesitatingly endorse even the fated policy of subsidising newspapers, who can say that the boldness of the reformers has been attended with evil? If Lord Hardinge makes a similar experiment in the case of the Army, we, for our part, have little doubt that he would succeed in winning the unbought submission of Indian manhood and a cheap defence of the Empire.

economics, too, Protection not unoften acts as a dose of opium which makes the captains of protected industries disinclined to show that activity which free competition necessitates and which is the mother of improvements. But politically speaking, Protection is at best a double-edged sword, and only autonomous countries can handle it with any degree of safety. Placed as we are, we must be content with Free Trade; for if once we begin to tread the high road of Protection, there is no knowing where our fiscal dependence on Great Britain may take us. Powerful interests in England have greater access to the Secretary of State than we have. Their voice would be heard far more continually, and it would be immeasurably more powerful. We have no votes to cast at the polling booths, while they can be, and have been a determining factor at General Elections. We must, therefore, be Free Traders by necessity if not by choice, and set our face against the pleasing doctrine of Protection. That way lies present safety, if not ultimate salvation.

MR VALENTINE CHIROL wrote that "no measure had done greater injury to the cause of Free Trade or more permanent discredit to British rule in India than the excise duty on Indian manufactured cotton, for none has done more to undermine Indian faith in the principles of justice upon which British rule claims to be based." We do not know whether a local contemporary, who called the suspicions of the Hon. Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque on the reduction of the tobacco tax an impertinence, would apply the same term to the strong language used by Mr. Chirol. But impertinence or no impertinence, the debate on the 9th instant is sure to give rise to similar suspicions. Mr. Chirol thought that the demand for the repeal of the excise duty was one "with which the great majority of Anglo-Indian officials are in full sympathy, and it is in fact largely the outcome of their own efforts to stimulate Indian interest in the question." He had very little doubt that the Government of India would be disposed to respond to the demand speedily and heartily. The only doubt in his mind was if the Imperial Government or the British democracy would lend it a helping hand or leave it even a free hand to deal with the question. How the Government of India was disposed, and whether the British democracy interfered or not, are questions which no one can answer. There is no Sir James Westland to-day, and the only Government representative who spoke did not consider this age to be robust enough to indulge in a candour which might be considered indiscreet. There is, therefore, ample room for surmises, and it is unfortunate that political agitators of a certain kind would exploit the attitude of the Government for purposes which neither the Government nor its many loyal supporters can consider to be free from mischief and danger. But if a reasoner comes to the conclusion that, as in 1895, the Indian Government has had to "toe the line" at Lancashire's bidding, and found 60 good reasons for its attitude, one for each of the 60 votes of Lancashire, which mean so much to any Party at all times, and everything to the Liberal Party at this time, he would no doubt be inclined to echo the sentiments of Mr. Harold Cox. The very independent Secretary of the Cobden Club condemns Party Government because it compels what he calls "intellectual dishonesty." According to Mr. Harold Cox "Cabinet Ministers are expected to make speeches in the House of Commons in support of measures which they have hotly opposed in Cabinet Council." But he adds that "the only redeeming feature of this political dishonesty is the perfect candour of members among themselves and among their friends. They will constantly avow without hesitation that they are personally opposed to measures which party discipline compels them to support and to advocate. It is to their credit that they should make this avowal, for it clears their consciences and prevents them adding to the crime of public deception the sin of private hypocrisy." This is strong language, and we are not disposed to

Official Voting

that the Secretary for War is forced to refer to the internal needs of India as a justification for big battalions scattered at Home and over the Empire. If voting for large military establishments was the only way of expressing our loyalty to the British connection we would unhesitatingly do it. But we ask if that is the only way. Our own answer is that it is not, that the true expression of loyalty would be a larger participation of the educated classes in the Indian Army and in the British Army, and that a beginning can be made—no matter how cautious a beginning—in the way of enlisting Indians as Volunteers. What has led to the pacification of South Africa and the *camaraderie* of Boer and Briton? Liberality and trust. Would not the same prescription suit the Indian troubles? Liberality reproduces itself, and trust breeds trust. The remedy is not yet tried as it should be. The dose has been given tardily and has generally been too weak. Heroic measures are not always efficacious, but a bold conception is not unoften better than extreme caution and the habit of suspicion. Lord Minto and Lord Morley made a bold experiment. But when Indian Members of Council who are sufficiently bold and independent in condemning the countervailing Excise duty can yet unhesitatingly endorse even the fated policy of subsidising newspapers, who can say that the boldness of the reformers has been attended with evil? If Lord Hardinge makes a similar experiment in the case of the Army, we, for our part, have little doubt that he would succeed in winning the unbought submission of Indian manhood and a cheap defence of the Empire.

- To THE Indian the very sound of the word "Protection" is soothing, and we do not wonder that our countrymen eagerly rush forward on the least provocation to ask Government to protect a declining industry. We are not disposed to regard Free Trade as a fetish, and recognise that in the earlier history of every great industrial nation, protection has played an important and beneficial part. But political activity and sound economics do not always go together, and although we have the greatest sympathy with those who are engaged in the cultivation of sugarcane and the manufacture of sugar, we fear we cannot delude them by suggesting that it is Protection they need. A growing industry benefits a large number of people in every country, and its decline must affect not only the capitalists and the entrepreneurs, but a mass of wage earners also. All this is true of sugar; but we have to consider the much larger number of consumers also to whom protection means self-sacrifice. Our ultimate decision must be based on the amount of good which protection of a particular industry would do, not only to the industry, but to the country at large, and the proportion of self-sacrifice required for it, both in its extent and in its intensity. Now, as the Hon. Mr. Gokhale made it clear, nothing less than a protective duty of anything from 30 to 80 per cent. would be effective, and this "fostering care" will not come from the bureaucrats in India or the democrats and aristocrats in England, but from a very large class of our own countrymen, whose means are far more limited than the calls on their purses. A much smaller measure of Protection would have perhaps sufficed twenty years ago, for the decline of Indian sugar is of very recent date. But the modernising of the machinery for manufacturing sugar would have been still more effective. We fear that at present the only chance for Indian sugar is to be found in the improvement of cane culture and of the methods of manufacture. For the latter, the Government of the United Provinces, which has an excellent expert in Mr. Hadi, has done not a little; and we hope educated Indians and specially sons of zemindars would turn towards cane cultivation on a large scale and with the help of improved methods. All the same, we regret the refusal of Government to appoint a committee of inquiry, and hope that even now the suggestion may be acted upon. Whatever may be the proper economic view about Protection, we agree with Mr. Gokhale in preferring Free Trade on general political grounds. In applied

go all the way with Mr. Harold Cox in applying it to Indian conditions. Even in England, expediency must play a great part in Politics, and we cannot ignore the importance of compromise. Politics is one long second best, and if this is so in England, it would be absurd to expect a member of the Government of India who happened to be in a minority on any question in the Executive Council to stand up and appeal from a majority in that Council to a majority in the Legislative Council. The Government must show a solid front even to the most well-meaning opposition, and for doing that few would blame it. But what is true of the mutual relations of colleagues in a Government is not equally true of the relations of the Imperial Government with the Government of India. We know that Local Governments make no secret of it when the Central Government overrules them. Why then should the Government of India hatch a cuckoo's egg and call it all the time its own? It cannot claim co-ordinate powers with the Secretary of State, who has made it amply clear that the Government of India stands in a subordinate position. When this is so we cannot see what purpose can be served by disguising the disposition of the Government of India. Every resolution is only a recommendation to that Government. Even if it has not made up its mind to accept a particular suggestion, it need not force the other official members to cast their votes against their own convictions simply because the Secretary of State and his Party have to "toe the line" to powerful constituencies in England. The members of the Government of India could remain neutral, and use the declared opinion of the Council as a lever in their negotiations with the Imperial Government. If, therefore, the great majority of non-official members were in full sympathy with the recommendation of the Hon. Mr. Dadabhoi, and had in fact themselves stimulated the non-official members, as Mr. Chrol asserts with all the assurance of intimate knowledge, then we can neither justify nor explain the voting after the debate. Bad examples are generally very contagious, and even the representative of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce voted against the motion. His Chamber had argued with singular simplicity. Sir Edward Baker had said in 1908 that Parliament would not consent to the repeal of the excise unless cotton duties were wholly abolished, and as Government would not think of wholesale repeal, nor was "likely to change its pronouncement," Mr. Monteath must needs oppose the resolution. This is logical enough, but we are curious to know what the Hon. Mr. Monteath and his Chamber would do if Government once gave an adverse decision on a representation of the Chamber and was not likely to change its pronouncement? Would it come "to heel" equally readily?

IN RESPONSE to the Hon. Mr. S. Sinha's request, the Hon.

Mr. Butler laid on the table a statement giving names of officers appointed to the Indian Educational Service and Indians.

Indian Educational Service after 1898. In the first period of six years, from 1899 to 1904, 66 officers were appointed, out of which three gentlemen—all from Bengal—and one Christian lady were Indians. In the next six years from 1905 to 1910 the number of appointments was 111. But we are shocked to learn that not one of these was an Indian. We have learnt much from the English and have still to learn a great deal. The British soldier is needed to secure the safety of India, and the British civilian to give us the full benefit of that security. But the British educationist is needed the most, because he would train us to do work of the British soldier and civilian and also of the educationist ourselves. The successful teacher is reproduced in his pupils, and his is therefore the most self-denying profession. But if Indians are still unfit to rise above the grades of administrative hewers of wood and drawers of water, as some officials would have us believe, and if during the last six years not one Indian out of the many that now graduate from English Universities every year was fit for the Indian Educational Service, the success of that Service is woefully belied. We are often told that India cannot do without the

British. That is wholly true; but the confession is more humiliating to the British than to the Indian. It is a sad commentary on the patient work of the Englishman in India. For our part we do not think that the commentary is just. The work in the past has been better than the workman of the present would have us believe. It is the disinclination of the monopolist to share the monopoly with others which is to blame. We hope this is now on its last legs, and before Lord Hardinge retires we shall have many more Indians in the higher grades of various Services. In the Educational Service the need of Indians is greatest. It is an axiom of pedagogy that he can never be a good tutor who was not a pupil under the same conditions as his own pupils. An Indian graduate of Oxford or Cambridge who had received an early training in an Indian College and School can realize the difficulties of his pupils far better than an English graduate of the same Universities. He is the necessary link between the ideal College in England and the actual College in India. It is, therefore, sad to reflect that he should have been neglected altogether when graduates of Scotch Universities were being pushed into the Indian Educational Service, and the failures of the teaching staffs of private Colleges in India were being admitted into a Service which is supposed to be open only to "distinguished graduates" of the best British Universities.

Verse.

The Canterbury Bell.

THERE'S a Canterbury Bell, all rosy pink,
A-nodding in my garden border;
And every evening what d'you think
I hear this tyrant order?

All you flowers wake up and play,
Dance the moonlight hours away:
For the merry summer night time
I assure you is the right time

To be gay!

All the world is fast asleep;
So awake, and let us keep
Carnival of glad mid-summer;
Welcome every merry comer

To our play!

Let us laugh and dance and sing:
Life is such a joyful thing:
There's no care, and there's no sorrow;
No day past, and no to-morrow,
Just to-night!

So awake! awake! awake!
Merry madness let us make!
Love is laughter; laugh with me, love;
Dance and sing, the night is free, love,
For delight!

There's a Canterbury Bell, all rosy pink,
A-nodding in my garden border;
So sedate, you'd never think
He *could* give such an order!

The Comrade.

The Cotton Excise.

ALTHOUGH we have discussed the general question of official voting elsewhere with reference to the debate on Excise duties, and shown that there is considerable room for surmises of all sorts about the official attitude, we recognize that in discussing the great fiscal question we have to believe that the Hon Mr Clark was not spinning out a long-drawn argument on the lines of Union orations at the Universities, only to show his mental agility in making the worse appear the better reason. We have to believe that he himself believed in all he wished us to believe and proceed on that assumption. To this there is only one serious objection. Had we to take him as only playing with the Council, he would have extorted our sincere admiration for a remarkable dialectic skill. But if he is to be given credit for sincerity, we fear he can be given credit for little besides.

The Hon. Mr. Dadabhai at least was obviously in earnest. But his was no mere sentimental advocacy such as that with which the Hon. Mr. Basu treated the Council. He marshalled facts and arguments in proper order, and expressed himself with clearness and precision which his ardour could not destroy. He showed that when the countervailing duties were imposed and the 5 per cent. import duty on cotton goods was reduced in 1895, it was because of a textile depression in Lancashire, and not on its own merits, that the Indian textile industry was now undergoing a serious depression, aggravated by the currency policy of fifteen years ago, and the silver tax of last year, and deserved equal consideration. He contended that the excise increased the cost of production, and, therefore, fell heavily upon the consumer as well as the producer, and that as there was practically no competition between the coarser cloths of Indian Mills and the finer products of Lancashire, the excise countervailed nothing. If we understand the Hon Member for Commerce aright, he argued that the depression was due to over-production and enhanced cost of the raw material, that foreign competition had no share in the depression, that the repeal of the excise would be protective and would, therefore, adversely affect imports and the revenue from import duties, that the industry was thriving on the excise, and that protection was asked for needlessly.

Now the Hon. Mr. Clark spent most of his debating force in trying to disprove that the depression was not due to the excise duty nor to competition with Lancashire. As regards the competition, the whole contention of Mr. Dadabhai and his supporters was, that there was no real competition with Lancashire, so that Mr. Clark succeeded in upsetting the Aunt Sally which he himself had set up. As regards the excise, Mr. Clark's arguments would have been sound if the mover of the resolution had contended that the depression was wholly due to it. Mr. Dadabhai, on the other hand, had only said that the excise was "one of the economic factors which produce the depression," and he had added that the present condition of the textile industry was "not wholly due to the countervailing excise duty." In fact, why he mentioned the depression at all was made sufficiently clear by him, for he showed that the only reason for reconsidering the import duties in 1895 was, in the words of Sir James Westland, that "Lancashire trade has recently been in a depressed condition, although we certainly contend that the circumstances out of which this depression arises have nothing to do with Indian Cotton duties, and the proposal to put on the countervailing duties was not made on its own merits." This being the case, Mr. Dadabhai was justified in referring to the present depression of the Indian textile industry, when profits have gone down from 15 per cent. in 1905 to less than 3 per cent. in 1910, and many mills have been closed. If Lancashire's depression was so potent a factor in determining the Government's attitude on a fiscal question, India's depression

deserved no lesser consideration. By referring to the depression Mr. Dadabhai explained the demand of the industry. He did not base on it the whole, or even the main part of his justification, and Mr. Clark again made out that he scored a victory when in fact he never faced the main argument at all.

According to the Member for Commerce, the causes of the depression are over-production and enhanced cost of the raw material. Now, as Mr. Chitnavis said, 900 million yards of cloth per year should not be a glut in the market in which 300 million people buy, and as more than 2,000 million yards are imported from abroad, the returns either demolish the over-production theory, or prove the Indian contention that there is no real competition between India and Lancashire. As regards the cost of the raw material, the increase from 5d. per lb. to 6½d., or 30 per cent., is undoubtedly a great factor in the depression. But Mr. Dadabhai quoted Sir James Westland to show that the currency policy of India had hit the industry hard, and even if Mr. Gokhale is right, and things have had time to settle down, there is little doubt that the new silver tax has not spared the industry. Mr. Dadabhai estimates the result of the silver duty as a bounty of 3 per cent. to China and Japan. The late Mr. Jamsetji N. Tata had made elaborate statistical enquiry which showed that the 3½ per cent. excise duty on cotton cloth is equivalent to a 7 per cent. duty on capital invested in weaving under Indian conditions. Now a 30 per cent. rise in price of raw material and a 3 per cent. bounty to a rival are added to a 7 per cent. duty on capital invested. It is no wonder that the profits do not reach even 3 per cent., and the industry feels this to be just the time when the repeal would benefit it most. Mr. Clark thinks that the repeal may aggravate the evil of over-production. But he is ready to encourage the larger cultivation of cotton and consequent cheapening of the raw material. Now, if the repeal of a 3½ per cent. duty can aggravate the evil, what would not a 30 or 40 per cent. reduction of the price of cotton do? The fact is, anything which reduced the cost of production and cheapened the manufactured article would first remove the glut, because the 300 millions of India would buy more than 3 yards each if only they could afford it. The reduction of the cost would not directly add to the profits of the producer. As the duty really falls on the consumer, because there is hardly any competition with similar cloth from abroad, it would be the consumer that stands to gain. To the producer it would only mean a brisker business, and there would be no talk of over-production, for Indian cotton manufactures would no longer be a drag in the market.

The main argument of Mr. Dadabhai, as we understand it, was that the countervailing duty really countervails nothing and its removal would protect nothing. If the Hon. Mr. Clark thought that in the demand lurked the hateful doctrine of Protection—an idea which unfortunately the speeches of some supporters of the resolution conveyed—he should have proved his contention. It is hardly fair to refute at great length the supposed contention that the depression is wholly due to the excise, and to dismiss the main argument with the off-hand remark that "it hardly seems likely that there would be so urgent a demand for the repeal of the excise duty if the Indian manufacturers did not hope to derive some advantage from it in their struggle with foreign competitors." The contention that a 3½ per cent. duty can offer no appreciable protection was fully supported by Sir Patrick Playfair in 1894, and Rai Bahadur V. N. Mandlik had shown by statistics that the removal of even higher duties in 1882 had not improved imports of foreign goods. Mr. Dadabhai has quoted figures which go to show that in the case of yarn the imports were better when there was an import duty, without a countervailing excise, than now when there is no duty at all. He can well claim that all this is a significant commentary on the theory that trifling import duties unless countervailed by an excise operate as a protective measure. To this Mr. Clark gave no reply beyond expressing his hesitation in subscribing to the view.

As regards competition, Mr. Dadabhoi was, perhaps, a little too sweeping in denying its existence; and some of his supporters, specially those who are more familiar with the doctrine of boycott, unconsciously tried to disprove his contention. But Mr. Gokhale stated the case accurately when he explained where there was competition and where there was none. The Hon. member's statement was accepted by Mr. Clark, who admitted that the competition "does not extend over the whole field of cotton production." He explained that "in the grey goods trade Indian Mills already have the supremacy, while in the highest qualities of bleached or coloured the superiority of Manchester over India is probably too great to be impaired by a differential duty of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Where the import duty would become protective is in the intermediate ground." If that is the case, as it no doubt is, the grey goods and the highest qualities of bleached or coloured goods can safely be left out of account. The land debateable between the coarsest and the finest only concerns us then. The Hon. Mr. Gokhale's suggestion of abolishing the duty on lower counts and making up for the loss by a countervailing duty of 5 per cent. on all counts above 30 was an eminently fair proposal. To this the Hon. Mr. Clark said nothing beyond stating that in the distant days of Sir Henry Fowler the plan was found to be impracticable. Nobody knows what the hitch was and the Member for Commerce does not tell us why fresh efforts cannot be made to make the plan more practicable. This is by no means satisfactory, and it clearly shows that the points on which he joined issue in an admittedly one-sided debate were either the creations of his own imagination, or were given by him larger proportions in the picture than his opponent had done himself, and that the latter's main contention were touched as lightly and then dropped as one touches and drops nettles. It is indeed to be doubted if the debate would "scarcely fail to allay irritation and make for mutual understanding" as the Hon. Mr. Clark had hoped.

In Bombay alone 14 Mills were closed in January and six in February, and many thousand operatives were out of work. Granting that the depression is temporary, it is not possible to believe that the figures of the textile industry show that it has thriven on the excise duty. The Mills have increased from 157 in 1896 to 237 in 1900, or an increase of nearly 50 per cent. But they would have increased far more without the duty, and it is Mr. Dadabhoi's contention that the profits are made in spinning rather than in weaving. The Member for Commerce and Industry, however, quoted figures to show that in a three years' period from 1906-07 to 1909-10 the output of cloth was 168 per cent. more than in a similar period from 1895-96 to 1898-99, whereas the increase in yarn, which is not affected by the excise, was only 38 per cent. But the figures of foreign imports show that whereas there was a slight increase of 9 per cent. in cloth, there was a decrease of 22 per cent. in yarn. Taken together the figures indicate very clearly that the contrast between yarn and cloth must be due to causes only remotely connected with the fiscal change of 1895, and can throw no light whatever on the present controversy.

As regards handlooms, it is idle for Government to show any new-born solicitude for the private weaver. The history of the industry bears on it indelible marks of the selfishness of the East India Company, and it is best in the present situation that we thought little about that history. It can serve no purpose to pit the weaver against the factory man, for Government has done little for the former to deserve his gratitude. What little has been done is the result of Indian efforts which have been spasmodic and diffuse. To-day, the weaver deserves encouragement as an artist and not as an artisan. The finest muslins are still hand-woven, although the yarn is machine spun. We hope and trust that the better classes in India would patronize a deserving class that is associated with that exquisite fabric, famous as the "Morning Dew" of India. But the weaver of coarse cloth which the Mills turn out in far larger quantities and more cheaply, must disappear and be reborn like the phoenix of the fable, though in another shape. The world's

progress cannot be stopped for his sake, and we can only trust that, as in other cases, his second birth would be even more prosperous than the first.

The Moslem University and the Poor.

HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN could never have dreamt that when in response to the appeal of an Aligarh Trustee he decided to lead a deputation for the collection of funds, he would succeed so magnificently as he has done. His tours covered a period of less than seven weeks, and during this period he had to find time for one or two pressing private engagements. But in spite of the shortness of the tour, he has been offered by his co-religionists a sum that exceeds his earlier estimates, and he has to admit that he misjudged the cost of the University, which really means that he has found the Mussalmans more generous and self-sacrificing than he had dared to hope. He has begun to think of his first estimate of a crore of rupees, though the suggestion does not yet exceed a mere whisper.

Whatsoever His Highness may have thought of the Mussalmans, we were always firm in our belief that they loved Islam, and would not spare themselves in providing its ransom. The time was propitious. The Prince of Wales was the first member of the Royal House of Great Britain to set foot in Aligarh. The Science School founded in honour of the royal visit was in need of funds. The accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne of our Empire provided the double opportunity of displaying Moslem attachment to the person and throne of the King-Emperor, and of awarding a deserving institution the benefits of which to the youth of Islam were manifestly great.

Only two things were needed. A leader in whom the community reposed trust, and whose attachment to his people, love of knowledge, right judgment, social position and influence, prophesied success was the first necessity. The second was the right way of appealing, and this was perhaps even more necessary than the true leader. The community is to be congratulated in securing the first, and the leader is to be congratulated on the way he has appealed. Mere wealth or official prestige do not make a leader even in India, and we attach less importance to these undoubtedly great qualifications of the Aga Khan than to his great knowledge and ripe judgment. In age he has hardly gone over to the wrong side of thirty, and his success is a triumph for the young men to whom he belongs. But seniority goes with wisdom and not with years, as Sa'di has said, and the marvel is how so young a man has so mellow a judgment.

As regards the method of his appeal, he rose immeasurably higher than other Moslem leaders in freedom from the leading strings of the leaders of leaders. He relied on no clique. He took no sides in petty provincial, local, or sectional quarrels. He pinned his faith to no class, and withdrew the bowl of the beggar from nobody. Hindustan and the Punjab were one to him. Sunni or Shia, what mattered it when the cause was that of Islam? Rich or poor, what had he to do with their financial status so long as they were ready to offer a fraction of their earnings for the redemption of their community?

Indeed, if truth be told, the Aga Khan was never more pleased than when a butcher or sweeper came to him with a few annas which meant a greater sacrifice to him, to his wife and to his children, than the lakhs contributed by the rich out of their superfluity. Nawab Vihar-ul-Mulk has been too busy during the last three years in improving the internal condition of Aligarh administration to go abegging for the College, and we must admire his choice of the more important and less popular work. But we have no doubt that if he had had time to look to this also, he would have drawn from the pockets of the poor as much as his charming predecessor wheedled out of the rich. As it is, the Aga Khan is the true successor of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan in *gharib nawazi* as contrasted with *imarat parasti*.

But in a short tour of seven weeks he could not himself go from door to door to take the annas and pies that really make lakhs and crores of rupees. He has, however, entrusted that work to the men of lakhs themselves, and thus incidentally given a fresh impetus to the democratic tendencies of Islam. The Raja Sahib of Mahmudabad is already working in Sind, we hope others would follow his excellent example and go abegging to their poorer brethren.

If a hundred men gave a lakh each for the University, it would be far less useful to Islam than if twenty lakhs of people gave a rupee each, or a crore of people contributed an anna per head. Apart from compelling us to place the control of the University on a truly democratic basis, it would advertise education as nothing else could do. Whatever the cautious may say, we believe in the poor in Islam and in the Islamic democracy. The cautious and the conservative have always been suspicious of many people. But the idea of the University had been left to the cautious and the conservative, it would have been, what it was for more than a decade, still an idea, whereas now we have a University. When the time comes to discuss the constitution of the University, we shall have something to say on the subject of a broadening of the base of control. But although we have reflected on these questions uninterruptedly throughout the triumphal progress of the Aga Khan, we recognised that the need of funds was at the time greater than the need of ideas, and kept our reflections to ourselves.

Even now our only appeal is that the poor should not be neglected, and that India should be taken by storm by door-to-door beggary during a fortnight beginning with the 27th March, the anniversary of the death of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan. Let the Provincial and Local Committees perfect the organisation during the week that is still left to them. Many men have given lakhs and thousand and hundreds; but we shall be surprised and indeed disappointed if the contributions below three figures do not in the aggregate exceed those above the line. We echo the proud boast الفقر نخري Poverty is indeed the pride of our community



India and Tuberculosis.

[This is a valued contribution written at our suggestion on a subject of pre-eminent interest in this country by Col. Roberts, I. M. S., Residency Surgeon of Indore, who is perhaps the greatest authority on the subject of tuberculosis in India—Ed., *Comrade*.]

THE object of this article is to place the general reader in a position to judge of the measures that are now being advocated for the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis and to give him a general idea of the cause of this disease. The general consensus of medical opinion is, that it is on the increase in India; but it is only in the large towns that this has been noticed. This then becomes an economic question as to its possible effects on the rapidly increasing industrial population, recruited from the country districts and crowded into the growing industrial centres. European experience is being repeated, or about to be repeated in India, in so far as the towns have not got the necessary accommodation for the housing of these recruits, and overcrowding results with its accompanying evils, among them being an increase in the number of persons suffering from tuberculosis. With the advent of these sufferers comes the cry—cannot something be done, cannot sanatoria be made for their reception, and other facilities given for their treatment?

Before launching out on any definite line or creating sanatoria, and especially before adopting schemes necessitating a large expenditure, it is as well to review the subject and to consider the hopes held out by any measure of relief, as well as the probable results that are expected to ensue. It is only within the last thirty years that it became generally recognised among doctors that consumption was a communicable disease, although for sometime previous to this the Italian physicians insisted on this point.

Formerly great stress was laid on heredity, and if it were so, little could be done to prevent it, except in advocating celibacy to members of consumptive families—a thing which was obviously impossible to expect. Nowadays whatever the predisposition of offspring of consumptive parents may be, it is the infection of children living with such parents that counts. The discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Koch in 1881 led to the recognition of infectivity and, moreover, definitely showed various other conditions as due to the same cause: scrofula, enlarged glands, various skin and bone diseases, a form of pleurisy, peritonitis and meningitis as well as certain diseases of the eye, brain, kidneys, etc., as all due to the same cause, this tubercle bacillus. Of all these tuberculosis of the lungs or consumption is the most infectious, in so far as the patient in his expectoration gives off large numbers of these microbes. They are capable of survival as living bacilli for some time, even after drying, and hence it has arisen that houses become infected and subsequent occupiers become consumptive from that source. However, too much stress has been laid on this, as light and especially direct sunlight destroy their vitality, as well as prolonged drying. There is, however, another source of infection, namely, the fact that consumptives, as in fact all persons during speech and coughing send minute sprays of saliva into the air, and if these contain tubercle bacilli, it is quite likely that at meals they are deposited fresh and fresh on the articles of food to be served to the household. Hence eating with consumptives is more dangerous than merely living with them; and a consumptive cook is a person to beware of. Here then we have infection by contact, and if it were possible to isolate all consumptives as lepers were once in Europe, we should have a marked diminution in the incidence of tuberculosis. In this lies the value in part of a sanatorium: it removes a danger from the family circle.

To be effective in carrying out this function, sanatoria must be numerous, scattered all over the country, and, moreover, the community must be prosperous and wealthy enough to support them. They presuppose that the people are capable of putting considerable pressure on its consumptives to undergo this isolation and separation from the family circle. It presupposes a very high social discipline, higher than even that of Europe, and therefore quite unthinkable in India. We need not therefore imagine that in this country sanatoria can ever play any large part in the prevention of tuberculosis, they will have another function of which we shall speak later on.

The consumptive is not the only source of infection, or the problem would be simpler than it is. Tuberculosis is not limited to human beings only. Some varieties in animals are not communicable to man; but in the case of the cow it is now proved that bovine tubercle is infectious for man, and also that human tubercle is communicable to cows, cows are especially prone to suffer from tuberculosis of the udder, and so infect human beings directly through the milk, as this will contain the bacillus. This applies only to unboiled milk, and not to boiled, as heat destroys the vitality of the microbe. The infection of human beings from the cow is then directly through the alimentary canal, and how far this can infect the lungs producing consumption, or manifest itself in abdominal or gland tuberculosis is still under investigation. An investigator, Nathan Raw, prefers scrofula as of bovine origin, and consumption as of human origin. However, that is as it may be, the point of interest to the general reader is that bovine tuberculosis is communicable to man. With this fact in view great efforts have been made in Europe to eliminate tuberculous cows from milking herds. During investigations on this subject, the surprise to examiners has been that it is not weakly and sickly cows only that have proved to be tuberculous, but some of the best milk-producing animals. The danger then is extremely insidious. How continuous, patient and painstaking these investigations have been can be grasped by reading a paper in the Royal Medical Society's Journal for April 1910, by Dr. Shendan Delépine on the Manchester Milk Supply,

and how every herd and every farm supplying this milk were thoroughly examined. The difficulties of ever preventing tuberculous milk from finding its way to dairies, or of ensuring a non-tuberculous milk supply, can be gathered by a perusal of the above mentioned paper. Its application to India, however, is our interest. In this country milk is almost invariably boiled before being drunk, yet it does not prevent some portion of tuberculous milk finding its way into the stomach of consumers. On the whole this measure does eliminate a great danger, and we are, therefore, led to believe that overcrowding, the feeding of consumptives along with the healthy, the indiscriminate use of bedding among members of a family, the covering of the face with this during sleep, and other habits must be some of the more probable means by which tuberculosis is spread. The purdah system has been considered at fault, but it is not so much the zenana that is to blame, as the sanitary sins committed within its walls, such as the want of air and light, the dark rooms, the crowding of the sleeping apartments by attendants, even where there is plenty of room elsewhere for these, and the general want of ventilation, especially at night.

The battle against tuberculosis in Europe has necessitated the creation of influentially supported societies for the spread of propaganda teaching the working classes how to avoid the enemy. The messengers of these societies are hunting out consumptives like bloodhounds, and, once found, instructing them in the measures to be adopted against other members of the family becoming infected. The campaign is a very real and very earnest one, dealing as it does with the individuals attacked, the family circle, the milking herds and the farms. In tuberculosis an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The results in England have been little short of marvellous, and the death-rate from consumption has been rapidly on the decrease. This is most encouraging, considering the few years that have elapsed since the campaign was first instituted. In India the difficulties will be immeasurably great. We need scarcely enumerate them; but, this is a reason that they should be attacked, and attacked at once. Propaganda, propaganda, and still more propaganda, even though the eyes grow dim and the heart should fail. There is no evil but what some good may result. It will mean better houses for the townsfolk, more light and air, more space, a higher standard of living—a repetition of the experience of industrial England, only on a large scale. In India, there is much investigation to be done, among other big questions is that of the proportion of healthy to tuberculous cows, and in how far the dung of these latter when used for plastering floors is likely to prove a danger to human beings. The destruction of infected cows which is widely done in Europe cannot be considered in this country.

A movement for the creation of sanatoria has been started in India. The success of these can never be very great. They are expensive to erect, to equip and to staff, and they will be placed in hill climates by preference, at some distance from the homes of sufferers. The accommodation will be limited, and the class of persons seeking treatment in them will be from among the well-to-do. In Europe only those in the very early stage of consumption are admitted, as only these have been found to derive benefit. To create confidence in such institutions they must be staffed by experts whose reputation would bring patients for admission, an indifferently or inadequately staffed sanatorium would only lead to disappointment. To effect a cure, even in the early stage, requires infinite care and patience; each case is a problem in itself, it is not merely a question of placing a patient in a good climate or in the open air that is going to work wonders, nursing, treatment, diet, exercise and discipline are essential, and their application means constant attendance for each case.

In the campaign against tuberculosis, as things stand in India, we require measures more effective than sanatoria; we want attention given to the sick in our big towns, and this can only be done by having a special hospital in airy localities of the suburbs for the reception of consumptives, however advanced or hopeless the cases

may be; the object in view being the prevention of the spread of the disease, by the removal from their overcrowded homes, as well as giving some measures of relief to the sufferers. In this case it is essential, alongside with the provision of accommodation for the sick, to provide room for some member or members of the family since the family circles in India cannot be broken. This hospital should be considered as a sort of colony of consumptives and run on these lines.

The next important step is the creation in towns of outdoor dispensaries for the treatment of persons suffering from the various forms of tuberculous disease. The work there would not merely consist of treatment, but also the registration of the cases, localities and houses from which they come, in order that steps may eventually be taken for the amelioration of neighbourhoods proved to be badly infected. No sufferer should leave the dispensary without some instruction, verbal or printed, pointing out the danger of infection to others and the simplest measures to be adopted. A sheet of simple instructions should be given to all sufferers, dealing with the necessity of fresh air and light, and the destruction of sputum or infective discharges. It ought to be possible to find a sufficient number of persons who would serve on the staff of these dispensaries as honorary workers—not medical men or women, but persons imbued with public spirit, who would visit patients in their homes, and who would instruct them in the rudiments of the prevention of the spread of the disease. Such workers could be instructed by the dispensary staff in the work that they would be expected to carry out, and a simple guide or handbook on the subject could be compiled for the instruction of these honorary workers. This field is a large one, and if Indian communities are to advance along the universal lines of civilisation, honorary workers must be found to deal with the innumerable questions of social and sanitary reform, and the prevention of disease. The work of these dispensaries would also consist of drafting patients to the hospitals for consumptives, and the general dispensaries of the town would be required to send their tuberculous patients to the special institutions.

There is nothing new in the advocacy of these methods. These are the lines on which tuberculous is being handled in Europe. Why we should in India prefer to begin with sanatoria, when there is such vast groundwork to be done, it is difficult to conceive.

J. R. ROBERTS.

Short Story.

Uma: An Old Story Re-told.

DRIVEN by the Asuras* from their kingdom in Swarga, the homeless Gods went to Brahma the Creator and addressed him thus:

"O thou uncreated, thyself causeless, the cause of the universe, grant unto us the power to conquer the usurping Asuras."

Brahma replied—"A son born of Shiva and Uma alone can lead ye back to heaven and victory."

The Gods then sat in council and Indra summoned the Love-God and said, "O God of Love, we seek thy aid." The Love-God smiling answered thus:

"I stand at thy bidding, O Indra; rest thy thunderbolt awhile, for my flowery bow, mightier than the shaft of Death, doth conquer where even thy arms fail. Saint and sinner, nay, even the great Shiva owns my power." Indra answered:

"Then O all-conquering Love, we seek the very thing thou namest. Speed thy keen shaft on the mighty Shiva; a son born of him and the mountain monarch, Himalaya's daughter, Uma, alone can conquer the Asuras and restore to us our kingdom."

"I go to do thy bidding, Indra, Lord of the Hosts." So saying the Love-God sought the snowy heights of the Himalaya, where Shiva on his bull roamed about with his followers, or sat erect and silent plunged in meditation. Uma, Himalaya's daughter,

*Demons or spirits who from time to time invaded the kingdom of the Gods.

attended on Shiva at her father's bidding, for Shiva was an honoured guest in her father's domains.

More than mortal beauty had the destined bride of the immortal Shiva. The beauty of three worlds was in her person. Softer than the *Sirisha* blossoms were Uma's rounded arms. Slender and straight like the stalk of a lily was her graceful body. From her black hair, like midnight, her face shone forth, which was as a moon surrounded by black clouds. Like pearls set in coral were her teeth and red lips, and the voice that issued from them was sweeter than the *kokil's*—softer than the southern wind. Her dark eyes were like the blue lotus and lustrous as an antelope's.

But the mighty Shiva whose thoughts were great heeded not woman's beauty. Erect and stately in holy contemplation, he sat silent and motionless in a grove. Serpents twined round his matted locks, a necklace of bones and a rosary hung round his blue throat, a skin clothed his ash-besmeared body; and a bright radiance shone from the features of the three-eyed God.

The undaunted God of Love, ready with his bow and arrow, was filled with awe in Shiva's serene presence.

The flowery bow fell from his nerveless hands and he hid himself in a bush. But as Uma burst forth into sight in all her loveliness, his courage came back, and picking up his bow and arrow he awaited his time.

Like the full moon encircled by stars, Uma with her maidens entered the sacred grove to do homage to Shiva, the Lord of the world. She bent in reverence, and as Shiva took the offering of flowers from her lotus hands and blessed the maiden, at that moment the Love-God sped his arrow straight and true.

As the vast and still ocean swells at the rise of the full moon, so the calm and mighty heart of Shiva, pierced by love's dart, heaved for an instant like a surging sea, at the sight of Uma's wondrous beauty. He cast a look of love on the mountain maid. She stood as in a trance, her brow and neck flushing at love's first dart, like the dawn at the touch of the young Sun-God. But with a god-like effort Shiva calmed his swelling heart, and casting his three eyes all around, he sought the cause of this sudden untoward emotion.

He soon espied the Love-God half hid in the bush, with bended knee and flowery bow. A great anger arose within him.

The Gods in Heaven watching, cried out "Spare him, O Lord." But ere the words reached the angry God through the realms of space Love lay lifeless in ashes, destroyed by Shiva's fiery glance.

Uma returned to her father's home, loving but unloved. She resolved to win by penance and devotion what her beauty had failed to do. The gentle maiden cast aside her wreath of pearls, her rich robes of silk and gold, and covered her tender body with the barks of trees. Her lovely face, framed by her matted locks, looked like a lotus encircled by wild moss. On the bare rocks she slept, head pillowed on her rounded arms. She lighted the fire at the altar, gathered flowers and the sacred *kusa* grass, and sang hymns, worshipping and praying night and day. In summer she stood in the midst of blazing fires, drooping like a lotus at noon. In winter she stood in the ice-cold water, paler than the *kumud* which opens at dusk. Her fame spread far and wide, and all came wondering to see the gentle maiden's stern and holy penance. Joyless was *Kailashpuri* for their loved Princess. The flowers faded and drooped. The forest sighed. The rivers smote the rocks and changed their joyous silver music to a sad murmuring. The wind moaned o'er hill and dale and snowy peaks.

At last Shiva's heart was touched by her great devotion, though her beauty could not conquer him. Love's full tide flooded his great heart. The Love-God, who had ere this been brought back to life, rejoiced. The homeless despairing Gods rejoiced. In the guise of a Brahmin youth, the Moon-crested God came to Uma's hermitage and addressed her thus:

"O maiden born of the mountain, beautiful as the moon, fair as the lotus, what gift seekest thou thus in stern penance and unceasing prayer. Dost thou desire Heaven, whose father's domains are as beautiful as the realms of *Swarga*? Dost thou, whose beauty all would seek in vain all the world over, desire a bridegroom? Sighest thou maiden? What stern youth is there who is unmoved by thy sweet loveliness and devotion?"

Uma answered not, but blushing turned to her handmaiden who replied thus:

"Brahmin! Uma loves the mighty Shiva and seeks no other bridegroom but him. But the great God, who has slain the Love-God, is immovable and unconquered. To win him the gentle Uma does penance and prayer."

Then the Brahmin turned to Uma and spoke thus:

"Strip thy tender body of the rough bark and adorn thyself in silk. O Uma, Return to thy father's halls, fair daughter of *Himalaya*! Turn thy thoughts from Shiva, the stern and unholy God! Homeless he wanders in impure places, among funeral pyres and reeking corpses. Snakes twine round him. Skins of wild animals are his clothing. Wild looking, devoid of wealth and rank, graceless and homeless, he knows naught of love. He is no bridegroom for thee, gentle Princess!"

With quivering lips and flashing eyes thus the maiden replied:

"Not knowing, O Brahmin, thou speakest thus. Know thou that Shiva, though poor is the source of all riches. Homeless though he wanders, he is the Lord of the three worlds. His grace and beauty are indescribable, uncomparable, incomprehensible. That which men discard and love not, he loves and cherishes—yea, even snakes and bones! He despises nothing. His love is infinite! Unholy places are made holy by his presence. Though void of rank and wealth, he is the brightest of Gods. But great or small, he hath won my heart, and him alone do I desire. Slander not O Brahmin. Cease and depart!"

Thus saying, Uma turned away in anger from the stranger, every graceful limb quivering. But she was clasped in his arms. Turning her beautiful eyes full of wonder on him, she beheld her Lord. Like a rock-bound stream turned from its course, she stood still, blushing and trembling. Taking her lotus hands in his own, thus spoke Shiva in accents of love and tenderness: "Maiden, won by thy love and devotion, I am ever thine!"

SNEHALATA SEN.



Anecdote.

ONE of Lord Desborough's best anecdotes relates to a clergyman who was far more at home in the hunting field than in the pulpit. On the morning of a meet he was much annoyed at having to officiate at a funeral, but this over he mounted his horse and started in pursuit of his friends. On the road he sought information of an old woman with a donkey-cart.

"Well," she said, "if you ride to the top of the hill you will come to a *meenister*; then, if you turn to the right, you will be likely to come up with them."

Handing her a shilling, he said, "My good woman, why did you call the signpost a minister?"

"Why, you see, sir, it's like this. We used to call 'em signposts, but since you've been in these parts we call 'em *moonisters*, 'cos, though they point other folks the way, they never goes themselves. Go on, Neddy."

DR. TANNER, the famous fasting man, celebrated his 80th birthday the other day by beginning a fast which he will endeavour to continue for eighty consecutive days. Dr. Tanner says he will live to be 100 and then get married. Since he first began fasting, he says, the practice has become quite fashionable, and he declares that there is no better way of fighting the Beef Trust.

CORRESPONDENCE



Census.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

Fate has once more brought us face to face with what passes by the name of census and placed us in the capricious hands of census enumerators and supervisors. While not mistaking the census schedules for the list of the would-be victims of plague for the year 1912, as some of the most ingenious and credulous would have us believe, we certainly are afraid of being excommunicated from one religion and driven into the pale of another, of being expelled from one race, tribe or caste to enter the next, or of being obliged to forget our own language, to lip something else or to turn "deaf mute." The latter misgivings, unlike the former, are founded on hard solid facts. The Aryas complain of the Hindu enumerators thrusting them against their will into the fold of Hinduism, into which but for the purposes of the census, the Hindus themselves would not let them enter. In Bengal, but for the intervention of Mr. O'Malley, the Census Superintendent, Urdu, like foreign commodities, would have been altogether boycotted to the utter discomfiture of those who know no other vernacular. Again in some places, say in U. P. the home of Urdu, it has been put down as an axiom that the tongue follows the faith, in other words, those who profess Islam speak Urdu, while those who profess Hinduism speak Hindi. And the most curious part of it is that an enumerator of a certain ward of Jaunpur, when asked in what edition of Euclid he had discovered such an axiom, replied that it was taught to him by the district census officer himself, who ordered that the entries under the head "Language ordinarily used" should be based on that newly discovered standard. This is, in the words of Lord Morley, an "executive short cut" indeed! Nay, the shrewd and intelligent pupils, like Pathwaries and other enumerators and supervisors have gone a step farther and indiscriminately classed all those who fell to their lot as Hindi-speaking gentlemen. But matters would have been much more simplified and a great deal of trouble saved, if these first principles or maxims would have been brought to the Government of India's notice at the very outset. Again, the district of Azamgarh, anxious not to lag behind in the race of innovations, made another invention. The Sheikh Iraqis, the emigrants from Iraq living in Azamgarh district, have, by a strange irony of fate, been scheduled as Kalwars in spite of all their protests. According to a Persian proverb, in ancient times the rise and fall of the price of food-crops in some inexplicable way effected transformation from Sheikh to Sayyed and *vice versa*. But times are changed and up-to-date methods have replaced the old ones to accomplish this kind of metamorphosis in the twinkling of an eye. In the present case, it was brought about by one mighty stroke of pen wielded authoritatively by no less a personage than the Joint Magistrate himself. At this rate, in the absence of a proper check, after one or more censuses India may be found teeming with only this species of mankind called Kalwars, however violently the Temperance Associations might protest against it. If need be, reference may be made to such books as *Ain-i-Akbari*, *Safarnama-i-Im-*

Batoota, *Tarikh-i-Farishtah*, and also to an order of the year 1835 issued by the then Magistrate of Ghazipur district quoted in *Tahzib-ul-Iraqi*.

Indeed if such wrong entries will be allowed to creep into the census schedules, this year's census will be a mere farce, and we will naturally dread the imminent census night, and the 30th of March will be no less ominous than the Ides of March were to Caesar.

Who knows whether we will wake up after the census night professing the faiths of our forefathers, speaking our own mother tongues, within the pale of our own race, tribe or caste, or whether we will wake up to find ourselves renegades, stammering in a different language, dumb and *zat-bahar*.

But such contingencies can be easily averted if the powers that be kindly intervene in the matter, amend the wrong entries and do not allow the doctrine of *Factum Valet* to be the order of the day.

FAIR PLAY.

Selections.

The Baghdad Railway.

THE Turkish Government has officially expressed a desire to enter upon *pourparlers* with the United Kingdom on the subject of Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf. It is reported from Paris that the British Government has intimated as much to the French Government and has made it known that it will keep the latter Government regularly informed with regard to the various stages of the proposed Anglo-Turkish conversations. An exchange of views is proceeding between the French and the Turkish Government with regard to the taking part by French capitalists in the economic revival of the Ottoman Empire. And it is understood that the French Government has undertaken to communicate to the British Government any proposals or suggestions that may be made by Turkey with regard to the subject under discussion and more particularly with regard to the construction of railways in Turkey. A Paris contemporary has stated that the exchange of views refers more particularly to the French construction of railways in Albania and Eastern Anatolia. This appears to be incorrect since a semi-official denial has been issued by M. Pichon. It is expressly stated that in the opinion of the French Government the construction of the lines referred to is not compatible with French interests, meaning no doubt that they would seem to be hostile to Russia. At the same time, it is announced that the conversations are not sufficiently advanced to permit of any precise indication of their purport. All this is exceedingly satisfactory. Clearly it is the result of the Potsdam meeting and goes far to make it manifest that that meeting has had a highly satisfactory influence upon the relations of the Powers. We of this Journal have always felt that it was a grave mistake on the part both of the British and of the French Governments to treat the Baghdad Railway and similar enterprises as pre-eminently German. We welcome, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction the new development which looks upon the opening up of the resources of Turkey as primarily and essentially a Turkish question, and one which cannot be settled satisfactorily except in agreement with Turkey.

It is of the utmost moment to the Turkish Government that all its territories should be opened up as quickly as circumstances will permit by means of railways. Even if the Turkish Government were entirely indifferent to the welfare of its subjects and thought only of its own interests, it is plain that railway extension is of great importance to it. With good railway communications it would be able to maintain its authority in every portion of the Empire, whereas in the present want of railway communications it is with the utmost difficulty that it can maintain its authority. Indeed, in many parts of its dominions its authority is openly set at defiance. It would, of course, be altogether unjust to accuse the Young Turks of indifference to the welfare of the population of the Empire. In their capacity as Turkish subjects as well as in that of the dominant party in the Empire they must desire to see prosperity restored. It is to be borne in mind that Asiatic Turkey was in ancient times the seat of some of the greatest empires the world has ever seen, and that the renewal of its prosperity and its greatness depends upon three things—education; cheap, ready and good railway communication; and irrigation. If these three desiderata were attained a very moderate

degree of good administration would suffice to enable the country to rise once more at least to the level of civilisation it had attained thousands of years ago. But even good government would fail in the absence of education, railways and irrigation. Education is a thing that cannot be created all at once. It can be perfected only very slowly and at large expense. Irrigation, again, is a matter that will take time. But railway construction, if the proper policy is pursued, can be pushed forward rapidly, and can very quickly transform the whole face of the Empire. It is of good omen that the Young Turks recognise the importance of opening up the territory and that they do not wish to do this by throwing themselves altogether into the arms of any one nationality, but that they wish to invite the co-operation of all the great forward countries. Germany has done much to open up Turkey. At one time our own people undertook the work. But during the Hamidian régime they not only lost favour with the Government but they grew sick of their enterprise in Turkey and gradually they withdrew from the field in large measure. France, again, has not pushed forward as she promised to do at one time. If, now, the Young Turks can succeed in interesting both British and French in opening up the Turkish Empire they will, in the first place, make sure that the equipping of the Empire with railway facilities will be accomplished quickly, and, in the second place, they will create a balance of interests. They will not be entirely in the hands of one set of great capitalists. On the contrary, it is very likely that Americans will desire to take a hand in the process, and if four of the greatest nations come to assist them, the Turks will not be in danger of being too much in the hands of any one set or group.

We have taken for granted so far that our own Government has met the Turkish Government half-way and is ready to discuss in a thoroughly friendly manner all the questions which the Turkish Government desires to raise. It would manifestly be utterly improper on the part of our Government to try to play the part of dog in the manger. Turkey has a perfect right—nay, more, the Turkish Government is bound—to develop the resources of the Empire, and it cannot do so without opening up the territory by means of railways. No foreign Government, whatever interests it may have created by suppressing piracy in the Persian Gulf and extending trade, has the right to attempt to prevent the Turkish Government from performing its duty. The British Government may with perfect propriety make conditions if it is asked to co-operate, or to encourage its subjects to co-operate in the opening up of Turkey. It may also object to anything which in its opinion would be injurious to its interests outside of the Turkish Empire. But it clearly has no right to put a veto upon the extension of the Baghdad Railway in any direction whatsoever within the Turkish Empire. There is a set of publicists, commercial men and self-styled public men, who arrogate to this country the right to interfere in all backward countries, and think that any advantage obtained by others is in derogation of their own interests. Such persons formerly opposed the construction of the Suez Canal. Yet it is palpable to everybody now that the Suez Canal has contributed immensely to the increase of the world's trade and prosperity, and, in particular, to the increase of our own trade in the Far East. There can be no serious doubt that the opening up of Asiatic Turkey by means of railways will give an incalculable stimulus to trade and ultimately will benefit both Persia and India. More than that, it is perfectly evident that whatever this country may do Asiatic Turkey will be opened up by means of railways: and so will Persia. The teaching of experience as well as good sense, neighbourly feeling, and a keen eye for self-interest all dictate that we should lend our aid not only to the opening up of Turkey by means of railways, but also to the construction there of works of irrigation. Every historical student knows how rich and populous Mesopotamia once was by reason of its canals, and if canals are restored and irrigation carried out scientifically it may become again one of the richest portions of the earth. We welcome, then, the action of the Turkish Government as good augury for Turkey herself, for the future foreign policy of the Turkish Government, and for the peace of the world: and we hope most sincerely that our own Government will go as far as it reasonably can to meet the wishes of the Turkish Government and to come to some kind of satisfactory arrangement with the German group of financiers who are building the Baghdad Railway.

(The Statist.)

It looks as if the Baghdad Railway dispute might be amicably settled after all. The Turkish Government, it seems, has approached the British Ambassador at the Porte with a view to opening negotiations over the questions relating to British interests in the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia. As intimated last week, we are about to undertake vast irrigation works in the Mesopotamia Valley, works involving the expenditure of perhaps £4,000,000. That these works when completed will bring back prosperity to the fertile region can hardly be doubted, and the Baghdad Railway when completed will give an arterial outlet westward to the produce of the revived soil. That may be called a secondary question, the main one so far as we are immediately concerned being our position in and control of the Persian Gulf. But all Powers alike are interested in the reclamation of Asia Minor, and we do not see why England, France and Germany should not come to an understanding in virtue of which they would have equal rights to share in the prosperity of that magnificent country. They might also all contribute to the cost of constructing the Baghdad Railway, and so long as we limit our endeavours to secure equal rights for our merchandise with the Germans, while at the same time guarding Indian interests, not we take it really threatened by anything Germany is doing, the jealousy now so widely prevalent should find nothing to feed on. We are all for accord between the Western Powers over this project, the dispute about which has been lately so over-heated, and incline to trust international finance to bring about an accord. The railway is a magnificent idea. Not only will it help to give back life to Mesopotamia, but the fertile plains of Cilicia and the Aleppo and Bagdad markets will be invigorated by it to an incalculable extent. And last of all, the construction of this important railway by England, France and Germany acting in concert, will, for a time at least, put on one side the Russian scheme for a railway across Northern Persia to India. We are not afraid of that either, but think that the German scheme well deserves the preference.

(Investors' Review.)

Indian Immigration into the Colonies.

AMONG the suggestions made by the Imperial Government, the most important have relation to immigration, and the first, relating to British Indians, might well raise what is in our judgment the most serious of all our Imperial problems. For all talk about the unity and solidarity of our Empire has an air of unreality so long as the units of that Empire, the men and women who compose its human substance, do not enjoy so much community of citizenship that they can move freely upon the surface of that Empire. There is not one of the great self-governing dominions which does not refuse admission to its shores to the vast majority of British subjects. We do not, indeed, presume to condemn them for pushing a policy which they hold essential to protect the social and economic order of their countries. But we cannot refrain from pointing out that the pursuance of the policy is nothing else than a permanent declaration of separation and disunion. For there can be no real political or social unity unless liberty of movement and of personal intercourse is secured. The unanimous refusal of the self-governing dominions to allow to the coloured subjects of our Empire any free access to their shores, or any freedom of life within their shores, introduces a fatal rift within the Empire. It shows, in fact, that the British Empire comprises two different and opposite entities. It comprises a group of self-governing nations in generally sympathetic relations with one another, enjoying substantially the same free institutions and consulting with one another as equal members of a family. It also combines a number of groups of colonies and possessions, mostly occupied by coloured peoples, on a lower plane of development, enjoying no full freedom of self-government, but subject in the last resort to the arbitrary will of Great Britain. Between these two confines is no community of fact or feeling. If the closer political federation of the Dominions and Great Britain were desirable in the interests of political security, it would nevertheless be precluded by the very fact of the existence of the great "unfree Empire." In that Empire the people of our free dominions have no part, and for it they will never consent to assume a genuine and formal responsibility.

(Nation.)



The Council.

BY THE HON. MR. GUP.

"As large a charter as the wind to blow on whom I please."—

As You Like It

7th March. After Lunch

SANDOW II had read the *Comrade* and learnt of the inordinate longing of Sir Douglas for lunch. So marched Sir Douglas back to barracks and substituted one whose appetite may be even sharper than his name. Punished the whole Council by ordering that lunch should not take more than half an hour. However, you may take a horse to the pond but you can't make him drink. Similarly you may take a Councillor to Peliti's but you can't bring him back. So when Sandow II. rushed through his Plasmon biscuits and returned to Council Chamber punctually at 2 P.M., he found the inside of the Chamber as empty as his own.

A quarter of an hour later members assembled. Hon Longfellow in fear of being ruled out of order again. In the forenoon a pillar of smoke, he was in the afternoon a pillar of light. Wanted the half-holiday of free education for one year, if he couldn't secure it in perpetuity. Announced his firm intention of working for it, living for it and securing it. Inquiries made at once by Bootlair Sahab as to the Company which had insured his life. If Hon. Longfellow is as good as his word, the Insurance Company has made an excellent bargain, and Bootlair Sahab sure to be made its managing partner. Hon Longfellow extremely angry with the Governor of Bombay who liked compulsory but not free education. Why, "compulsion and freedom always went together." True, quite true. Does not Government also go in for concessions and repression together?

The Free Lance saw in free education only a red rag and rushed for it. Education had a deleterious effect. Witness the Free Lance himself. Drew a pathetic picture born of intimacy of knowledge of the poor wife of an agriculturist cooking his food and bewailing the absence of her first-born wasting hours at a school when he could have been so profitably employed in the kitchen—in gorging himself. Bootlair Sahab and the new Education Department was to him what thieves were to Constable Dogberry. "The less you make or meddle with them, why the more is for your honesty." He had himself become a follower of the Prime Minister and asked Council to "Wait and See."

Bhupen Babu liked the old custom. "*Dakshina* must be paid to the *guru* or education was fruitless." Yes, the *guru* thinks

the same. The Cross-Bencher crossed swords with the *Lancer* as usual. If he had been the self-constituted advocate-general of the depressed classes, Free Lance was the same to the whole of India. Peter Quince of Bombay did not like people to be too free with Miss Education. He thought that the advocates of free education "came to disfigure or to present the person of moonshine." Madge discovered "a certain amount of truth about what Free Lance had said. Great hardship would be done to parents if their sons were packed to school." His own were still regretting the hardship. Mud Holkar handed over Free education to Vital Thackeray and the Sassanide, for it was still "in the realm of speculation."

While debate dragging along its mutilated form, Councillors reclining on cushioned benches in all the stages between waking and sleep. But the most reposeful was Wynne who, preparatory to turning in for the rest of the day, had unbuttoned his waistcoat, spread his feet on the reporter's table, placed his head in the lap of solicitous Kesteven, and generally qualified himself for the part of a Railway Sleeper.

Bootlair Sahab stood up, rubbed his eyes, yawned a dozen times, and then proceeded. Question could not have been raised within a year of last debate, but he wanted to soothe Longfellow and permitted his oration. Councillors must not be too impatient. They had not reached the land flowing with the milk of human kindness. But they had still the satisfaction of hearing his honeyed phrases. There were a few bunches of grapes. But as they were sour, he had seen to it that they be placed out of reach and harm's way. His Department was busily engaged on schemes of Primary education. While the Councillors dreamed he schemed. Was not that enough?

"How good our education is!" think some:
Others—"How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Credit (giving same to me)
And hear the Music of my distant Drum!

Longfellow replied. He was given to dreaming wild dreams, but had not even in his wildest dream thought he could win to-day. It was all for the morrow. Bootlair Sahab thought of Khayyam, who was a great patron of his cellar, and quoted one of the Rubaiyyat.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after a To-morrow stare,
A Butler to the Tower of Wisdom cries.
"No, your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

The Hon. Hooda wanted only a trifle for Ebasam. The mild Hindu wished good luck to all who had evil designs on Sir Guy's cash box. But wished to know on what principle the almoner of Government had doled out the largess. Was it the old principal that the Government was on the side of the powerful lungs. The Measurer spoke in well balanced phrases but did not add any weight on the side of Hooda. Quite satisfied with the scale of Government liberality. Peter Quince had said he was no Oliver Twist, although that was the usual *role* of a member representing a Provincial Government, when like a provincial player he struts and frets his hour upon this stage and always asks for more. The Measurer, too, forgot his part in spite of the prompting of Hooda. All that he could remember was that he could not spend money fast enough to ask for more. Sir Guy took note of this for future reference.

As raids were permitted on the Imperial Treasury, Dashing Boy—who has dropped his Note of Interrogation—rushed in where Hooda had not feared to tread. Asked for something for the Central Provinces known generally as the Little Mary of India. But ruled out of order. So bowing to authority, crept silently to rest.

Hooda replied. He shared curiosity with Mild Hindu to know on what principles doles given, specially curious to know on what principle Mild Hindu's province got so much. Assured Councillors he was not a selfish man. God had given him a brief spell of lucrative work. He wanted nothing from Government. He had only asked it for the Measurer, but if latter thinks he has had full measure and overflowing, he was willing to withdraw specially as "no resolution will succeed in this Court." Ah, Hooda, sleeping or waking the High Court is with you. Yours is indeed an assiduous courtship, but do not ignore the need of a judicial separation sometimes.

Cross-Bencher looked excellent in the new costume of the Member for Bengal. Had sailed all the way from the Five Rivers to the Bay. Jails in Behar were better than the towns, so moved that more money be devoted to the towns, and forgot the other alternative that the townsmen could remove themselves to the more sanitary if restricted locations. Longfellow showed that the Behari Nation was united in this as in other matters, and stood up as a prop to support the clinging ivy of the Cross-Bencher.

After United Behar came the turn of United Bengal. Bhupen said Cross-Bencher belonged to "that part of Bengal which is known as Behar." Asked that motion should be carried and not withdrawn as happened in the case of the resolution moved by Hon. Hooda which referred "to his part of the Province." Truly, "We are seven!" Gates was against the Open Door policy suggested by the Mild Hindu in case of raiders on the fiscus. Burmah too distant for him to organise raid and if he could not get a share of the booty, dash it, he would rather turn virtuous and peach against the political darlots of Bengal who gained by juxtaposition to the Government of India than let the bandits have money even for education. Unlike bad administration in Burmah, "bad finance in Bengal could not be justified by good intentions."

Orator Meston used Gates to help his own design. "If the Hon. Cross-Bencher went to Burmah he would perhaps agree with Gates." So, seriously considered whether he should not ask Government to send him with a *Guide* to trudge on the high road to Mandalay. An excellent argument this, but only one slight difficulty. Cross-Bencher if deported to Burmah may perhaps agree with Gates, but if Gates sent to Bengal what would happen to the virtuous views of Mister Gates? The Orator had a fling at Behar and caught "Longfellow's Turret in a Noose of Joke." Hon'ble Member had been to the U.P.—the Province which destiny had reserved for Meston—and had not found its atmosphere to his taste. But he was now a proved grumbler, for he was not happy even at home, and in asking for more money for sanitation complained of the bad air of Behar. What aim could he give himself after that?

Cross-Bencher again crossed over to the Punjab and wanted a High Court. Belted Earl referred him to Sir Louis XIV. who thought he was the High Court and regarded the height of the lawyers' ambition as a useless luxury.

The Mild Hindu thirsting for five o'clock tea and scandal asked for adjournment of Council, but Sandow II. was sure of ending the first stage that day and refused to hear of adjournment. The Pandit, however, equal to the occasion. Had devoted the intervals between the more pressing business of his consular operations in the U.P., and the invention of Hindi, to collecting figures of Provincial contributions. Marched them past the Council in fine array and asked for the increase of the U.P. share of land-revenue in an exhaustive and exhausting speech which was as figurative as any statistician wished to hear. For many moments dilated on the permanent settlement newly made by the Finance Department and sought enlightenment on the subject of its guiding principles.

Council wondered whether Nawab of Jaunpur would still oppose the Pandit. But for once he tamely followed his political adversary. O ye men of Islam, what is this? A true believer in such questionable company? What is the Moslem League doing? Beware of imitations!

The dictum of Peter Quince had already been falsified by Bombay, and the two Bengals. Council wondered if after the combination of the Qadi and the Pandit, Holms would not work another miracle and prove the truth of official assertion. Up rose the observer of all observers, the Atlas who bore the weight of heavy official responsibility on his shoulders. He stood in a position indicating that he had something to say, but the burden of his speech was that he "was not in a position to say" anything. The fact was that he had received notice of the motion too late to ask the views of Sir John, and without those views he was like an ambassador without his instructions, a barrister without a brief or his fee, a Trilby deserted by her musical lover, or a balloon without its gas. So after saying nothing a great length collapsed into the Seat of the Mighty. Orator Meston replied to "the dying swan's song" of the Pandit and Sir Guy hinted that the swan took an unconsciousable time in dying. In spite of a strong case, the Pandit failed to make the least impression on Government. It was so much water thrown on the back of a duck. In fact it was a wild goose chase after all. When the motion was duly lost, Council adjourned.

8th March

Bhupen Babu thought the new subsidized paper would kill village scandal. Was extremely wroth, not with "paid hacks" in general, but only with those paid by Government. Subsidy was a patent of Bengal landholders and Government could not be allowed to disregard the Patents Act, the Copyright Act, and the Monopoly Act, with reference to subsidized papers. Besides, disloyalty could be constructed on "the slimy mortar of a subsidized Press." Loyalty must be built of sterner stuff. Government "might as well try to build up a structure with ropes of sand." This a dictum all Bengal should ponder. Bhupen Babu can build up a structure with ropes, but they must not be of sand. Only possible construction with ropes is the gillows. Moreover, ropes of sand can be used in almost anything, but if Monkey brand won't wash clothes, they won't build up a structure. Lee Warner was asked to teach loyalty by means of text-books and examinations. Well, he had put a lot of money in his pocket when Government dropped him like a hot potato. Not warned even by Lee-Warner, Government, which had often taught loyalty by means of Khan Bahadurships, now selected a Rai Bahadur. Bhupen sure that he would be dropped like the wrong end of an enlightened Bahadur cigar put heedlessly between the lips. "Possibly this subsidized newspaper might not be read, more likely it would be boycotted." Bhupen had not yet decided which the better course. But mark the degree of comparison. It is possible that it may be read, but more probable that it would

be boycotted. In other words, like Manchester cloth, it would be used in practice and abused in theory. But the superlative degree would be reached when the paper fails to explain the inexplicable, namely, the motives of Government which have to be disguised under the Official Secrets Act with *rouge et poudre*. The Press so nobly represented by the *Bande Mataram* and *Yugantar* had already been sold when the Press Act was passed. Now comes the sale of the "remnants," bits of the *Bengalee*, odd portions of the *Fatricka* and shop-soiled copies of the *Sanjibani*. Ended a noble oration by appealing to "you all" to pass the resolution. Hon'ble Dashing Boy showed considerable dash in outflanking Bhupen. But there were compensations. He referred to Bhupen as "Hon'ble Sir." Arise, Sir Bhupen! The Dashing Boy has knighted thee.

The Sick Sirdar of the Punjab was also on the side of the angels. With the courage so magnificently displayed on the fields of Chillianwala, Mudki and Ferozepore, showed a solid front to the Bengal warrior and preached the Khalsa gospel of pure loyalty to controvert the dogma of sedition. He does not believe in favouring Government and asks only for fairplay. His motto is *Audi alteram partem*. Let the public constitute itself into a judicial tribunal, and let Government be arraigned at the bar for high treason against the Sovereign People. But he would not grudge a hearing to the accused. The Government had, like the ghost of the Danish King, "started like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons," but now that a warrant had been issued against the defaulter and it appeared, let it be heard. Self defence is no offence. After all, the public is to decide, and the Vernacular Press has a large number of friends in the jury.

The Mild Hindu was sleek and sober. But he was opposed to Hamlet's prayers, "Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!" He would prefer the ministers of grace to defend themselves, and leave the angels to the more angelic pursuit of holding the Indian mirror up to Government, to show a swollen-head officialdom her own feature, Western scorn her own image, and the sun-dried bureaucrat his true form and oppression. This would make the skilful laugh and the injudicious grieve; the laughter of the first, in the Mild Hindu's allowance, overweighing a whole theatre of the others. There were journalists he had read and others praise, and that highly, not to speak profanely, that neither having the accent of Englishmen, the swinging gait of Anglo-Indians, nor the proud bearing of the Native Christian, had roared and bellowed, that the Mild Hindu thought some of Government's journeymen had made Newmen, and not made them well, they imitated the *Englishman* so abominably.

But there was no reason to despair. There were still "the more pronounced friends of Government." Was there not that solid rock of loyalty, the Imperial re-inforcement of the be-League-red British garrison. As His Excellency was not retiring for another four years and a half, there was a long interval between now and the next address of the Imperial League!

Cheery Chitnis and Burly Raja both rose simultaneously to support Government. Chitnis hesitated, looked at the Chair, got a little bolder, but then looked at the burly figure, and at last collapsed at the sight of the mammoth loyalist.

The Burly and Chitnis both rose,
But the chair saw one;
For the Chitnis might offer some blows,
But the Burly, as every one knows,
Could but say "Well done!"

So Burly Raja allowed to interpose his magnificent broadside between the Government and its assailants. Only he didn't! He supported the resolution instead. The hook was visible in spite of the Mild Hindu's tempting bait. So he preferred a State paper to demi-official and Imperial organs. As for the Imperial League, did they not know it? It did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. It was too modest to show itself publicly. Was

it not a *Purdanashin*? He had, of course, liked the "frank advice" of His Excellency and appreciated his "weighty remarks" that came down with the full force of a sledge hammer.

Graham thought Government was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. But like Venus de Milo, it was "unarmed." So the Rai Bahadur was utilized as a comrade in arms.

Madge thought one consideration had been overlooked. There was much talk of primary education, but if education was anywhere necessary it was with reference to relations of the rulers and the ruled. But perhaps even Madge had overlooked another consideration. If there was to be no primary education who would read the Rai Bahadur's subsidised paper. Perhaps Madge would now add a few lakhs to the subsidy and send a teacher with each copy of the *Samachar*. People talked of a State organ. If State had an organ of its own, said Madge, "all adjectives such as 'venal' would be misapplied to it as they have been done to-day, and misapplied rightly."

The Slacker representing Bengal wanted to furnish Government with an antidote to the poison. But he had delayed too long and his slackness was no better than that condemned by the Persian sage "Till the antidote is brought from Mesopotamia, the snake-bitten would die." Longfellow was a reader of the Vernacular Press and he did not find it seditious. But the papers he read were all Urdu papers! So Government should by law enforce that Urdu should be the *lingua journalistica* of India. Spoke with warmth in favour of the Partition and asked what views would the Rai Bahadur publish about the Partition—the Government's or United Bengal's. The Nawab of Jaunpur spoke in slow and deliberate and wholly, loyal accents. The Cross-Bencher, on the contrary deeply offended. He was, unfortunately in these days of Press restrictions, the only Editor in the Council. But if there were to be any consolations, there were others no less qualified than the Rai Bahadur. "Most of this discussion this afternoon (and he looked at his watch and found that he was right after all, as it was 12-5 P.M.) was wholly irrelevant."

Hooda was hard on the Press. It was not only in the legal profession that every opinion was a paid opinion. Editors' opinions were also paid for. They too had a price. The sanguinary Press, like blood itself, depended upon circulation. Belted Earl came into the Council as the skeleton in the pigeon-hole, with a belt of red-tape. Complained that he was condemned to read papers. Surely the *Indian Mirror* could not be accused any longer of having no readers. Earl had to read it. He informed the Council that "with honourable exceptions" Government is not represented in the newspapers in a fair manner. It is now reported that every journalist is anxious to prove the rule of the Earl by claiming to be covered by the saving grace of the "honourable exceptions."

Bhupen Babu had to give the retort courteous. "The remedy" instead of conciliating the evil would aggravate it. "That's my position." Government had certainly no desire to conciliate the evil, but if aggravating it was Bhupen's position, he is in a parlous condition. He went on to say: "Does it strike the Hon'ble Mr. Madge ——" when something struck him. He had sowed the wind and now reaped the whirlwind, which sent the flapping curtain of the window into his face. Truly another windfall! A lady in the visitor's gallery tied up the superfluous draperies and gave the window a hobble skirt. The Noes had it, but Bhupen asked for a division, and in the confusion, beat a hasty retreat to the High Court. This ended the first stage of the Budget.

[Reader, do not shout for more. Providence has created the Council for our delectation. Thank the Lord and use it economically.—Gup.]



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But not for me his healing grace
Or quick'ning power, not for me
His lavish eleemosyn'ry,
His genial warmth or kindly face.

II.

To me his breath is arctic cold
And in his gorgeous mantles' glow
I only see the garb of woe,
I see no glitter in his gold.
I see no flower in his wake
But puppy white and unmortelle,
I only hear a dying knell
Where bells are ringing for his sake
The *korl* with a tireless throat
Sends forth his call from copse and tree
To swell the season's minstrelsy ;
But I who once did love his note,
Welcomed this herald of our spring
I take no pleasure in his song
Who seems to mock me all along
With his persistent twittering

III.

The reaper reaps the yellow corn,
And fruit that weighs the laden bough,
Hanging in golden clusters now,
Mellowed will fall to-morrow's morn
To greet the early-rising maid ;
And on its luscious flesh will meet
Lips that are haply full as sweet,
Of other lips as unafraid.
The golden grain is gathered in,
The day is yellow with the gleam
Of russet straw, and on the stream
The harvest smell lies soft and clean.
And fruit in orchards weights no more
Recumbent boughs, but rosy lips
And hands to swelling finger tips
Are purple with the life it bore.

IV.

Thus corn and fruit ; but in their seed
Lies potency to procreate
With cycling seasons soon or late
In moated grange or open mead

In Memoriam.

SIR SYED AHMED KHAN, LL. D., K. C. S. I.
Obt. 28th March, 1898.

I.

The sun is murky in mine eyes,
And in the shining stars at night
I seem to see no answering light,
I find no solace in the skies.

And though in yonder garden close
Cool March is lavish of his gifts,
He cannot fill the gaping rifts
Of grief with jessamine and rose.

March is the year's great almoner,
And pours abroad with stintless hand
His largess over field and strand
And viley-glade and mountain-spur.

[This elegy was written by a friend of the founder of Aligarh at Sir Syed's death, but never published. As the year 1911 brings joy to the hearts of his old friends who rejoice in the approaching fulfilment of his life long desire, the writer has sent this to us for publication. We hope when the 28th March comes round again, the sorrow of death will be replaced by the gladness of a new birth, and the poet will favour us again.—Ed., Comrade.]

Of its own kind a hundredfold ;
 And ever as year follows year
 The corn will ripen in the ear
 And fruit will follow fruit untold.
 For Nature's wealth is so conserved
 That, as the seasons come and go,
 In every lack and overflow
 The balance just is still preserved
 She orders in her lordly way
 That present failure be a pledge
 Of past or future surplussage,
 To prove the justice of her sway.

V.

But man, alas ! man comes and goes
 We know not whence, we know not where,
 We only know that in the air
 His last frail breath at last he blows .
 We only know that earth to earth
 His cherished lineaments return .
 We only know from grave or urn
 No response comes of grief or mirth ,
 No counsel for the day of fear ,
 No tonic for the heart that fails ,
 No undertone that still avails.
 As erst, for solace or for cheer
 The hand, that for caress or care
 Was once so apt, lies cold in death,
 And in the bosom is no breath
 For high resolve to do or dare

VI.

Death plies his busy scythe unkind
 Regardless of the hour of day,
 And all the swathe is swept away
 Nor left the faintest trace behind.
 The soul will flit to other spheres
 All heedless of its shell of clay--
 A shell foredoomed to swift decay--
 And freely mingle with its peers.
 The soul has neither kin or kith,
 It leaves nor son nor seed behind,
 Lore as a mountain peak enshrined,
 Or consecrated monolith.
 Eons may pass, the world wax wise
 Or foolish, but for loss or gain
 Time of the lost one will remain
 Orphaned until the dead arise

VII.

We think our thought but all alone .
 We view the world but none the same ;
 We are impelled for praise or blame
 Each by an impulse of his own.
 We worship or defy our god
 Each in his way but none alike ,
 The tangled roots of thought we strike
 Are bedded in a different sod
 The streams of life run side by side
 In countless floods, yet every stream
 Preserves its native hue and gleam,
 Its shoals and depths, its time and tide.
 Not e'en in death alike we stand
 Some drop amid the busy throng
 Like autumn fruitage mellowed long,
 While some are wrenched with ruthless hand

Green from the bough, ere summer glows
 Have swelled their luscious flesh with juice,
 Like as the southern oak or spruce
 Might hope to thrive in polar snows.

VIII.

One gift alone is giv'n us here--
 To leave the mantle of our thought,
 To leave the work our hands have wrought,
 As deathless heirlooms at the bier.
 For these bear fruit of which the seed,
 Self-sown in furrows new or old,
 Will yield a harvest manifold
 Of good or ill in thought or deed,
 And be a blessing or a curse
 To years and ages yet unborn,
 Thus passing on their love or scorn
 Before the entrance of their hearse.

PART II.

I.

Revered friend ! I lay this wreath
 Of wayside blossoms on your grave,
 Gathered by hands unskilled to save
 The native perfume of their heath ?
 I lay it on your grave and pause
 For an approving look or smile,
 Or grip of hand that rests awhile
 On mine in silence of applause.
 The look and smile have had their doom,
 Like glints of sunshine on a bay
 That sweeping mists might wipe away
 And leave the world in sullen gloom.
 The hand is gripped in grimmer hand,
 And for disciples old or young
 For ever silent is the tongue
 That once could counsel or command.
 The lines of meditation bold
 That furrowed deep that massive brow
 Alas ! are furrowed deeper now
 Into the ooze of slimy mould.
 The soul that looked through thoughtful eyes--
 The self-forgetting sleepless soul
 That ever sought some lofty goal--
 Is surely now in Paradise

II.

When we foregathered in the fall
 Of that his last completed year,
 None could have guessed the end so near
 Who heard him in the council hall.
 Time sits not lighter on a rock
 Than sat his four score years on him .
 The wine not yet had touched the brim :
 The hand not yet gone round the clock
 Surely said I, another 'Id
 And yet another God will spare
 And keep him in his kindly care,
 Permit His servant yet to lead.
 In counsels of a sinking race :
 I said : That steady hand and voice
 And undimmed eye will yet rejoice
 In life, nor sink to death apace :
 I said . The work is incomplete ;
 The arch still lacks the coping-stone ;
 We see the basement walls alone,
 Will they not crumble at our feet ?

It needs the Master's hand, I said,
His skill of hand and watchful eye
To crown it as the moments fly
With due success ere life be sped.

III.

Little knew I 'twas all but sped,
That ere the turning tide of March
Was spent, adown would fall the arch
Which held the column to its bed.
But he knew well the end was nigh
Who long had watched its slow approach,
Had felt it day by day encroach,
Content to wait without a sigh,
Content to meet his coming fate;
Yet not without regret he died
For work unfinished by his side,
For steps arrested at the gate:
The lofty purpose of a life—
A great achievement—half achieved,
An all but conquered quest bereaved
Of knightly prowess for the strife.

IV.

And we who live and mourn our lack,
Alas! We live and pay in vain
The usury of long-drawn pain
To linger in his vanished track,
In vain we listen for his steps,
In vain we wait to hear him call
Some favoured name in room or hall
Of wonted frequency on his lips.
Where children crowd, like clustered stars,
In their accustomed field or ground,
A timid whisper passes round:
"Shall he not watch our mimic wars
Again? His praise was ever sweet;
He loved us with a father's love,
And if our prayers are heard above
The lawn again will press his feet"

V.

He harboured no uncomely thought
Nor ought unworthy swayed his mind,
A lofty impulse was behind
The smallest work his fingers wrought
His passions bound in sterner thong
Obedied him like a beardless page,
Except when fired with barest rage
At sight or sound of human wrong.
He worked in no unwanted ways,
No trumpet blare or gonfalon
Flaunted his favoured scheme or plan
Before a crowd's uplifted gaze.

VI.

There were who fain would stay his hand,
Fain mar day's work in stealthy night,
Like stinking curs that shun the light
And thieve in darkness o'er the land.
Some were by envy led or hate,
While some were purblind, could not see
Their suicidal hesitancy
Provoked destruction soon or late.
Some might not help but sting, like wasp,
Or scorpion crawling on the door,
Or ambushed in the matted floor,
To wait a child's unheeding clasp.

And some impatient of a debt
For good conferred in hour of need,
For timely help by word or deed—
Ignoble minds that always fret
To feel unrendered gratitude,
And fain would ease the groaning load
By wronging most where most is owed,
By haunting malice still pursued

VII.

With daring hand he touched the loom
Of life that haply he might leave
Some brighter threads for Fate to weave
With sombre warp of human doom
A glorious future for his race
The lengthened shadow of their past
Transfigured on the landscape vast
Of Western culture, Western grace
A wise acceptance of *what is*
Divorced from faintest discontent,
And girdle girt for each event
That in the future might arise
And faithful service to their Queen
Rendered with free-born love and pride,
Not with the show of those that hide
Their mocking hate behind a screen.

VIII.

These were the dreams for which he lived
And died, not all unrealised,
These the achievements which he prized,
His sons and heirs that have survived
He sought not glory nor renown,
They came to him as comes the shade
Where'er a vaulting roof is laid
On builded walls in thorp or town
They came to him as come they will
For one who fights a doubtful fight
With all the heart and all the might
Of one assured to conquer still.
God rest his soul! His be the meed
Of those who strive to give their kind
Their lives' best work, and leave behind
Some pregnant germs of thought and deed.



The Week.

Lord Crewe.

LORD CREWE has made such improvement that no further bulletins will be issued.

Baghdad Railway.

REUTERS learns that Turkey proposes the internationalisation of the Gulf section of the Baghdad Railway and will submit proposals to Great Britain on that basis. The agreement between the Porte and the Baghdad Railway Company has been signed. It is expected that the railway will reach Baghdad in five years. The surplus of the notes administered by the Public Debt Commission will be applied to the kilometre guarantee for this section. The agreement grants the Alexandretta branch without guarantee. The Baghdad Railway Company also renounces the construction of a port at Basra and a port and a terminus on the Persian Gulf in favour of the new Ottoman Company in which the Baghdad Railway Company consents to have a less participation in capital than the Ottoman Company, but on the condition that its participation shall be equal to that of any non-Ottoman nation. The

official circles point out that Germany renounces important rights, her only compensation being a stipulation of indemnity from the new company for the renunciation of the final section. The Porte is determined to emphasize the Ottoman character of the new company.

Mr. Dillon asked Sir Edward Grey to lay upon the table of the House the grounds on which Great Britain claims protective rights over Kuwait. Sir Edward Grey replied that they had most important commercial relations with Kuwait for a considerable period, and of recent years there have been communications with the Sheikh including the formal agreement of 1899. Sir Edward Grey added: "I am not prepared to lay the papers on the table at present, but I may state that the condition for which His Majesty's Government have always stipulated on behalf of the Sheikh is that the *status quo* shall be maintained." The position of Great Britain regarding the Sheikh had previously been the subject of communications with Turkey, and the fact that there were negotiations was a reason why it was most difficult to say when the papers would be laid.

Mr. McCullum Scott Does Sir Edward Grey admit the implication that Great Britain claims protective rights over Kuwait. Sir Edward Grey replied in the negative. He left to Mr Dillon the responsibility for the phraseology of the question

On 22nd March, Lord Curzon raised a general debate on the situation in the Near East Referring to the Baghdad Railway his Lordship said: "Over the whole area covered by the railway, British trade was predominant, and we must see that it did not suffer. Our political interests were not confined to the Gulf but extended to Baghdad and entitled us to a predominant influence in any question connected with that end of the railway. Our position at Kuwait could not be ignored and I am sure that the Government would not surrender our advantage."

Lord Morley in reply said that "as regards the Trans-Persian Railway the situation was far too immature for useful observations to be made. The strategical and commercial considerations could be satisfied by adequate British participation in any southern railway schemes that the Persian Government might adopt. His Majesty's Government could not construe their preferential rights in a narrow and exclusive spirit. Referring to the Baghdad Railway, Lord Morley dealt with the difficulties arising out of the misjudgment of 1903, when Britain refused participation. It was impossible to get over the cardinal fact that it was a railway made in Turkish territory in virtue of a concession from Turkish Government, and in viewing the situation we must start from that plain and simple fact. The Government could not directly or indirectly facilitate the construction of railways if their completion was detrimental to British interest, or if British participation on reasonable terms was excluded. The Government in principle favoured the construction of railways in Turkey and appreciated their importance to the consolidation of the new *régime*. If, therefore, it could look forward to a settlement of the railway question in Mesopotamia on acceptable terms, the Government would not only use its influence with the Sheikh of Kuwait to permit, under certain conditions, the use as a terminus of the excellent harbour he possessed, but the principal objection to the increase in Customs would immediately fall to the ground." Lord Morley detailed the terms of the agreement concluded between the Porte and the Baghdad Railway Company, the upshot of which was that within certain limits Turkey regained liberty of action. In conclusion Lord Morley said, "with regard to the Gulf Section, though the proposals which Turkey made to us are at a very early stage, we wish it to be understood that we sincerely desire a settlement removing all anxiety to British trade, and dissipating all suspicion, distrust and apprehensions of international friction. Any arrangement must naturally be one to which Germany is a consenting party. The present arrangements at Constantinople mark a step in a favourable direction."

India and the Navy.

In discussing the problems of naval defence, the *Times* says that the present conditions may change and that it may become advisable to re-establish an Eastern Fleet upon a basis which would necessitate the inclusion of a number of armoured vessels of the latest type. There are signs that our Eastern Dependencies are prepared to contribute. If India, Ceylon and the Straits, should unite with Australasia for the purpose of providing a moiety of the Eastern Fleet the homeland cannot decline to supply the other half.

India in Parliament.

IN THE House of Commons, Lord Ronaldshay asked Lord Morley to submit to India the desirability of confining the proposed export duty to raw jute and giving a rebate on jute shipped for manufacture in Great Britain

Mr. Montagu declined, adding that the tax had been imposed after carefully considering the probable effect on all the interests to obtain a conveniently required revenue. Lord Ronaldshay's suggestion would defeat that end.

VISCOUNT WOLMER asked if in selecting a delegate to the Imperial Conference to represent India care would be taken that he would fully represent business and other interests. Mr. Robert Harcourt stated that India would be represented by the Secretary of State

Home Rule.

IN THE House of Commons, Mr. Asquith stated, Government was consulting financial experts, and other qualified persons, including representatives of different sections, of Irish opinion, regarding the future of the financial relation between Britain and Ireland.

PRIOR to sailing for Australia to collect funds, Mr. W. A. Redmond, M.P., stated that the Irish party had already approved the lines of the Government's Home Rule Bill, and had every confidence in Mr. Asquith and his colleagues.

Russia.

THE Chinese reply has been received at St. Petersburg. It is understood, that it is considered satisfactory in its essential points but that China will be asked to give more explicit explanations on certain minor points.

China's reply from Peking concedes the Consulate at Kobdo, but imposes certain restrictions regarding trading in tea, otherwise she grants Russia freedom in trade. At the same time she raises the question of fiscal duties.

M. Stolypin, the Premier, has resigned as a result of the defeat in the Council of Empire of a bill introducing local Government in Poland. The defeat of M. Stolypin is regarded as a victory for the followers of the old *régime* whom the Liberals accuse of having long intrigued against M. Stolypin, the champion of strong handed reform. Later news says that at the request of the Tsar and the Dowager Empress he has accepted office again.

China vs. Japan.

THE Mukden correspondent of *Nova Vremya* reports that an affray between Chinese and Japanese has occurred at Fushui. A Japanese sentry and a Chinese policeman were killed, and many Chinese were wounded.

Peace.

THE 19th March was observed as Peace Sunday. In thousands of churches and chapels the preachers of all denominations made references in support of British and American initiative in the direction of permanent peace.

A movement in America embracing commercial, religious and financial interests with the object of arousing national and international support in favour of the Anglo-American arbitration project will be formally launched at the Peace Dinner on 8th April. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Carnegie have been invited.

The Lord Mayor of London in a letter states that he is prepared to take steps to elicit a national declaration on the subject of Sir Edward Grey's appeal for International Arbitration which, he says, is the supreme need of the period.

The Veto.

THERE are strong rumours in the House of Commons Lobby that the Constitutional crisis will not be settled before the Coronation.

The *Daily News* refuses to believe that it is possible that Government will take so grave a step which will be hailed by the Opposition as an indication of weakness. The paper adds that it cannot be disguised that the Tories are confident of their ability to force a compromise upon Government. The *Daily Chronicle* thinks that the adjournment will not be unpopular.

Both the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Chronicle* state that prominent Liberals and Labour Members have lately been sounded unofficially regarding their willingness to consider a compromise.

Woman Suffrage.

REUTER wires from Christiania that the galleries of the Storting were crowded on the 18th March, when, for the first time, a lady, Mlle. Rogstad, took her seat. Complimentary speeches were made and Mlle. Rogstad was the recipient of a quantity of telegrams and flowers.

Coptic Congress.

THE Islamic Congress which will meet as a counterblast to the Coptic Congress will unite all the leading men of every party in Egypt. It will be purely non-political, its object being to protest against the Coptic pretensions.

Turkey.

THE political situation at Constantinople continues uncertain. In certain quarters it is held that the Ministry will be consolidated by the appointment to the post of Public Instruction of the deputy for Baghdad, Baban Zade Hakai Bey. In other circles, however, it is held that a crisis is inevitable, and this view is shared by a large section of the Press, it being pointed out that the present position of the Cabinet is unconstitutional and contrary to the principle of solidarity already laid down. People are even beginning to discuss the possible resignation of the Grand Vizier, Hakki Pasha, and the formation of a new Cabinet by Marshal Ghalib Mukhtar or the Ambassador to London, Tewfik Pasha, or even the President of the Senate, Kütshuk Said Pasha. The Committee of Union and Progress, after having discussed various points with Djavid Bey, the Finance Minister, met in private, and, it is understood, decided to support the proposed Budget, and to hasten its discussion in the Chamber. The Opposition members began to criticise the plan of the Budget as set forth by Djavid Bey. They blamed the Government for the rise in the Army Estimates, and for the failure of the negotiations with France over the loan. One member of the Opposition, Lutfi Fikri, reproached the Finance Minister with paying too much attention to subordinate officials in his department, a ministerial vice, he added, which characterised the old régime. The debate will be resumed shortly. During the discussion on the Army Estimates in the Chamber, the Minister of War refuted the charges of excessive expenditure. The present total, he said, was absolutely the minimum consistent with safety. The peace establishment was 280,000. If the Deputies wanted an army ready for all emergencies, they must

be ready even to sacrifice their shirts. The Minister referred to the good result of enrolling non-Moslems. If it continued it would lead to a reduction of service to two years.

Persia.

MR. MAHMOOD, Vice-Consul for Persia at Rangoon, received on 21st March information from the Persian Government by cable about the constitution of the new Cabinet which is as follows. Sipahdar Azam, President of the Council and Minister for War; Mostashar-ud-Dowleh, Minister of the Interior; Moshir-ud-Dowleh, Minister of Justice; Mumtaz-ud-Dowleh, Minister of Finance; Ala-us-Sultana, Minister of Public Instruction and Public Works; Moaven-ud-Dowleh, Minister of Commerce, Post and Telegraph; Mohi-ud-Dowleh, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In the House of Commons on 21st March, during the discussion on the vote on account, Mr. Pickergill raised the question of Persia. Mr. Markinson Wood, Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office, replying said, it was incorrect that we had made our assent to the 10 per cent. surtax on Southern imports conditional on British officers controlling the gendarmerie. What we had said was that we would agree if the money were employed to secure order on the Southern roads. We had suggested that British officers would be of assistance, but had not made their employment a condition. Our anxiety was first to see order maintained by the Persian Government. The whole object of any understanding that had taken place with Persia was to secure the maintenance of her integrity and independence. He was unable to say whether the condition of the roads was satisfactory. They had been exceedingly patient, and hoped that the result would justify that course, and that Persia would shortly be able to maintain order.

The Moslem University.

THE University deputation headed by the Raja of Mahmudabad and consisting of Maulana Suleman Phulvari, Mr. Nabiullah, the Hon'ble Mr. Aftab Ahamed Khan, Dr. Syed Ali Belgrami and Mr. Mahomed Vais had a cordial reception on the way to Karachi, and at Karachi itself. A public meeting was held at Khalikdina Hall, Karachi, on the 20th March in connection with the movement for the Mahomedan University. The Commissioner in Sind presided. Khan Bahadur Sheikh Sadik Ali, Vazir of Khairpur State announced that His Highness, Mir Imambukh Khan, Ruler of Khairpur State, had decided to give one lakh to the University Fund. In all, about Rs. 1,26,400 was subscribed on the spot, including the Mir of Khairpur's donation of one lakh. Mr. Gulam Ali Chagla subscribed ten thousand, Seth Abdul Rahim Saleh Mahomed and Seth Hajee Abdulla Haroon giving Rs. 5,000 each.

Mr. Aziz Mirza and other members of the Mahomedan University deputation arrived at Rangoon from Calcutta on the 21st March. A large gathering at the wharf welcomed the deputation.

A largely attended meeting of the Mahomedans of Behar was held on 19th March in Patna College to organize a Behar Committee for raising funds for the Muslim University. A strong Committee was formed with Mr. Hasan Imam as Chairman, and it is believed that Behar will not contribute less than a lakh to the University.

Kolhapur Conspiracy.

A CASE which has created considerable excitement and sensation in Kolhapur and the adjoining places was heard on the 20th March at Kolhapur, by Mr. E. Clements, I.C.S., Special Judge appointed for the purpose. The complainant in the case is the Kolhapur State which is prosecuting two Brahmin accused, S. D. Nagporkar and Ganesh Balvant Modak, B. A., for conspiring to murder the Political Agent, the present Dewan and the Collector and District Magistrate.

The trial is a State affair, but the Kolhapur Chief Justice having begged to be excused from hearing it, the State asked the British Government to lend it a Judge. The trial was held in the Town Hall which was crowded. Mr. Binning opened the case. He said that in order to understand the position of affairs it was necessary to refer to the feeling that existed in Kolhapur between the Brahmins and Mahrattas about 1902. His Highness the Maharaja, for reasons for which he was entirely responsible, dismissed the high priest of the Brahmins and appointed another high priest. This led to a great deal of ill-feeling between the Mahrattas and the Brahmins. It appeared that the sedition-mongers had mixed themselves up with the affair in collusion with the Brahmin party, and what was sedition in other parts of India was in Kolhapur a Brahminical attack upon the State, upon His Highness and the Mahrattas. This went on simmering for some years. It appeared that there was a dispute at a meeting at a library in the beginning of 1909, whether Brahmins or Mahrattas were to govern the library, and counsel suggested the struggle was on the question of what sort of literature should be exposed on the library table.

The Council.

With reference to the Hon. Mr. Chitnavis's question re the formation of a Legislative Council in the Central Provinces it was announced that the matter was under consideration. In replying to the Hon. Mr. Gokhale's question the Hon. Mr. Clark said that the Government had heard of the coming of 90 sirdars to recruit labourers for South Africa. The Government of India's decision on the matter was widely known and Government proposed to take no action in the matter, pending the publication on 1st April of the notification prohibiting emigration. The Hon. Mr. Jinnah was granted leave to introduce a Bill to define the rights of Mussalmans to settle by wakf their property on their own children and family. The Hon. Mr. Subba Rao's resolution after much discussion in which most of the official members in charge of Departments took part, was withdrawn on the assurance that Local Governments would be consulted in the matter.

The new Seditious Meetings Bill was passed. The Hon. Mr. Ali Imam spoke for the Government. H. E. the Viceroy in summing up said that he felt himself grateful to Lord Minto for the consideration he had shown him in leaving the final step in the matter to his decision. The present Act was in accordance with the actual situation and some of the more stringent provisions of the previous Act had been dropped. His Excellency thought that the Act has had a beneficial and restraining influence was a fact which could not be disproved. The general improvement was mainly due to it. He said he was far from ignoring the views of the non official members who had shown great dignity and moderation which was customary to them. He thought their scruples were conscientious and that they were as keen as the Government for the maintenance of order. It was great satisfaction to him that he thought with the Hon. members that the political temper of India had improved. But with all that it was impossible to believe that sedition and crime had entirely disappeared. Referring to the students His Excellency said he thought the student community of Calcutta to be an intensely human and sympathetic body and he was glad to find that the students had again turned their attention to studies and athletics leaving aside politics. He thought the Act was a weapon to be used to meet a special situation although it need not be in evidence. In concluding His Excellency said that "the present Act was, as Hon. members are well aware, extended by my predecessors' Government to the whole of India. Now, in order to show my trust and confidence in the people of India, I do not intend that the new Act when passed should be extended to any part of India until the necessity arises—a contingency that I trust may never occur. It depends therefore on the people of India whether the new Act is to remain a dead letter or not."

The Indian Factory Bill was passed. Many amendments were brought forward. Some were lost, while others were withdrawn.

TETE À TETE.



OUR readers will be glad to learn that there is every prospect of liberal help for the Moslem University from the premier State of India. His Highness the Nawab of Rampur has arranged to visit his brother Chief, His Highness the Nizam, at the latter's capital city of Hyderabad. Those who know the liberality of Asaf Jah Nawab Mir Mahboob Ali Khan and the persuasiveness of Ali Jah Nawab Hamid Ali Khan know what this arrangement means. All eyes are turned towards the Deccan, and to the Mussalmans of India, this remarkable combination spells HOPE.

It is in the interest of the capitalists themselves to have physically efficient labour at their disposal, the Indian Factory Act should prove as beneficial to the employers as to the mill-hand. When the Government of India appointed the Factory Commission it recognised the necessity for legislation on the question of the working hours in the mills. If the Act imposes certain restrictions on the freedom of action of the employers, it also acts in favour of a considerably larger body of men who, after all, are active partners in the industrial concerns of the land. We must congratulate the Government on the firm stand it took as regards the limitation of hours in textile factories. It is idle to draw comparisons between India and any other country in the world, for the conditions of life are nowhere exactly the same as in this country. Nowhere are the operatives more at the mercy of the hard taskmaster. As it is, the Factory Act owes its existence to the desire of the more thoughtful among the mill-owners themselves to see fairplay established between the employer and the labourer. It was, therefore, the more to be regretted that the opposition to the humane provisions of the new Act should have come from the Bengal Chamber of Commerce. There can be no disputing the fact that a large number of mills were, in their ignorance, working at such a pressure that the quality of labour was fast deteriorating. It could not be otherwise when the climatic conditions of India are taken into consideration. Worse than that, not only were adult labourers being overworked, but the employment of children had created an abuse which needed the most drastic remedy. For the profit of the day the industrial future of the country was being sacrificed. The provisions of the new Act, as far as child labour is concerned, will, we hope, be an influence for good. Further, we trust that the interests of the labourer in the mills will now become the special concern of the Government itself instead of other interested parties who may find in the mill-hands an instrument for their own ends. As far as we can see, the provisions of the Act relating to the employment of children in the mills do not go far enough. While care has been taken to see that the physique of the child worker is maintained at its normal level, we find his other needs, like the question of improving his mental and moral outlook, have not received from the Government the attention they deserve. It is persistently brought home to us that the Indian labourer is a mere mechanical toy, devoid of

intelligence; but if children are allowed to run wild in the mills after the pennies that they may secure by their labour at an age when they should be in school, there seems hardly any prospect of seeing the Indian labourer of the future more resourceful than his forebears. We hold that those who employ a child as a machine of profit should be held responsible for his mental well-being also.

LAST year the Hon. Mr. Jinnah had asked the Government what steps it intended to take in connection with the *Wakf-ala-Mawlad*. great dissatisfaction which was felt universally by Mussalmans at the far-reaching effects of the Privy Council decisions on the subject of family settlements. The Government was unable to overrule the Privy Council, but its general attitude was not unfavourable. This year, he has been given leave to introduce a Bill which defines *Wakf* as "the dedication or settlement by a person professing the Mussalman faith of any property, moveable or immoveable, for any purpose regarded as religious, pious or charitable by the Mussalman law, and implies a permanent relinquishment of all proprietary right therein." This Bill would entitle a Mussalman, not being a minor or of unsound mind, to create a *wakf* for, among others, the following purposes:—

- (a) For the maintenance and support, wholly or partially, of his family, his children and descendants; and
- (b) Where the *wakf* is a Hanafi Mussalman, for his own support and maintenance during his lifetime, or for the payment of his debts out of the rents and profits of the property dedicated

Provided always that the ultimate reversion is, in such cases, expressly or impliedly reserved for the poor, or for some other religious, pious or charitable purpose of a permanent character.

This would finally settle all doubts about "some period of time or other" and "substantial dedication" of the property to charitable uses, vague phrases which were used by his lordships of the Privy Council in the case of *Abdul Ghafur vs. Nizamuddin*. It is regrettable that legislation should have to be resorted to for correcting the errors of the Privy Council in applying Islamic law to Mussalmans. Their lordships were not legislating for Mussalmans when they subverted the law of Islam. Their duty was to interpret that law according to the usual rules of interpretation. But they seemed to have ignored the Moslem conception of charity and piety altogether, and both the definition of *wakf* and section 3 of the Bill are intended to emphasise the difference between Moslem and non-Moslem conceptions on the subject. It was a gratifying feature of the debate that Hindus supported the measure, which, of course, affects them in no way. The Hon. Mr. Basu was somewhat anxious for the interests of the creditors. But he need have no apprehensions as the law has worked satisfactorily in all Islamic lands, including India before the Privy Council decision. The Government had evidently no apprehension on this score, and the Hon. Mr. Earle adopted an attitude of benevolent neutrality. His only solicitude was for "the old Mahomedan conservative opinion." Surely the conservative Moslem would like nothing better than to conserve a cherished old institution of his faith. His objection to legislation was based on the fear lest, legislation in future may seek to modify the *Shari'at*. He would have preferred a judicial rectification of a wrong interpretation of the *Shari'at*. As that is past hoping, there is no way out of it except legislation, and preferably that proposed by a Moslem, as in this case. We have no complaint against sending the Bill to Local Governments. But why need it go to "the various Mahomedan Associations?" That representative body, the Moslem League, has repeatedly favoured such a Bill, and all the representatives of Mussalmans in the Council are voting for it. What other support is now needed? However, we have every confidence that the Associations consulted would support the measure, and that Islamic society would be saved from the disruptive tendencies of the Privy Council decision with regard to family estates. The necessity of this legislation warns

us of the dangers of the absence of competent Hindu and Moslem Judges on all the chief tribunals of the State, and we hope that a Hindu Judge would soon be appointed to the Privy Council, and Mussalman Judges would be selected for the High Court of Bombay and the Chief Court of Burma. The absence of a Moslem Judge in Bombay is inexplicable, and it makes the Bombay Government unnecessarily singular in this respect.

WE FEAR we can not see our way to endorse the view that it is in the interest of the country to place the Seditious Meetings Act permanently on the statute book, in spite of the arguments advanced in its favour by the Hon. Mr.

Ali Imam. There can be no parallel between the circumstances created by the Press Act and the Seditious Meetings Act. While the former applies only to individuals who may offend against the law, the latter grinds both the political fanatic and the harmless citizen under the same millstone. This difference was clearly brought out by the Hon. Mr. Gokhale in the debate in the Council. What, however, even Mr. Gokhale did not show was that the Press Act is in no wise an organ for stopping the free flow of popular opinion. It empowers a Magistrate to demand security from an offending newspaper, but it does not prevent its publication. The security may be forfeited, but the editor still has the right to say what he pleases. Again it is only in extreme cases, where repeated warnings have failed, that the Press Act emerges in its most repressive form. The Seditious Meetings Act, on the other hand, works in anticipation and applies to all alike. It is aimed not only at the class for which it is meant, but against the whole community of an area. It convicts that community before it has been heard. It is true that the Magistrates are expected to exercise sound judgment as to who is likely to foster sedition and who is not; but it is claiming for them divining powers to smell sedition within their jurisdiction before it has become a fact. The act is bound to operate, wherever it is enforced, as a gag against the expression of public opinion. It will thus deprive the Government of that with which it cannot in these days safely dispense. It will prevent the overt preaching of sedition certainly, but it will also prevent the loyalist from preaching loyalty. Under the Press Act, it is the guilty who feels the curb, the law being as good as a dead letter as far as sane journalism is concerned. The Seditious Meetings Act covers an entire area, irrespective of the number of loyal citizens in it. The best thing would have been to utilize the provisions of the Criminal Procedure Code which empower a Magistrate to prevent meetings of a mischievous character. But as the Hon. Law Member pointed out, these provisions presuppose the possession of accurate information that a crime is intended, whereas the Seditious Meetings Act authorises the Magistrate to proceed on general apprehensions in a disturbed area. Under the circumstances the Act was a necessary evil. But when Government had already conceded so much there was no harm in meeting the wishes of the people a little further, and the Bill could well have been enacted temporarily. We do not agree with the view that this would have revived the agitation periodically. The Hon. Mr. Mazhar-ul-Haque's contention had greater truth and, indeed, the fear was that for periodical agitation the Government substituted a perennial agitation. But all's well that ends well, and if the best could not be done, the Government has done the next best. His Excellency was deservedly cheered when he announced that whereas his predecessor had applied the Act of 1907 to the whole of India, he would not apply even an admittedly milder measure to any part of the country until and unless the people forced the Government to resort to that very disagreeable necessity. We think the Government has done its duty creditably, and that it now rests with the people to do theirs. The fair fame of India for loyalty, peacefulness and sobriety of speech is at stake. We trust our countrymen will exercise the self-restraint that is as ennobling as any expression of bold views, and make us forget that the Bill was ever enacted. Not that we

think the chapter is closed. We hope and trust that when His Majesty comes to India he will find the land as peaceful as it used to be, and cause to be removed from the statute book the repressive legislation of recent times.

It affords us extreme satisfaction to note that the example of His Highness the Aga Khan, in giving a donation of Rs. 5,000 to the Fergusson College at Poona, has been followed in the United Provinces by Sir Tasadduq Rasul Khan Sahib, K C S I., Raja of Jahangirabad, who gave to a deputation from the Central Hindu College of Benares visiting Barabanki a donation of Rs. 1,000. Acts of courtesy and friendliness like this will, we feel sure, have far-reaching effects on the unity of India. Hindu and Sikh Rulers of Protected States have liberally supported the Aligarh College, and the recent action of two Mussalmans of wide sympathies is only natural. Hindus and Mussalmans emulate each other in many things. Why should they not emulate each other in kindness and charity towards the professors of the other creed?

We are deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death from cholera, on Sunday last, of Mr. Mushir Ahmed, son of Maulavi A Sad Death. Abu Zafar Sahib. The deceased was a very young man and possessed great enthusiasm coupled with a winning charm of manners. He worked most zealously for the Moslem University, and we are told he had collected single-handed a good round sum before death snatched him away from us. We offer our sincere and deep-felt condolences to the broken-hearted parents of the deceased. It is not customary to record in newspapers the obituaries of men not sufficiently known to the public. But the real worker hardly ever works in full public gaze, and the reward of merit often falls to the lot of the seeker of notoriety. This accounts for a good deal of insincerity in our public life. To us this unknown young man, who keenly felt the needs of his community and worked silently, was of far greater use than the Nawabs and Amir-ul-Umamas that often pass for great men and patriots, and we doubt not that he has had a greater reward than this world could give him in the *ridwan Allah*, the satisfaction of his Maker and the Master of us all.



Anecdote.

The beautiful Empress Eugenie was once looking after the dress rehearsal of some dance on which she had set her heart for her next ball. It required the assistance of a larger number of pages than Her Majesty's household could provide. So unknown to her some stable boys of youthful appearance were called into requisition. She saw one pretty boy doing his part with great credit and without the least nervousness, and called the little fellow in her own sweet impulsive manner to show her approval. Patting him very graciously on the cheek she asked him, "How old are you my little man?" "Twenty, Your Majesty," was the "little man's" prompt reply. The effect was electric, and the hand that was patting the stable boy's cheek was needed to hide the blushes of the young Empress who ran away with a pretty little cry of surprise.

NOAH WEBSTER, the lexicographer, was, as might be supposed, a stickler for good English, and often reproved his wife's misuse of the language. On one occasion Webster happened to be alone in the dining room with their very pretty housemaid, and, being susceptible to such charms, put his arms around her, and kissed her squarely on the mouth. Just at this moment Mrs. Webster entered the room, gasped, stood aghast, and in a tone of horror exclaimed: "Why, Noah, I am surprised." Whereupon Mr. Webster, coolly and calmly, but with every evidence of disgust, thus turned upon her: "How many times must I correct you on the use of simple words? You mean, madam, that you are astonished. I, madam—I am the one surprised."

The Comrade.

Primary Education.

THE Hon. Mr. Gokhale has added another feather to his cap, by introducing in the Imperial Legislature a bill to make better provision for the extension of elementary education. Mr. Gokhale evidently believes in committing the country to certain ideals. In the case of compulsory and free primary education, however, the ideal is not only a noble one, but thanks to his efforts, to the object-lens provided by His Highness the Gaekwar, and to the sympathetic attitude of the Administration itself, it is likely to be realised in our own lifetime or, at the least hopeful reckoning, in the lifetime of our children.

Universal Education is the surest touchstone of sympathy for the people, whether we judge a government, a class or an individual.

کمرلپی نے یہی تعلیم ممبردی ملک کی
مہم اس سے بہ گد' ہوئے جو اس سے بہ گد' ہرگا

In fairness to the Government let it be confessed that no such excuses are brought forward by its more responsible members as some non-official Councillors have done. Neither Mr. Butler nor Mr. Carlyle have evidently felt the force of the Hon. Mr. Madge's argument, that universal primary education would affect agriculture adversely, and the Government has not yet learnt to tremble at the prospect of its inability to procure *chuprassies* for its offices or bearers and *ayaks* for its officials' domestic needs, as the Hon. Mr. Abdul Majid had done last year. The agricultural prosperity of Australia and the United States, where illiteracy is phenomenal, is far greater than our own; and people manage to procure domestic servants in all civilized countries, and not unoften they are more useful because literate.

The only arguments that can legitimately be urged against the Bill, are that the finances of the country do not permit the making of primary education free, and that compulsion would be attended with a measure of unpopularity which the Government cannot, and ought not to be asked to, face. As regards financial considerations, we think the objection could have come with a better grace from the Finance Member than from a non-official member of the Council who was only the other day pressing the Government for a repeal of the countervailing excise duty on cotton which brought 41 lakhs to the fiscus, besides the improved receipts from customs. The Government is fortunately not bankrupt. Its solvency is assured, and when called upon to do so, it has deliberately and ungrudgingly accepted the relinquishment of a revenue of 7 crores from opium without asking the Home Government for any share in the sacrifice. We refuse to believe that the gradual additional expenditure due to the extension of primary education would be an insupportable burden to the Government of India. We have never heard of financial considerations being a bar to any necessary measure of military defence or expedition beyond Indian frontiers. We have seldom heard of financial considerations being an insurmountable obstacle in the way of increased civil establishments or enhancement of salaries and allowances. We would not argue that such expenditure was not justified. Our sole contention is, that the revenues being limited, a Government has to assign relative values to all its requirements, just as an individual with limited means has to decide what commodities he would purchase and how much he would spend on each of his many pressing needs. People do not go about naked, because their means permit only the full satisfaction of hunger with wholesome food. They go about half-fed and ill-fed in order to satisfy to a similar extent the demands of decency in apparel. The complaint of the Hon. Mr. Gokhale and those who think in this matter with him, is that the Government of India has not assigned its proper value to primary education. Had it done

So, it would not have been content with spending a penny per head of population on elementary education when the United States, which spend the most, spend no less than 16 shillings, and even Russia, which spends the least and has a large Asiatic population, spends 3d. We hold that it is of far less benefit to India to have a credit on the bourses of Europe superior to some of the most powerful European nations than to realize the "moral dividends" at which the Hon. Mr. Meston scoffed. Government should spend for the extension of literacy some of the money on redeeming the honour of England which is now spent in redeeming the debt of the country. "Moral dividends" may not directly appear in the budget figures of the Finance Department, but Mr. Meston would himself be the last to contend seriously that they do not materially improve the revenues and solvency of a country. A writer in a well-known periodical recently showed the terrible cost of war between European adversaries. But it is truism of history that financial considerations never prevented war when the issue involved national honour. To us it appears that no rebuff from another Power, no loss of territory, nor of rights previously enjoyed can equal the disgrace of illiteracy and ignorance. Universal primary education should, therefore, be a matter of national honour, and a national Government should think of that honour above all other considerations.

But Mr. Gokhale is no enthusiastic visionary. His ardour is tempered with knowledge, and if he asks the Government to provide funds for making education free, he calls upon his fellow-countrymen also to make necessary sacrifices. He is prepared to face the odium attaching to the proposer of further taxation, and in that he has established his right to be called a leader of men. He is no valiant knight in the Council and a coward in the midst of his own people. He would share with Government the unpopularity of compulsion by accepting the unpopularity of taxation. If Bengal lays claim to the leadership of India from Calcutta to Peshawar, it must be ready to share the fate of Mr. Gokhale and the Government.

As regards the other and perhaps greater difficulty, Mr. Gokhale has the whole history of primary education at his back in urging a measure of compulsion. Idealism is concerned with high purposes and lofty ambitions. But statesmanship deals with means suited to the ends in view. Mr. Gokhale is no mere idealist who asks for the moon without suggesting how that shining orb could be obtained. Merely voluntary effort did not prove successful even in free England which is perhaps the most individualistic country. It will certainly not prove effective in India, and it is no use to refer to the Despatch of 1854 as the high water mark of the Government's educational wisdom.

But what are the perils of compulsion? Merely an unpopularity with the masses compelled. This would be a serious difficulty only if the larger or more influential portion of the people compelled were opposed to education. But when the leaders of the people are represented in the local self-governing bodies of the country initiate compulsion, the more influential people become the compellers rather than the compelled. And Government has the fullest liberty in fixing what proportion of the population in a locality must be literate, and, therefore, conscious of the benefits of literacy, before compulsion can be exercised. Mr. Gokhale suggests 33 per cent. which is high enough in all conscience, and in fact not likely to be achieved for years to come by an appreciable number of local bodies if we remember that only 5½ per cent. of Indians are literate. When compulsion was used in Baroda, the percentage was nowhere near the figure suggested by Mr. Gokhale.

It was suggested that Baroda was a small State, that its ruler was an autocrat, and that it had not to meet the heavy expenditure of Imperial defence. Of course Baroda is smaller than British India, but the measure is not to be simultaneously enforced in the whole of British India. There is no single municipality or district which exceeds the extent and the population of Baroda State, and as each locality would individually introduce compulsion when

it is ready for it, the question of size does not enter into the discussion at all. As regards the autocracy of H.H. the Gaekwar, Mr. Gokhale pertinently referred to the autocracy of the Government of India—an autocracy which could be seen by Lord Morley as far as he could peer into the future. It is suggested that the British Government is a Foreign Government whereas the ruler of Baroda is of the people. Now, we know that the applications of words such as "foreign" and "alien" to the Indian Government are resented by none more than the officials of that Government, and it is disconcerting to hear the plea of being alien from this quarter. But the Mahrattas are almost as foreign in Gujrat and Kathiawar as the English in India. The only difference is that there is no colour prejudice, and His Highness the Gaekwar has treated his Gujrat subjects with a consideration which sometimes makes the dwellers of Maharashtra envious of the inhabitants of Gujarkhand. With great far-sightedness and liberality, he has thrown all offices open to the latter, and has supplanted Maharati by Gujrat as the official language in all offices except such as do not attract the people of Gujrat. Moreover, the State is a microcosm of British India in the matter of being a congeries of races and creeds. But this has presented no difficulty at all. There are Gujrat schools for the majority of people, Urdu schools for Mussulmans, a few Maharati schools for the Southerners, and separate schools for the Depressed Classes. It is even believed that the last, which were created on account of no linguistic diversity but merely in deference to caste prejudice, are likely to be merged into Gujrat schools, and if any of the higher caste people object to this practical recognition of the brotherhood of man, they would be asked to open schools of their own at their own expense to escape from the penalties of non-attendance.

As regards the needs of Imperial defence, it is true that Baroda has to wage no wars on its frontiers; but it has a large enough Army numbering about 5,000 Regulars and nearly 4,000 Irregulars. The annual expenditure on the Army is about 20 lakhs, and to this has to be added more than 3½ lakhs on account of the annual Contingent Commutation money paid to the British Government. An expenditure of 23½ lakhs out of a net revenue of 140 lakhs is no small contribution to the provision of the military requirements of the State. But if it spends a sixth of its revenue on the Army, Baroda spends a tenth on Education. If this proportion could be maintained in British India, we do not believe that the soldiers would be starved so very much, though the schoolmasters will gain enormously.

Mr. Gokhale has contrasted the parsimony of India with the liberality of Western countries and Japan in the matter of expenditure on primary education. He has also shown the glaring contrast between the illiteracy of India and the literacy of those countries. He compared the poor percentage of children attending schools in India to the total population with the fine proportions in other lands. But wiseacres could still talk of the education of masses as a Western ideal and shake their heads and repeat the tag about East being East and West being West. He, therefore, invited Mr. Butler to another transmarine journey to the Philippines which came under Anglo-Saxon dominion but 13 years ago, and even if he refused to travel so far, Mr. Gokhale was willing to take him on a much shorter trip, only across Adam's Bridge to Ceylon, which owned the sway of the English. But when all these would fail, he knew Baroda could not fail, and the Government of India could not lag behind a Native State. Well, Baroda spends 6½d. per head of its population when British India spend a solitary penny. Of the population of Baroda, 8.6 per cent. attends a school to 1.9 per cent. of British India. Whereas 79.6 per cent. of boys of school-going age attend a school in Baroda, only 21.5 per cent. do so in British India, and the percentage of girls is 47.6 in a Native State to only 4 per cent. under the Government of India. Mr. Butler may refer to Bombay with pride or take refuge behind distinctions without a difference. But he cannot honourably rest contented so long as Baroda is at so great an altitude. He talked of a 15 years' cautious experimenting in Amreli, but Mr. Gokhale's Bill

makes it possible to experiment even longer. In fact, its great merit is that it provides for all kinds of conditions and does not aim at an impossible uniformity. But if Mr. Butler thinks, as he says, that compulsory and free education is in its experimental stage in Baroda he is much mistaken. The *Times of India* did not a little to misconstrue the report of Mr. Seddon's Education Commission into an admission that the measure was premature, when an impartial reader could only have called it progressive. The Commissioners, led by the present acting Dewan, who is a Bombay Civilian of large sympathy yet free from all extremism of ardour, wrote that "the system of free compulsory Primary Education, initiated by the Baroda Government, is a boon to His Highness' subjects and should be persevered with and extended." This does not sound like suspended judgment or the anticipations of the experimenter. After only 3 years' trial the Commissioners could declare that there were no shoals ahead and that the ship could proceed in safety in the direction in which its head had been turned.

These are matters for the reflection of Government. But Mr. Gokhale must be suspicious of his friends also. Their support was not meant to be lukewarm, but the caution of some reminded us of the frank opinion of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson about Royal Commissions, that they always included some men whose obstinacy was in inverse ratio to their ability. The sceptics in non-official ranks must needs upset the usual order of things, and express disagreement in details when merely the principle of the Bill was being discussed. Most of their remarks were irrelevant at that stage of the discussion, but as speeches made at Select Committee Meetings are not reported, we suppose the doubters felt the need of irrelevant eloquence at a stage when it could be reported for the satisfaction of their constituencies if not of personal vanity. No doubt the details would be discussed later and altered in due course. But the Bill has been framed with such caution and extreme regard for all shades of opinions that we do not think it could be materially altered by any right thinking Select Committee.

We shall add one word about the attitude of Moslem members. There is a natural affinity between the views of Messrs. Jinnah, Mazhar-ul-Haque and Nawab Syed Mahomud on the one side, and Mr. Shamsul Huda and Nawab Abdul Majid on the other. But those who were present at Nagpur last December know well enough that Mr. Shamsul Huda was in a hopeless minority in the Moslem League when the Hon. Mr. Fazalbhoy moved his resolution with consummate skill and eloquence. We do not know the present views of Nawab Abdul Majid, but we can safely say that he will not be representing his constituents in opposing the measure. Mussalmans are accused of keeping aloof from all vitalizing activities of the country, and even opposing the measures which are beneficial to all alike, from motives of unenlightened selfishness or abject fear. This is the time to disprove so tremendous an accusation and the task has fallen to the lot of the Moslem Members of the Council. For the sake of the good name of Islam in India as much as for the sake of the country and the nation, we trust they will acquit themselves in a fitting manner.

Indians in the Public Service.

WE DEALT in a recent issue with the subject of the employment of Indians in connection with two statements, differing widely in their tone and policy, which the Hon. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson and the Hon. Sir T. R. Wynne had made in the course of the Budget discussion. We have to revert to that subject to-day as the Hon. Mr. Subha Rao moved on the 17th instant his long-awaited Resolution for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the claims of Indians for higher and more extensive employment on the civil administration of the country. Mr. Subha Rao has placed the country under a deep obligation by preparing with much patience, and stating with great clearness, a strong case for the re-consideration of so important a question. It is impossible to summarise the speech of the Hon. Mover, for the whole of his long speech did not contain a superfluous

sentence. He has given the full history of the employment of Indians from the memorable Act of 1833, which abolished the monopoly of office, down to the recommendations of the disastrous Commission of 1886, which created a *corps d'elite* and a *pariah service* side by side. It is equally impossible to deal exhaustively with the disabilities from which Indians suffer in the various Departments of the administration. It is, therefore, necessary for all who are interested in the subject to peruse the full report of the debate. We would content ourselves with referring only to a few of its main features.

Mr. Subha Rao quoted from Mr. Chirol, when dealing with the Educational Service, very effectively

Before the Commission sat, Indians and Europeans used to work side by side in the superior graded service of the department, and until quite recently they had drawn the same pay. The Commission abolished this equality and comradeship and put the Europeans and the Indians into separate pens. To pretend that equality was maintained under the new scheme is idle, and the grievance thus created has caused a bitterness which is not allayed by the fact that the Commission created analogous grievances in other branches of the Public Service.

The Hon. Mr. Butler could say nothing to this beyond pointing out that the Principal of Rajshahi College was an Indian and that the Assistant Secretary recently appointed in his Department is also an Indian. The latter appointment is certainly noteworthy, but we hope the new Assistant Secretary will be given some opportunity of rising to the higher ranks of the Secretariat. There are already two other Assistant Secretaries, one in the Legislative and the other in the Finance Department, and we hope before very long we shall have Indian Under-Secretaries, Deputy Secretaries and even Secretaries to Government. It is understood that the improvement of the prospects of the Provincial Service is under consideration already. What is needed is some fluidity of promotion from one service to the other when merit is shown. The case of Dr. P. C. Roy is one which reflects little credit on the discriminating appreciation of the authorities, and there must be others, less prominent, but none the less superior to some of the European Professors recruited direct from England or from the ranks of European Professors in private and aided Colleges. As regards the higher branch, the Indian Educational Service, we referred recently to the extreme paucity of Indians selected by the Secretary of State, and to the total neglect of their claims during the last six years. We would suggest that the theoretical distinction, which does not happen to be one of race and colour but of the Universities from which candidates graduate, should be kept up, but a growing percentage should be reserved for Indians till the proportion of half and half is reached. We are willing that a third of the posts reserved for Indians should be thrown open to Indians in the Provincial Service, the rest being filled by direct recruitment from the graduates of Universities in the United Kingdom. We are on principle averse to reservations on a racial or religious basis, but where manifest injustice has been done to particular communities, it would in practice be generally necessary to resort to such a reservation.

In the Public Works Department, there was no difference before 1892 between engineers recruited in this country and those recruited in England. Then the same differentiation into Imperial and Provincial was made, and in 1908 the separation was made final and complete. A Provincial engineer of 14 years' standing is now liable to serve under an Imperial engineer of 9 years, irrespective not only of seniority but of merit. Out of those recruited in England, only 10 per cent. can be Indians. We would ask our Hare Street contemporary whether this is "the real test of efficiency and nothing else" to which it gives its whole-hearted approval. To the complaints of Mr. Subha Rao, the Hon. Mr. Carlyle's only answer was that "he trusted it might be possible to arrive at a very early date at some satisfactory solution of the difficulty." Now, we do not know where the difficulty comes in. If English Engineering Institutions are superior to those in India, efforts should be made to improve the latter to the same high

level and thereafter to recruit Indians in India and Europeans in England in equal proportions. Till then, a higher proportion should be reserved for Indians than a tenth of the total recruited in England. The difference between that fraction and a half should be reserved for Indians recruited in India who proved their ability in the Provincial Service.

In the Customs Department, the recruitment of Assistant Collectors is to be made entirely in England, which means the exclusion of Indians. The Hon. Mr. Clark thought "he need not attempt to discuss exhaustively the appointment of Indians in his departments." He only pointed out that out of three Assistant Directors, two were Indians, one about to retire and the other eligible for further preferment. That was hardly a sufficient answer, and we should think he could well have spared some more remarks on this subject by cutting down some of his defence of Sir T. R. Wynne's statement on a previous occasion. He failed to improve the case of the Railways, and practically refused to defend the Customs Department. However, we may console ourselves with the reflection that he did not rise because he had something to say but only because he had to say something. We look forward to a time not too remote when he could announce to the Council as great an improvement in the situation as Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson was able to show.

In the Police Department, the competition held in England is exceedingly easy, but, unlike the I.C.S. Open Competition and the I.M.S. Examination, it is not open to Indians. Even the reservation of 10 per cent. fixed in the case of the P.W.D. is absent. For this there can be, and is, no justification, except a recognition of the claim of Anglo-Indians as expressed by the *Englishman*, "that it is not fair to deprive the sons of the inheritance for which their fathers worked." While freely acknowledging the political importance of the Anglo-Indians, it is still permissible to us to remind them that in the building up of the British Empire in India, Indians have played an important part, and no race is entitled to say "Alone I did it." The claims of some Indian Christians that "we conquered India", and of the Eurasians, according to Abernethy Mackay "make me a Commissioner or give me a pension," are no doubt extreme cases. But instead of relying on their own merits, they do show a tendency to demand preferment on grounds of being inheritors of that for which their fathers and sometimes the fathers of their co-religionists had worked. A recognition of their inherited rights, however, is one thing, and the closing of the door in the face of Indians quite another. The Hon. Mr. Earle could say nothing in defence of the exclusion of Indians in direct recruitment to the higher ranks except referring to the Police Commission. The recommendations of a Commission are not binding on the Government, as the passing of the Factory Bill and the direct limitation of the hours of adult male labour has clearly shown. That Commission reflected the narrow views of Lord Curzon's Government for the evils of which its successors have had to pay such a terrible price. The proportion of 5 per cent. of Superintendents is too small to make any appreciable effect on the hopes and ambitions of the Deputy Superintendents, specially when we know that even the 14 posts available for them out of a total of 306 cannot be filled for a considerable time. Either the Competition in England should be thrown open to Indians also, or half the posts should be reserved for Indians. Of this a third could be reserved for the Deputy Superintendents, and the rest filled by direct recruitment from Indians who have taken a degree at one of the Universities of the United Kingdom, or failed to be selected for want of a few marks in the Open Competition for the I.C.S.

As regards the Political Department, the less said the better, and probably Sir Henry McMahon was of the same mind. This would, we fear, be the last Department thrown open to Indians. But our countrymen have no desire to share the higher appointments here before they have been given a larger share elsewhere and proved that they can be trusted for work of the most confidential

character. However, as the appointments are open to Indians who are in the I.C.S., we do not see why they should not be appointed as Administrators and Presidents of the Councils of Regency in Protected States during minorities. There is an Administrator at Junagadh, and without in any way reflecting on the fitness of the officer placed there, we may say that it would have been a graceful recognition of the merit of Indians in the Civil Service if one of them, say, Mr. Abdullah-ibn-i Yusuf Ali, I.C.S., had been appointed to reform Junagadh and bring it into line with the states of Bhavnagar and Gondal. Jodhpur may perhaps require an Administrator of marked ability, and we see no reason why a Hindu Civilian of similar talents should not be selected.

We shall deal with the more important question of the Indian Civil Service and the Provincial Judicial and Executive Services later. But even a consideration of the Services to which we have alluded here will amply prove that Mr. Subha Rao made out a strong case for a re-consideration of the whole question. The Government had no reply to offer. It did not seek to defend the indefensible, and in that decision it was eminently wise. Even though it has refused us a Commission, let us hope it will constitute itself into one, and arrive at results more favourable to us than those of the last Commission. Lord Minto took the initiative in considering the question of an expansion of the Indian Legislatures and allayed a great deal of discontent. His Viceroyalty will be a landmark in another direction also. It vitalized our youth and manhood by showing that an Indian can be deemed efficient enough to discharge the duties of a member of the Government of India, and trusty enough to share its fullest confidence as a Minister of the Crown. But that appointment has only appealed to the imagination of the people. It cannot satisfy the ambition of many millions. We trust Lord Hardinge will not fail to utilize the great opportunity which is his to-day. If the question of Indian participation in administration is settled in the same satisfactory manner as that of Indian participation in legislation, Lord Hardinge's name will go down to history as one of the greatest benefactors of India and one of the most sagacious builders of a progressive and a contented Empire.

Our policy is sufficiently indicated by our name, as we said at the very outset of our career. We are, therefore, glad that Mr. Subha Rao has struck the same note as we had done. It is not a desire to supplant and oust the European agency that animates us but the desire of true comradeship. The question is, as Mr. Subha Rao, rightly said, "whether the relationship between Europeans and Indians should be one of manly comradeship and co-operation born of equal status and equal privileges, or whether it should be one of timid dependence and sycophancy born of the relationship of superior and inferior." It is not a question of loaves and fishes, though Indians are none too rich to disdain the emoluments of high office. It is a question of our *amour propre*, and the honour of our country. "Where manhood is dwarfed and self-respect is wounded, there can be no real contentment in the land." We can no longer acquiesce in a definition of the East which pre-supposes the loss of the decalogue this side of Suez. It is only the old world fatalism coming to us in a new form and from an unexpected quarter. We do not believe supinely in a *kasmet* which nations cannot alter and a *cul de sac* of destiny which cannot lead them to the goal of their ambitions.

WE ARE asked by the Manager to state that a limited number of Muhammadan Students can become subscribers of this paper by paying Rs. 2 every three months. The concession for non-Moslem Students is still greater. They can become subscribers by paying Rs. 3 every half year. As these concessions are to be given to a limited number only, applications must be sent in early.

CORRESPONDENCE



False Doctrine in High Places.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE COMRADE."

SIR,

THE latest contribution "to the loose, inaccurate, ill-informed argument" on the subject of the relations between the Secretary of State and the Viceroy comes from Allahabad. One would infer from the *Pioneer* of the 8th instant as if the thunderer of the U.P. regards Lord Morley as a 3rd class politician who is "unable to grasp the first principles of the constitution." This idea is, however, negatived by its devoting a leading article to His Lordship's views on Democracy in its relations with India, unless indeed the courtesy be extorted by that calamity of the British Empire—a Liberal Government in England—under which the favour might sometimes have to be shown to objects utterly undeserving.

The author of the article, "False Doctrine in High Places", has, however, so far stood upon his dignity as to avoid all attempt at reasoning and to adopt instead the imperious tone of oracular wisdom. The article itself is supposed to be a refutation of Lord Morley's views on the constitutional relations between the Secretary of State and the Governor-General, and a supposition it remains from beginning to end. It does not enter into any of the arguments adduced by the ex-Secretary of State for India in his magnificent and masterly essay, nor does it point out an alternative for reconciling the Bureaucracy in India with the Democracy in England. And not even a passing notice is bestowed on the closely argued articles which appeared a little while ago in the *Comrade* and the *Statesman*. But the *Pioneer* imagines that Lord Morley considers the authority of Parliament to be the only authority in India, that he forgets the existence of all constituted authority but his own, and that he is determined to trample upon the Indian constitution. It is upon this assumption that the journal bemoans the wrongs of India, and not content with admonishing the ex-Secretary of State as the spoilt child of power, it raises a warning finger for his successor. Surely such should not be the stuff that leading articles in leading Indian papers are made of. Yet this is actually the case with the article with which I am dealing.

The *Pioneer* cannot deny that "when the Crown became responsible for India the intention was to make Parliament supreme in its government," but, in effect, it only pleads that the word "supreme" cannot be so rigid as not to yield to all the resources of quibbling. We are next told that supreme authority does not imply the absence of other authority. To be sure it does not, but it does imply precedence over inferior authority, should the two conflict with each other. As to arbitrariness, we are not enlightened as to where the arbitrariness of Lord Morley comes in; so the journal must be left to enjoy its triumph peaceably in this respect. But while, according to the *Pioneer*, supreme authority and sole authority are not one and the same thing, primary authority and sole authority are indeed equivalent. For, it admits that "the British Parliament and the Secretary of State are ultimately supreme in India and responsible for her welfare", and yet it

fails to see how the Secretary of State can constitutionally override the Viceroy, who is "primarily responsible to India and to Parliament." This marvellous doctrine would lead us to strange absurdities, by investing the lowest official with final authority; but can anyone seriously claim that the acts of a forest patrol or a chowkidar should not be subject to review or reversal by his immediate superiors, or that the inferior cannot act within his powers without usurping the authority of those placed above him? It is also difficult to see how the Indian Government can be responsible to India itself under her present political conditions, or to Parliament without the medium of the Secretary of State. On behalf of the Viceroy the position is taken up that "no constitution ever marched in which the responsible elements wielded no authority or less authority than their responsibilities implied." But this can be said with equal, if not greater, force of the Secretary of State, and we may say in the words of the *Pioneer* itself that "if his (Secretary of State's) responsibility is to be a reality and enforceable it must be commensurate with his authority." In truth, however, the *Pioneer* would like to see that authority reduced to the merest shadow. It concedes that "constitutionally a vast and undefined power of control is held in reserve by Parliament and the Secretary of State," but it would seem to be constitutional just so long as it remained in reserve and undefined. Lord Morley's besetting sin is now revealed as, not so much the exercise of the power meant only to be eternally held in reserve, but the transformation of it from the shadow to the substance. To have exercised the power which was never to be exercised was bad enough, but to have defined it is simply unpardonable! In this connection the following passage comparing Lord Morley's conduct to that of Mr Winston Churchill at Mile End is worthy of notice.

"But Lord Morley's line of conduct has been much more dangerous than that, because he has steadfastly pursued it over a number of years and now seeks to justify it as constitutional."

Let us note here also that Mr. Chitrol's exposition of the Secretary of State's power as confined to broad principles of policy cannot help the *Pioneer*, as the looseness and impracticability of that exposition has been clearly and forcibly demonstrated by Lord Morley, and against his rejoinder not a word can be found in the *Pioneer's* article. Indeed the hard facts and weighty arguments of "Bureaucracy and Democracy" have gone wholly unchallenged in "False Doctrine in High Places", and yet it is sought to persuade us that the former is all wrong in essential particulars. Verily facts are stubborn things, but a certain kind of journalism is still more obstinate.

In some other particulars the article under review is still more open to criticism and borders almost on the childish. It is coolly maintained that the exercise of the powers from England resulted in the horrors of 1857. The transparent fallacy here perpetrated is not often met with in leading articles, and if we could lend ourselves to such tortuous ways of thinking we should be tempted to say that the anarchist and extremist in India owes his existence to the want of control from England. Has the *Pioneer* really forgotten the direction in which the East India Company's control used to be exercised of old and the absolutism of its Governor-General who sometimes acted in the teeth of all opposition? There is also the allegation of the Secretary of State usurping the Viceroy's authority while declining to assume responsibility for his own actions. On what grounds this charge is based does not appear, but it seems to us that it is not a matter of his choice whether or not any minister of the Crown is going to be responsible for any of his actions.

It is plain to impartial observers that Lord Morley's critic is a biased judge of his conduct. The bias is born of antagonism to His Lordship's political principles, and most of us will remember the panic-stricken comments of the same journal on the first announcement of his appointment to the Indian Secretaryship. Since then it has been fitfully "blessing" his lordship with faint praises when

ever be approved of repressive measures, and relapsing into the slough of despond when political advancement of Indians was mooted; and now that all those "scowling apprehensions" have been happily belied, it stands up to stoutly maintain its opinions, discovering in Lord Morley's policy "errors the dangers of which have yet to mature."

The task of governing India if pursued on the lines indicated by the *Pioneer* would be rendered very simple. Innumerable "petty despotisms" are to be set up, the meanest official is to exercise the prerogative of the Great Moghal and the sole duty of superior authority is to respect the authority of its inferiors. We are reminded that "absolutism is repugnant to the spirit of the British constitution whether it be the absolutism of a king, this parliament or his ministers." But does it follow from this that the absolutism of bureaucrats is congenial to the British constitution?

With due respect we venture to point out that it is not Lord Morley but the *Pioneer* that "is obsessed by a single idea" and "has failed to grasp the main principles of the constitution." The single idea in this case is the theory of the man on the spot which, carried to inordinate length, is blindly followed into absurdities, and the misconceived principles are those of the Supremacy of Parliament and Ministerial Responsibility.

Lord Morley's misdeed, in the eyes of his critic, is of such a character that a parallel could not be found without reference to Charles I. We wonder what punishment the journalistic Cromwells of India propose for his lordship; but there is no doubt that if they had their way their methods would be as much against the spirit of the constitution as those of the Lord Protector and considerably less lasting. Meanwhile the British Empire in India prospers and at no time stood on a surer foundation than that on which it stands to-day, viz., the confidence of the governed. Long may it endure! Q.



Short Story.

The Desert of Allah.

IN THE midst of waving fields by the Tigris stands a hut which bears on it the impress of better days. The tribesmen round about relate to every curious traveller the story of Zohra-bint-i-Junaib, wife of the chieftain who once held sway over the groves on either side of the smiling Tigris. It is a story of the days when gaily native craft plied between Bussorah and Bagdad and the Arab had not dreamed of firearms. Then as now life was held cheap, but with this difference, that while in those days, the Arab met his adversary face to face and either slew him or was slain, now he hides in a grove armed with an up-to-date rifle and takes aim at his enemy, running no risks of being dealt by as he deals out, at least not at the moment. Those were the days when the simple tribesmen lived on the produce of their land, rarely, if ever, leaving their own settlement for other lands in search of lucre. Bagdad and Bussorah both had dwindled into small towns when Ali-bin-Saleh was the overlord of the land on either side of the Tigris. He acknowledged no lord, but was exacting in demanding obedience to his wishes from the tribesmen amongst whom he dwelt. Ali was withal a true believer and led a life of simple faith. Not born a Sheikh of his tribe, he made himself one by the right of might, and even the Khalifa troubled him not for tribute and dues so long as he kept the unruly tribesmen in order. Ali-bin-Saleh grew in influence with his years till by thirty he had become a power in his native land. They tell one of his prowess on the battlefield to this day. Not a man in the whole of Iraq who could measure sword or spear with Ali-bin-Saleh; not a horse in the whole of Arabistan howsoever fiery and ill-tempered but walked meekly as a lamb under his iron touch.

To Ali the son of Saleh, also came love in the form of a fair daughter, of the chieftain of a neighbouring tribe, so runs the legend. Zohra was as beautiful as Ali was daring. Junaib, Zohra's father, was a proud chief, and loved his daughter, a motherless girl of sixteen, when Ali by a mere chance caught a glimpse of her only to acknowledge himself vanquished. "A man may withstand

a shower of arrows but a pretty woman's glance has poisoned points," as the Arabs say. Ali-bin-Saleh, the brave and enterprising ruler of men, forgot the cunning of the warrior when he saw Zohra-bint-i-Junaib. He became pale and care-worn and wandered aimlessly about the fields, trying in vain to forget the beautiful eyes of the daughter of Junaib. His tribesmen cast anxious glances at each other, for if they feared the son of Saleh they also loved him in their rude way. They were also aware of the power their chieftain wielded over the neighbouring tribes. So measures were discussed for winning Ali back to the normal life of bygone days.

"O Sheikh, the tribesmen see thou art changed," said Kasim the son of Abdullah, a loyal friend and comrade in arms, to Ali one day, "and we fear our thieving neighbours are planning mischief against us, for they say Ali the son of Saleh has grown weary of war and will fight no more."

"It is not so, O Kasim. Ali is prepared to fight for his people as in the past, but his heart is indeed weary."

"Can we not, O Sheikh! share thy thoughts as in the days of old? What troubles hast thou that we shall not also bear with thee? Is it money? We shall cross the desert barefooted to look for gold. Is it more land thou hast set thy heart upon? We shall drive the thieves who possess the land next to ours and give it thee."

"It is neither gold nor land Ali-bin-Saleh desires. He is dying for the love of the daughter of Junaib, and she has been promised to another man, with more money and land than Ali possesses."

"Kill him, O Sheikh. It is simple."

The words sank in Ali's mind. There was indeed no alternative but to kill his rival. How the Tigris flowed with the blood of two tribes for the sake of the love of an Arab maid is a matter of history. Ali-bin-Saleh himself drove the spear into his rival's bosom and rode up to the house of Junaib to ask for his daughter's hand. How Zohra managed to steal glances at the man who had waded his way through blood to her, the maids of Iraq sing to this day. Ali was denied audience by the proud chieftain who refused, he said, to see a "murderer." But Ali-bin-Saleh was in no way disappointed. The glances of Zohra, the fair maid of Iraq, had been reward enough for him, and promised more than it was within the power of Junaib to do.

The "poisoned arrows" of Zohra proved more deadly than all the plagues of Egypt. Ali's tribesmen raided the lands of Junaib's followers who paid back in the same coin the debt of their foes. To crown it all, Ali himself succeeded in persuading Zohra to leave her father's home one silvery moonlit night and when Junaib learned of it, the fertile plains of Tigris again resounded with the din of massacre. It was not before much blood had been shed on both sides that a truce was patched up and Zohra was married according to the rites of the faith.

For his bride, Ali-bin-Saleh built the house now crumbling in ruins amidst the smiling fields on the banks of the Tigris and known to travellers by the strange name of the Desert of Allah. For it was not written in the book of Ali's fate that he should live in peace with his wife. What Ali had won by force another chieftain wanted to possess in like manner. Being crafty, he waited for his chance. Three years he waited to strike the blow which was to remove Ali-bin-Saleh from the scene of his daring and at the same time place him in his power. Ali-bin-Saleh was no match for Hasan-bin-Kasim's cunning. In the interval, Zohra had given birth to a son.

On a winter morning, Hasan waylaid his rival chieftain. A flash of bright steel and Ali-bin-Saleh lay dead at Kasim's feet. The murderer never once looked back as he ran towards his village. The sun had risen high when Ali's tribesmen found their chieftain's body. Kasim, however, did not find the daughter of Junaib in his harem.

"And why do they call this house the 'Desert of Allah?'" I asked my guide.

"It has brought misfortune on all who have had anything to do with it, O Sheikh. There," he pointed to a spot near the hut, "is the grave of Zohra-bint-i-Junaib, who, it is said, killed herself with her husband's dagger. And there is the grave of the son of Ali-bin-Saleh. The house is possessed and there are many who have seen the lovers of a night walking arm in arm. God be praised."—J. C. R.



The Council.

By THE HON. MR. GUY.

"As large a charter as the wind to blow on whom I please."

—As You Like It.

THE financial old stager formally opened the second stage of the Budget debate. The Sassanide had the satisfaction of fulfilled prophecy to exhibit to Council. But not so cocksure now as he was last year. All the same, the reputation of the opium prophet must be kept up. So proposed an excellent plan to Sir Guy whereby Government would get 10 lakhs more in cash, save 6,000 chests of opium worth a crore and a half for future use, stop smuggling from Singapore to China, and incidentally help him by preventing "unfair competition to which the legitimate trade with China is exposed."

But Sir Guy in no mood to listen to prophecies of "legitimate" trade. Had been awfully cut up by the "I told you so" of the Sassanide about his "timorous and haphazard calculations" of the previous year. So gave a *quid pro quo* to the Sassanide by referring to the "wild fluctuations" of an "emotional market" and the "hysterical communications" which showed that the pendulum swung as rapidly between confidence and despair as between high and low prices. Sir Guy could not emulate "the keen personal interest" of the opium-dealer, but would not treat him cavalierly either. He would be open in his dealings, frank in his admissions, and take the Sassanide into his fullest confidence. He would be perfectly candid, and tell him without the least mental reservation that—that he could not be candid in this matter! Mum's the word! So, hush! Silence!! Not another syllable!!

8th March. After Lunch

Hurried back to Council Chamber after hasty lunch and examined the scene of the forenoon's battle royal about the subsidised paper. The Chamber was empty, but the fans were still continuing their revolutionary motions. The Porter from Bootlair Saheb's pantry in the United Provinces evidently a deep and patient student. While Bhupen harangued and the Belted Earl defended Government, the Porter had imbibed wisdom from St. Valentine, the Patron Saint of the Premier Service. When going out to lunch, had left the "Unrest" behind him on his seat, after making special arrangements with the Scarlet Runners of the Government House that fans should whirl over the light provided by Chirol like moths over a lighted candle. Bravo, Porter! Who else could have hit upon such a method of airing bureaucratic views?

Sir Guy had to maintain a reputation for economy, at least while the Budget was still unpassed, and disdaining the luxurious fare at Peliti's, munched the dry bread of retrenchment in the *Kala Jugga* which an accommodating Government had provided for its members in the Government House.

When members assembled again, the Mild Hindu had another dialogue with Sandow II. Sir Harvey Adamson had made the Regulations and had allowed resolutions last year which Sandow II. not inclined to permit now. So Mild Hindu referred to the precedent of Sir Harvey. Sandow II., however, anxious to display unprecedented wisdom: "If a mistake was made last year, they were not bound by it for ever." All the same, evidence of good faith was all he wanted. With this doubtful assurance Mild Hindu commenced the weeding and pruning of the administrative garden. First came the Mint, where a mint of money spent on Europeans. Mild Hindu wanted to rush off with half a lakh but Sir Guy barred the way. Regretted that under old regulations there was no chance of admitting an Indian. There was a royal road to the Mint, and all the five appointments were reserved for the Royal Engineers.

Balked here, the Mild Hindu rushed to the Famine Grant and also took with him Mud Ho'kar who talked with too much familiarity of the Government. But Orator Meston came in the way of the Vandals. Famine Grant was a healthy tree nourished with the care of Government and the sacrifice of the tax-payer. Surely Mild Hindu would recognise that there was *Jiva* in that tree also. The next generation would be grateful for its shade. Council considered this sufficient argument and left the present generation still more in the shade. So the Mild Hindu proposed the alternative resolution that the $\frac{3}{4}$ lakh of the Famine Grant be transferred to Protective Irrigation. Sir Guy feared the Irrigation Engineers would not be able to spend it in time. This a hopeful reply, as Mild Hindu proposes to ask Government to man the Army and other spending Departments with Irrigation engineers.

Then came Sobraon with a demand of 2 lakhs from Accounts and Audit. "Employ more Indians, reduce expenditure and establish more comradeship." With one fling Sobraon would kill three birds. Sir Guy was ready with the reply. He was glad that at least the white of the egg which Sobraon was hatching had been served before the Council. So far as he was concerned he did not regard the advent of the remaining portion either as a

Yellow Peril. He was not content with the small percentage of Indians in the public service. "but a ha'penny worth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack." He was working towards a half-and-half arrangement. They had an Indian, a Mr. Wiggle-Waggle (at least so Sir Guy pronounced it) as Accountant-General. The Deputy Comptroller-General was an Indian as the title of *Sec-at-ee* (which meant blackness) recently conferred on him will show. As for the Comptroller of Indian Treasuries, he was not only an Indian, but belonged to the Bengali Nation. Again, Mr Dutta had inquired into the evil of high prices and raised his own price as a result of the inquiry. Finally, there was the desecrated sanctuary of the efficient, the holy of holies called the Secretariat. An Indian had come in as an Assistant Secretary and done the awful deed. This latest outrage on the privacy of the *purdanashins* so moved Sobrann that he penitently withdrew the motion.

With Sandow II. in the Chair, the Belted Earl introduced "the heads which fell to my lot." His bag as good as that of the best executioner in Tudor times. Announced a decrease in prosecution charges which made the anarchists gleeful. Placed another skeleton in the bureau by announcing that Chair of Anatomy will be held by an Indian. Cross-Bencher demanded a library for the Councillors. He did not want fiction. The Council provided enough of that, for to it as a rule facts were stranger than fiction. But when Cross-Bencher announced the miracle that Free Lance was going to support him, he irretrievably ruined his case. The support of Free Lance spoke volumes for the resolution. Why ask for another library? Free Lance got up and said he wished "good for everybody." The Earl accepted the principle and assured him that when a new Council Chamber was built, he would get a library. The Government House was built on the model of Kedleston House in anticipation of the Viceroy of India. Naturally, there was no room in it for a Council Chamber. Cross-Bencher in reply informed Council that last year the Councillors had been given a room on the 311 story of the Secretariat, but this year the Law Member had brought them down to his own level. He thanked the custodian of the law for this decline. But Sir Guy was unwilling that credit should go to the wrong account and announced "Alone I did it!" Cross-Bencher transferred his thanks to Sir Guy and left the Law Member with a diminished credit.

The Sage was delightfully short and laudible. The Mild Hindu demanded the old Mahratta *Chauth* from him also, and attacked the Scientific and other Minor Departments. With a truly greater-than-a-tolerance of fools, announced that "for many of the smaller heads I have nothing but praise." Madge made the usual observations and thereafter the Sage was again laudible for a few minutes. Not so the "frank, haughty, bold, Rupertson of Debate" who shook heaven and earth in defence of Geology. Sir Thomas Holland had charge of the Survey and he was well known for his sympathy with Indians. If Holland did not appoint more Indians they could not have been worth an Amsterdam.

After this the small heads of Commerce and Industry jabbed up and down, and the Council wondered whether like Balquo's issue the line will stretch out to the crack of doom. Rupertson showed that the expenditure on Stationery was anything but stationary. General Post, *alias* Stewart-Wilson stuck to his Post, and the Deemster dot-barred a deferred message on Telegraphs. Madge interposed, but speedily retreated in utter disorder.

The Railway Sleeper very uncomfortable in introducing "State Railways." Had been roused by a friendly tug at his sleeve by his brother of Telegraphs, and looking round, told Kesteven —

Men thought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!"

Mild Hindu murders sleep, the innocents' sleep,

Balm of great minds—Carlyle's and mine of course—

Chief nourisher in the legislative feast.

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the House.

"Mild Hindu murders sleep, and therefore Wynne Shall sleep no more!"

And after saying this, he started a tragic soliloquy:—

How many thousands of my dusky coolies
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Natives' soft nurse, how have they frightened thee
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness
Of the steep gradients by which upwards rise
The working charges of my stately Railways,
Why liest thou in Brake Vans of the Mails
That oft collide with waggons of Goods trains,
Left on the line by drivers hard to handle;
And not in Council Chamber of the great,
Under the watchful eye of Mr. Gup,
And lulled with sounds of blabbing Councillors,
The deep emphatic groans of Dashing Boy,
Mud Hollar's hums and haws, and Bhupen's slow
Deliberate accents of true loyalty,
The white robed Pandits "many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out," and all
The other sounds of sweetest melody!

When the demands of poetry were satisfied, descended to the dull prose of an official oration. Put his hand into pockets, crossed one leg over the other, and repeated this operation with the other leg, but found no rest. In fact, in these crossings, which were as dangerous as level crossings on his Railways, the Railway Sleeper was almost turned into Rolling Stock.

While all this was going on, Gates, always open—to engagements, was having a *little a tete* with a fair stranger in the visitors' gallery behind.

When the introductions were over, Mild Hindu made a raid on Salt. But Rupertson of Debate equal to the occasion. Showed that Europeans were the salt of the earth, and painted such a weird picture of solitude and misery of men in the higher ranks of the Salt Department that Council almost moved to grant them pensions *ad misericordiam* rather than rob these Salt Peters to pay the Indian Pauls. The Mild Hindu however, unconvinced, and suggested that the explanation should be taken with a pinch of salt.

The only satisfactory explanation came from General Post, and Mild Hindu showed his august appreciation by withdrawing the resolution instead of punishing him like the rest by putting it to vote—and losing.

All this too tame for the Railway Sleeper. Had meditated revenge for murdered sleep, and when Mild Hindu came to him and proposed not only a reduction of a flea-bite of half a lakh, but of as much as half a crore, Wynne began the Wynnedetta. Mild Hindu had asked him to mend his ways. Well, he was mending his ways. He was repairing his Railways! As the working expenses were merely a peg on which to hang the Indian employes of the Railways, he would not condescend to notice the remarks of Mild Hindu. Now, there were five lakhs of Indians employed on Railways, or 97 per cent. of the total. Wynne's ideal was Australia. But as Bhupen Babu drew from him the admission that the five lakhs included coolies and labourers, can't see how Wynne can have an All-White India, unless he aspires to Burly Raja's description of Keir Hardi. Indians were appointed in the higher grades of Accounts. This caused some surprise to the Councillors, but the Railway Sleeper explained that the Department was under Sir Guy! As regards the Engineering Branch, was not Rai Bahadur Ralla Ram the single swallow in Wynne's tableau of Summer? As regards Traffic, the drivers were not as easily driven as engines, nor as the dumb driven cattle whom during pilgrimages any yellow-skinned ticket collector could push into goods waggons in hundreds with ease and confidence. Had they not struck only a couple of years ago, and refusing to drive engines had nearly driven Dring to something suspiciously like his own name. "Special qualifications and early training which make any particular European a good Railway officer are such as might render him quite unsuited to hold an appointment which could be filled more efficiently by an Indian." Take the case of the Railway Sleeper himself. Now, on account of his special qualifications and early training, one could not conceive his making an efficient pointsman, particularly on night duty.

Lines end in points both in Euclid and in Railways. And the lines on which the Railway Sleeper's argument was developed end in only one point. Efficiency and European parentage for obvious reasons go together. As for the Indians, Nelson had warned the Railway Sleeper long ago that England expects every man to do his duty. Great by land as Nelson was by sea, the Railway Sleeper did his duty, and followed the example of the hero of the battle of Nile. In trying to discover efficient Indians, put the telescope to the blind eye, and found none efficient. When he sat down, the commercial men and Madge cheered him. Even the Sassanide forgot that Baghdad was still part of Asia.

The Mild Hindu, with something of the wild Mahratta in his looks, got up and came into collision with the Railway Sleeper. The latter's arguments were not convincing, but his figures were. However, as he chose "to travel beyond financial considerations" without a ticket, Mild Hindu would call for a division. But he forgot that "the Nose would have it," for the long harangue of the Railway Sleeper came entirely through that organ. The reply of the erstwhile Mild Hindu too much for the Railway Sleeper. Got up to deliver another sermon on the original sins of Indians. But one of the original sinners on the Government benches, to wit, the Moslem Dowager, rose on a point of order. Prompted in this manner, Sandow II. asked the Railway Sleeper to subside into the customary pose on the cushioned benches, which he did without evident regret.

March 9th

At question time, Dig'er Patty inquired about subsidies to newspapers and elicited the fact that the disease was epidemic. Holmes much elated at the successful bargain of his Province which had purchased the *Independent* for the modest sum of Rs 900 a year O, Loyalty! what jests are perpetrated in thy name? The complaint of the Government was that in the Press the views of the Government find slender support. Curious that the Council and the Press should be so unlike. Who that looked at the Kunwar Sahab, the Burly Raja, and the two Pratabs could say that the support which Government received in the Council was slender?

Now came the turn of the Dashing Boy. Read out eight long pages of closely printed oration with an untiring emphasis equally spread over every word, phrase, and sentence. Contrasted the good luck of Lancashire with the misfortunes of Bombay and Ahmedabad. The manufacturers had suffered not only in India but also in Japan, where the imports of Indian cloth, unlike Viyella, had shrunk gradually to vanishing point. From excise duty on Mills the Dashing Boy dashed on to Mill on the excise duty. Did not wholly disapprove of Philosophy, but was anxious to soften and temper it by considerations of practical convenience. Found great support in and quoted from the speech of Mr. Playfair, afterwards Sir Patrick Playfair. Wonderful—is it not?—how titles sometimes change the recipient altogether. Perhaps fairplay demands that knight hood should have its penalties as well. But slaying I protest, is too barbarous. In the end, Dashing Boy told the Councillors that they were not dealing with philosophical ideas—such as Mill had—but with stern facts—such as his orations—and appealed to Government not to be afraid of "apostasy from Mill's economic idealism" as if Government was ever afraid of apostasy.

The Sassanide pleaded only for the over-burdened tax payer, and to look at him you would never have suspected that he had anything to do with a Mill. Cheery Chitnis did not think that the Indian workman improved with age. The man of 40 was not as good as the man of 30, and the man of 30 not as good as the man of 20, nor the man of 20 as good as the sturdy giant of 10. Perhaps that was why the Quagmire wanted to increase the hours of child labour. But Chitnis, like wine, improved with age, for since 1894 his convictions against Cotton duty were greatly improved. In a burst of generosity Cheery Chitnis called Sandow II "My Lord," and "kicked him upstairs." So Gulland will have only 499 Peers to discover.

Mud Holkar and Berars were strong. "The question deserves to be approached from the point of view of the *Statesman*." The Editor of the *Statesman*, sitting in the Press gallery, bowed his compliments. Had Mud Holkar only known that the *Englishman* and not its rival supported him he would probably have preferred the *Englishman*'s point of view.

Bhupen Babu confessed he was a Free-Trader when he read Mill and Fawcett and his friend Adam Smith. But "recent events"

—the new phrase for the Partition—had altered his views. As regards the hand-loom industry, people in Bengal do not yet show any want of delicacy. They still prefer the finer muslin which discloses more than it hides. Economic and commercial considerations distasteful to Bhupen Babu, who was like the lilies of the field that neither weave nor spin. So freed himself from the shackles of relevance and reasoning, and burst out into an eloquent appeal to the Englishmen in the Council. "Your great exploits will be forgotten (Sandow II. turned pale). Thermopylae and Marathon are now forgotten—only the other day Snjut Suren Babu had to remind me that they were fought between Romans and Phoenicians in 1066—but the repeal of the counter-revolting duty will never be forgotten." The heat of this eloquence was too much and poor Graves was nearly cremated by the burning words of Bhupen. So quietly moved off and sat elsewhere.

As the mill-owners had spoken for over-represented bullion, Madge spoke for "the unrepresented millions." Of course he supported the motion even though a non-official had moved it. Who ever expected Madge to resist the desire for Protection? The Free Lance announced that theft could be no two opinions on the subject. But when he declared that "even ignorant men were on the side of the mover" the full explanation of the Free Lance's support was furnished.

After this one-sided performance, the Administrative Orphan showed some wonderful jugglery and tight-rope dancing. His agility was marvellous and his legerdemain equally so. After nearly an hour's oration, half of which was devoted to inventing arguments against himself, and the other half to their easy refutation, when he sat down even the Premier Service applauded the intruder into the "Palace of Truth" as "Honest John" had called the Civil Service.

Dashing Boy replied promptly. Praised the manner of the Orphan, but said: "I must acknowledge, I must admit, I must distinctly point out that he has left India—as represented by me—wholly unconvinced." As regards the hand loom industry "nobody takes higher interest in the country than I do." At this the Sassanide wondered whether the mover was talking of usury or weaving. Even Penelope had not been longer at the loom than Hon. Dashing Boy. Another speech longer than the first seemed likely, and Councillors absolutely despaired of the Dashing Boy resuming his seat when he announced with great emphasis that "nothing had been urged to shift me from the position I have taken in this Council." Appealed to "my official additional members" that this was only a recommendation to Government, and they could vote against the Administrative Orphan. Everybody thought that with this moving peroration, second instalment of oration over, and cheered the Dashing Boy when he stooped as if resuming his seat. But, lo and behold, he was up again with a Blue Book which he was picking up from his seat. "One word more", and a burst of laughter greeted the amazed tragedian who had expected to bring tears to the eyes of the audience. Quoted the Superior Person, and in a burst of eloquence—in which the Chair was wholly ignored—with hands outstretched, and tears in his spectacled eyes, he said, "I hope and pray, gentleman, that the Superior Person will guide you." The appeal was irresistible. When the motion was put to the Council the "Ayes" were thunderpealed from all sides, and the "Noes", following the precedent of Nick Bottom, "aggravated their voice so, that they roared as any suckling dove, they roared an 'twere any nightingale." This placed Sandow II. in a terrible predicament. He knew the Government was indefeatable. Morley had seen to it. He knew all officials would vote against the Dashing Boy. He himself had seen to it. But there was no question of seeing or not seeing here. If he believed his ears—and he was proud of this part of his anatomy—the "Ayes" had it. With a keen struggle between conscience and duty to his Government, be it said to his eternal credit, he followed conscience and his ears. But he had the sword of conscientious men. So sure was the Dashing Boy of failure, despite his great peroration and the quotation from the Superior Person, that he dashed in where another would have refused to tread. He called for a division! And once more the doctrine of *divide et impera* came to the rescue of the Government. The voting was 20 to 39, and thus the motion was won and lost.

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